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VOLUME XVIII

October 1929

NUMBER 70

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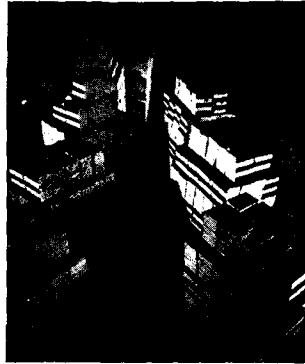


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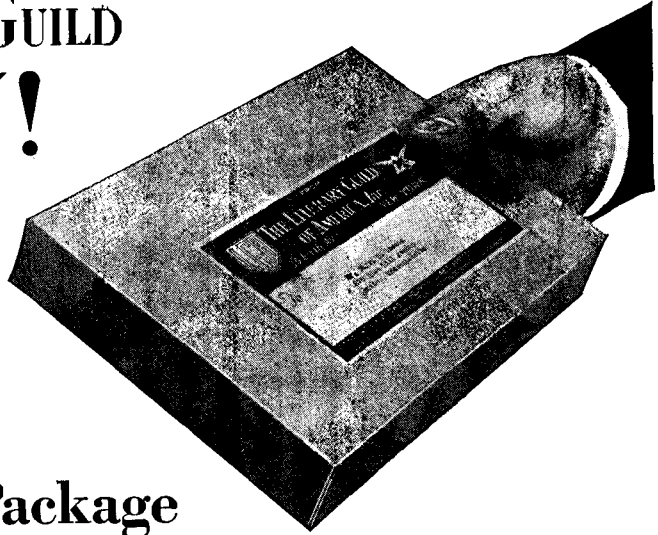
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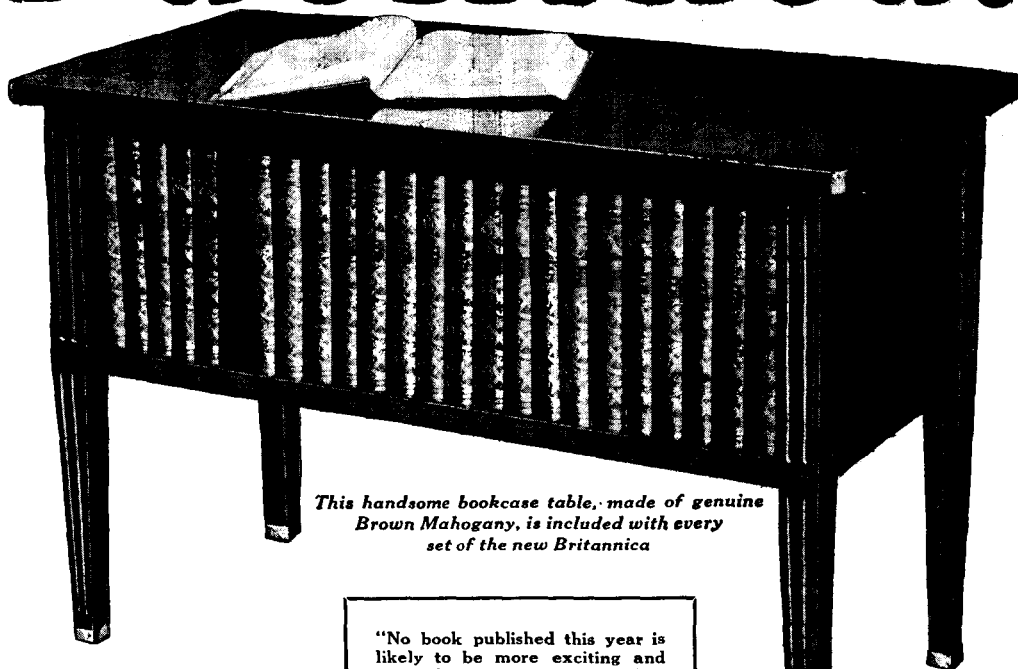
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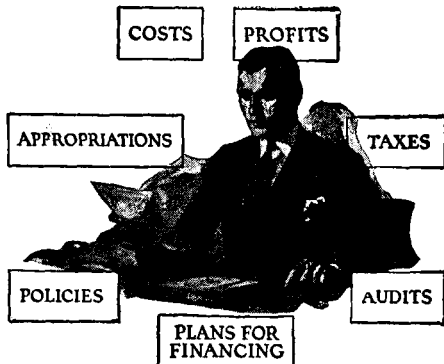
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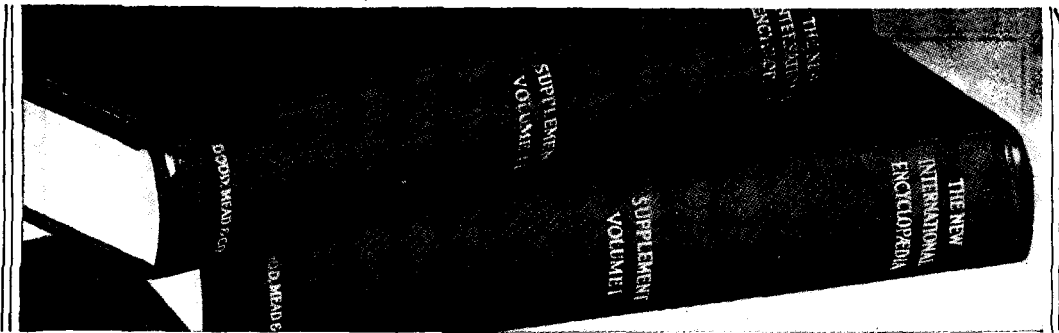
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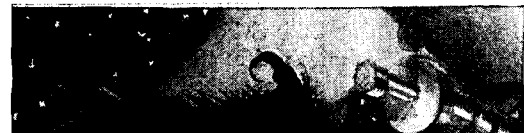
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HISTORY

A HISTORY OF ITALY, 1871-1915.
By Benedetto Croce. The Oxford University Press
\$5 8¾ x 5½; 333 pp. New York

Croce is convinced that philosophical ideas have a great influence upon the course of history, and is not too modest to hint broadly that his own have cut an important figure in Italy. His "Æsthetic," he says, "penetrated everywhere, affecting the minds of young men and students, and through them disturbing the professors and academics, and producing not merely echoes but results in the international world of thought and knowledge." Specifically, it helped to start a "reaction against the cult of science," and so prepared Italy for her present devotion to a lofty and almost transcendental idealism. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book, which is full of exhilarating stuff, is the last one, dealing with the motives underlying Italian participation in the World War. Here the betrayal of old allies is depicted in highly humane terms, and the attempt to blackmail Austria becomes almost noble. Philosophers, it is apparent, are not very judicious as historians, but there is plenty of proof that they may be amusing. The volume is elaborately documented and has a good index.

VICTORIAN WORKING WOMEN. *An Historical & Literary Study of Women in British Industries & Professions, 1832-1850.*
By Wanda Fraiken Neff. The Columbia University Press
\$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 288 pp. New York

Mrs. Neff gives first place to the textile workers—the first working women to play any considerable part in British industry. Their lot, for many years, was a barbarously hard one. The thirteen-hour day was common in the mills, and a girl who could earn more than ten shillings a week was rare. Sometimes, in the busy season, the workday was stretched to sixteen and even eighteen hours. In the other rising industries of the time conditions were quite as bad, and it was not until the middle of the century that there was an effective movement for reform. One of Mrs. Neff's chapters is devoted to the Victorian dressmaker and another to the governess. The latter covers unfamiliar ground, and is full of interesting matter, some of it dredged out of government reports, but more of it exhumed from Victorian novels. The final chapter is upon the idle woman. The study is heavily documented and at the end there is a good bibliography, besides an index.

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CHICAGO: *The History of Its Reputation.*
By Henry Justin Smith & Lloyd Lewis.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 8¾ x 5½; 508 pp. New York

Mr. Lewis, the author of "Myths After Lincoln," carries the story down to the launching of plans for the World's Fair; Mr. Smith, managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, completes it to date. It is a tale full of melodrama. Life in Chicago, since the earliest days, has been more exciting than life in other American towns. Even today the frontier spirit still informs it. Chicago not only produces politicians, gunmen, promoters, blackmailers and other criminals of more than the average enterprise and impudence; it also produces extraordinary reformers and visionaries. Not infrequently the criminal and the visionary appear in the same man. The result is a communal life full of glaring lights and sinister shadows. On the one hand the most appalling barbarism prevails almost unchecked, and on the other hand the foundations are being laid for what promises to be the highest sort of civilization possible in America. Messrs. Lewis and Smith tell the city's colorful story with great gusto, and make it immensely interesting. There is no dry history, but a romance in the grand manner.

THE BYZANTINE ACHIEVEMENT.

By Robert Byron. Alfred A. Knopf
\$5 8¾ x 5½; 346 pp. New York

Mr. Byron starts off by protesting against the academic sentimentality which regards the ancient Greeks as demigods and their modern descendants as barbarians. The Greek of today, he says, differs very little, biologically speaking, from the Greek of Pericles' time. If he has some Slavic and African blood in him, then so had his forefathers. Mr. Byron believes that reverence for the classical Greeks has obscured the virtues of the Byzantines, their immediate successors, and he devotes his book to proving that this is in contempt of the historical facts. The truth is that the Byzantines held the front trenches of civilization for nearly a thousand years, and not only the front trenches, but also most of the back country. We owe to them the preservation of nearly everything that was valuable in antiquity. Moreover, they left us a valuable legacy on their own account, and Mr. Byron endeavors to show what it was and is. His book is full of enthusiasm, and sometimes his generalizations are not as sound as they might be, but on the whole he makes out an excellent case. There are many illustrations, a useful bibliography, and a good index.

Continued on page xviii

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

ESSAYS

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL, *and Other Essays.*

By *Hilaire Belloc.*

Harper & Brothers

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 298 pp.

New York

These essays, in the main, are reprinted from the *New Statesman* and the London *Saturday Review*. Most of them are light stuff, and depend for their interest, not upon what the author has to say, but upon the charming way in which he says it. But among them are also several of more substantial character, notably, a shrewd and excellent treatise upon the difficulties of translation, and another on the prevalent æsthetic fallacy that, in architecture, form should flow from function. The book sadly lacks an index.

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY *and Other Essays.*

By *H. W. Garrod.*

The Oxford University Press

\$4.50

9 x 5¼; 270 pp.

New York

Dr. Garrod was professor of poetry at Oxford from 1923 to 1928, and the greater part of the present book is made up of lectures which he delivered there. He writes well, though not brilliantly, and knows a great deal, but says nothing that has not been said a thousand times before. His book contains the usual essays on Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, the place of Hazlitt in English criticism, and Milton. There is also the inevitable essay on "pure poetry." Strangely enough, Dr. Garrod confesses a liking for the modernistic verse by Humbert Wolfe and the works of P. G. Wodehouse. A lively professor, indeed!

MAN AND HIS WORLD.

Edited by Baker Brownell. The D. Van Nostrand Company

\$19.25 for the set, or \$1.75 each

New York

7 x 5¼; 12 vols.; average of 165 pp.

This is a collection of essays on the leading problems of modern life by fifty-eight authorities in the various arts and sciences. The titles of the volumes give a good idea of the range of the series: "A Preface to the Universe," "Civilization and Enjoyments," "Religious Life," "Making Mankind," "Society Tomorrow," "Fine Arts," "The World Man Lives In," "Problems of Civilization," "Mind and Behavior," "The World Mechanism," "Society Today," and "Art and the Worthwhile." Among the contributors are Clarence Darrow, Edwin E. Slosson, Joseph Jastrow, Clark Wissler, Melville J. Herskovits, Ferdinand Schevill, Stuart Chase, George Soule, Ellsworth Huntington, Alvin Johnson, Suzanne La Follette, Morris Fishbein, Robert Morss Lovett, Zona Gale, Waldo

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Frank, Edward Sapir, Shailer Mathews, Rufus M. Jones, Bertrand Russell, and Floyd H. Allport. The essays, as is inevitable in such a series, are uneven in quality. But on the whole they are readable, and form a good introductory work for one who is trying to find out what all the current noise is about in the world of the intellect. Most of them were first delivered as lectures in a course in contemporary thought at Northwestern University. There are decorations by Ervine Metzl.

BIOGRAPHY

DANIEL WEBSTER AS AN ECONOMIST.

By *Robert Lincoln Carey. The Columbia University Press*

\$3.50

9 x 6; 220 pp.

New York

Dr. Carey, who was formerly lecturer in economics in New York University, points out that Webster, though he was a powerful voice in the shaping of the economic policy of the United States in his day, was no great shakes as a political economist. He was very conservative and inconsistent, and far from original. He was for and against the tariff, and really did not know why in either case. He had "a naïve faith in the unmixed benefits of the institution of private property," and such things as capitalist enterprise and prosperity were moral values to him. His references to labor were "mere rhetorical flourishes," and he repeatedly denounced collective bargaining, apparently for the sole reason that it was the expedient thing to do at the time. "His generalizations regarding population, wages, unemployment, and radicalism . . . lacked thoroughness and adequate statistical support." In short, he was no more than a politician in the field of political economy. There is a brief bibliography, and also an index.

PILLORIED!

By *Sewell Stokes.*

D. Appleton & Company

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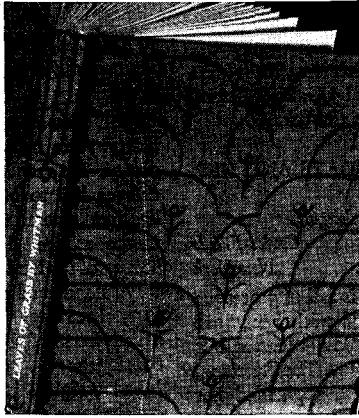
8¼ x 5¾; 296 pp.

New York

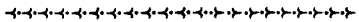
Up until about a year ago Mr. Robert Nichols was the leading smart and "refreshingly impudent" literary young man of England. But now that he is in this country and devoting himself to the writing of essays on the joys of automobiling for such magazines as *College Humor*, Mr. Stokes has taken his place. The present book is a collection of "audacious" interviews with some of the leading personages of the Anglo-Saxon world, including Lady Astor, Rebecca West, Frank Harris, Michael Arlen, Sir Philip Gibbs, the Sitwells, G. B. Stern and Susan Ertz. Mr. Stokes writes a snappy English, and apparently has the habit of asking embarrassing personal questions of those he interviews. Unluckily, he is not very gifted with

Continued on page xx

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Continued from page xviii

insight into character, and thus his smartness gets tiresome. There are six illustrations by Gabriel Atkin, which are no more interesting than the text.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS AND HER LAST YEARS IN FRANCE.

By Irma Duncan and Allan Ross Macdougall.

Covici-Friede

\$3.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 374 pp. New York

The tale of La Duncan's last years is full of grotesque and bitter humors. Growing old and with her vogue passing, she sought a new career in Soviet Russia, but found little there save disappointment. The Russians, especially in the remoter provinces, applauded her heartily enough, but the money they paid her was scarcely enough to keep her alive. She added to her woes by proposing marriage to a young poet, Sergei Essenine, who turned out to be a drunkard. Married, they proceed to Germany and then to the United States where professional patriots protested against the bride's preaching of Bolshevism and broke up her tour. Essenine, after subjecting her to a long series of wild scenes, conveniently committed suicide, but Isadora's money troubles continued, and during her last days on the French Riviera she was practically an object of charity. Finally she lost her life in a curious accident. A scarf that she was wearing while automobiling caught in one of the wheels of the car, and her neck was broken. The story that Miss Duncan (an adopted daughter) and Mr. Macdougall have to tell is far less interesting than the one Isadora herself told in the volume published a year or so ago. It seems cruel to laugh at it, but in large part it is genuinely comic.

MARY SHELLEY.

By Richard Church.

The Viking Press

\$2 7 3/8 x 5; 177 pp. New York

Mary Shelley had every endowment except good fortune, says Mr. Church in this sympathetic account of her. Beauty, charm, a keen intellect, and even a touch of genius—all these were given her; but from the moment of her birth to within a few years of her death she was cruelly tortured by circumstance. The accidents of life betrayed her at every turn. Mr. Church's story of her career as Shelley's wife, as the author of "Frankenstein," "Journal of a Six Weeks' Tour," "Valperga," "The Last Man" and other works, and as the mother of Shelley's son, and of her struggles to care for him in the long years after Shelley's death, is simply and effectively told. The book belongs to the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell; it has a bibliography, but an index is lacking.

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JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY.

Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. The Macmillan Company
\$4.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 461 pp. New York

John Cameron went to sea at seventeen and for thirty years sailed the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific oceans. He saw in his long lifetime every adventure the sea has to offer—mutiny, storm and shipwreck, heathen ceremonies, desertion, dissipation and romance ashore, desperate privation, and the varied beauty of far lands. Once he was shipwrecked on Midway Island, and escaping in a small boat, sailed for forty-three days with a crew of two men. "Before we sailed from Midway," he confesses, "the horrible contingency . . . of cannibalism had occurred to me; I had weighed it calmly and had come to the cool conclusion that Moses should be the first to go and Jorgensen, of course, the second. Now, thank God, murder for self-preservation would not be necessary." A hard character, he loved particularly Honolulu and the islands of the South Seas, for he found the natives unspoiled by civilization. His description of the islands, while regrettably incomplete, makes fascinating reading. Mr. Farrell's own acquaintance with Captain Cameron was brief; most of this book was written after the Captain's death in 1925. But he has succeeded in drawing a vigorous portrait of him.

EILLEY ORRUM, *Queen of the Comstock.*

By Swift Paine.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

\$3 8 1/2 x 6; 309 pp. Indianapolis

Eilley Orrum came to America when very young and in turn discarded two Mormon husbands because they could not give her babies. She lastly married a miner and gave up all hope of helping to people the earth. A crystal gazer, she discovered the Comstock lode, and it brought her great wealth. The book is full of amusing stuff about such bonanza kings as John W. Mackay, James Graham Fair and William Sharon, and has a large cast of supers, including Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, and a young Mr. Bryan who was going to do great things about silver.

DAISY PRINCESS OF PLESS.

By Herself.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$5 9 x 5 3/4; 529 pp. New York

At eighteen, in the early nineties, the lovely Mary Theresa Olivia Cornwallis-West left England as the wife of the decorous, humorless Prince Hans Heinrich of Pless. The present story of her life is made up of extracts from her diary, and letters to and from her friends, the latter of which often clutter up the narrative. But the chapters on her youth in England,

Continued on page xxii

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her portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm, and her description of the tiring etiquette of the court, and of the difficulties that assailed her during the Great War, make good reading. The book is illustrated, and has an introduction by Major Demond Chapman-Huston.

KINGS OF COMMERCE.

By T. C. Bridges & H. H. Tiltman.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 288 pp. New York

Twenty-six *prominenti* of the financial world of America and of Great Britain are portrayed here: Lord Ashfield, Edward Bok, Charles Cochran, Sir Arthur Duckham, George Eastman, Henry Ford, A. W. Gamage, Sir Robert A. Hadfield, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Rothermere, Sir Enoch Hill, Sir Hugo Hirst, Lord Inchcape, Thomas Lipton, Joseph Lyons, Charles Macara, W. R. Morris, John D. Rockefeller, F. Henry Royce, Charles Schwab, Gordon Selfridge, Joynton Smith, W. H. Smith, Angus Watson, F. W. Woolworth, and Alfred Yarrow. The authors write in the grand manner of the *American Magazine*. Of John D. they say: "He is almost the only man on record who set out to make money—not in order to retire, or to have an easy time, or to travel, but solely because he considers one of the most important duties of wealth is to give as much as possible away." Of Charlie Schwab they say that he raised himself to his present eminent position "by the method that is open to the poorest boy in the world—by keeping his eyes open."

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

By Orestes Ferrara. *The Johns Hopkins University Press*
\$2.25 9 x 5½; 130 pp. Baltimore

The Machiavelli who emerges from this interesting book differs very considerably from the harsh philosopher known to the world through the pages of "The Prince." His letters show an amiable, a serene and a highly tolerant man, fond of his friends, quick to observe a pretty girl, a lover of good living, and politely skeptical about patriotism and religion. Dr. Ferrara believes that Machiavelli's sinister reputation has roots that are theological rather than political. He represented, better than any of his contemporaries, the high realism of the Renaissance, and when the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation conspired to restore the ascetic ideal, it was natural that he should be put down as a sort of anti-Christ. The present study is a by-product of a larger life of Machiavelli, already issued in Spanish and Italian and soon to appear in English. Dr. Ferrara is an Italian by birth, but has lived in Cuba for many years. He is at

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present both professor of public law at the University of Havana and Cuban ambassador to the United States.

CHILDHOOD IN EXILE.

By Shmarya Levin. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*

\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 277 pp. New York

Dr. Levin is a leader in the Zionist movement and one of the chief figures in the revival of Hebrew literature. The present volume (apparently it is to be followed by others) deals with his childhood in a small town in Western Russia. The Czar was still on his throne in those days, but there was no hint of the persecutions to which the Jews were to be exposed later on. In little Swislowitz, at all events, they got on very well with their Christian neighbors, and many kindnesses were exchanged between the two groups. Dr. Levin relates, for example, that once when his mother was ill one of the Russian priests of the town offered public prayers for her recovery. His story of his boyhood is extremely charming. He tells of his life at home, of his harsh years in the *Chedar* school, and of his later studies under an enlightened and much-loved teacher. Going to school was no bed of roses in Swislowitz. The pupils turned out soon after dawn, and kept up their gloomy poll-parrotting of the sacred texts until after dark. Nevertheless, they managed to find time for the usual boyish crimes and buffooneries, and life was apparently pleasant enough. The author takes the reader into a remote and unfamiliar world, and makes its people and events very interesting. The book is strange and excellent reading.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BEST EUROPEAN SHORT STORIES OF 1928.

Edited by Richard Eaton. *Dodd, Mead & Company*

\$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 309 pp. New York

GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA.

Selected by May Lamberton Becker.

Dodd, Mead & Company

\$2.50 8 x 5½; 336 pp. New York

The Eaton book is made up of twenty-one stories, representing nearly as many nationalities. They are all little better than second-rate, and one finds it difficult to believe that they are actually the cream of what is being written in this field in Europe today. Perhaps the most readable of the lot is "The Law of the Border," by Sergey Gussiev-Orenburgsky. The twenty-one short stories in Mrs. Becker's book were selected not for their unusual literary merit, but because of their value in depicting life in the several periods of American history. Among the writers repre-

Continued on page xxiv

A Frenchman has written a fine novel of Ireland
and two distinguished Irishmen sponsor it

THE SWORD IN THE SOUL

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Translated by Ernest Boyd

Preface by James Stephens

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128 University Ave., Toronto

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

sented are Hawthorne, Sarah Orne Jewett, Joel Chandler Harris, Hamlin Garland, Mary Austin, and Bret Harte. A brief biographical and critical note precedes each story.

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME.

Edited by Dorothy L. Sayres. Payson & Clarke
\$3 8½ x 5½; 1177 pp. New York

There are sixty-two detective stories here, representing every form of the art. Among the authors included are Poe, Conan Doyle, Eden Phillpotts, G. K. Chesterton, Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Oliphant, Charles Dickens, Robert Hichens, Arthur Machen, Sax Rohmer, Ambrose Bierce, Jerome K. Jerome, R. L. Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, May Sinclair, Walter de la Mare, Edward Lucas White and H. G. Wells. The introduction by the editor is a brief survey of the history of detective fiction.

TRAVEL

DANCING CATALANS.

By John Langdon-Davies. Harper & Brothers
\$2.50 7½ x 5½; 220 pp. New York

Primo de Rivera, "the rather childish and amiable Mussolini of Spain," has set out to put down the separatism of the Catalans, but so far with very little success. They still think of Spain as a foreign country, they still speak their ancient language, and they still cling to the *sardana*, their national dance. Mr. Langdon-Davies describes the *sardana* at great length, and even offers directions for dancing it, though probably no one not born in Catalonia could ever really manage it. The steps themselves are simple enough, but there is a great deal more to it than that, for it is not only a dance but also a whole social system. It runs like a *leit motif* through Mr. Langdon-Davies' little book. He has much to say that is unfamiliar, and he says it very charmingly.

TRAILS OF THE HUNTED.

By James L. Clark. Little, Brown & Company
\$4 8¾ x 6; 310 pp. Boston

Mr. Clark, who is in charge of the completion of the African Hall in the American Museum of Natural History, was originally a sculptor. He has spent a quarter of a century in big-game hunting and in taxidermy, and here tells refreshingly of the rhinoceros, the lion, elephant, and American game. The book has many photographs by A. Radcliffe Dugmore and pictures of bronzes by the author.

xxiv

TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN.

By Arthur Torrance. J. H. Sears & Company
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 320 pp. New York

Dr. Torrance has had long experience in the tropics, fighting the sleeping sickness in West Africa, leprosy in Polynesia, malaria in Borneo, and cholera and various other diseases in Siam. Here he tells his story in a hearty, John Bullish manner, laying chief stress, not upon the medical problems that he encountered, but upon his adventures. He had plenty of them, and was close to death more than once. He is full of amusing and hair-raising anecdotes, and altogether his narrative makes interesting reading. At the end of his book he prints a formidable list of tropical fevers, with notes about the animals and insects that transmit them.

RELIGION

THE DIALOGUE ON MIRACLES.

By Caesarius of Heisterbach. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$10 8½ x 5½; 2 vols.; 546 + 374 pp. New York

The ancient Cistercian abbey of Heisterbach, now a ruin and almost obliterated, was founded late in the Twelfth Century, and for many years was rich and powerful. It lies on the Rhine near Cologne, and all about it, in the days of its prosperity, were the castles of robber barons and warlike prince-bishops. Caesarius, who was probably born about 1180, became prior and master of novices in 1220, and apparently lived until 1250. His Dialogue and his closely-related book of Homilies were written for his novices, and were so popular throughout the Middle Ages that nearly 100 MSS. of them survive to this day. The original Latin text of both has been printed in Germany, but the present translation is the first of either into English. The Dialogues are full of rich medieval juices. An unnamed novice asks questions, chiefly in the realm of doctrine, and Caesarius makes answers. Those answers cover the whole range of medieval thought. They recount miracles, discuss matters of morals, and throw many interesting lights upon the daily lives of clergy and laity. Caesarius is a devotee of the case method: in support of every principle he lays down he offers a corroborative anecdote, and many of them are extraordinarily curious. The work is too long for steady reading, but dipping into it is very amusing. The excellent translation is by C. C. Swinton Bland and the late H. von E. Scott, and there is an introduction by G. C. Coulton. There is a good index.

Continued on page xxvi

CHÉRI

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Since George Sand, Colette is the greatest woman writer in France, and the most read there today. Cheri, the story of a gigolo and the gallant Woman of Fifty, is "a brilliant work of character portrayal," says Lewis Galantiere, "tragic in its implications but on the surface a comedy in a genre new to us and full of a slightly macabre fascination."

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PUBLICATION DATE OCT. 11TH

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PASSAGE TO THE SKY

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

THE KORAN.

Translated by E. H. Palmer. The Oxford University Press
80 cents 6 x 3½; 551 pp. New York

This translation of the Koran was first published in 1900. It is far better than the more familiar version by George Sale. The numbering of the verses is not complete, but every fifth one is numbered, so reference becomes comparatively easy. The little book is well printed on thin but opaque paper and substantially bound. There is a good introduction by R. A. Nicholson.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE TARIFF ON IRON & STEEL.

By Abraham Berglund & Philip G. Wright.

The Brookings Institution

\$3 7½ x 5½; 240 pp. Washington, D. C.

The authors deal, not only with the changes in the tariff on iron and steel, but also with their chemical composition, the processes of manufacturing them, and the competitive position of the United States in the production of them. They point out that duties have been imposed on iron and steel throughout our tariff history, but that since 1922, and especially since 1927, they have been greatly increased. They argue that formerly the tariff was a great aid to the development of the iron and steel industry, "causing it to begin earlier and to advance more rapidly," but that now, so far as tonnage products are concerned, it has served its purpose and the duties on them could be removed with no injury to the producers and with benefit to the consumers. The same applies to the duties on molybdenum ore, ferromolybdenum, ferrovandium, and tungsten and manganese ores: "they are superfluous, . . . and indefensible from any national standpoint." As for the high-grade carbon steels, certain alloy steels, and ferrochromium, ferromanganese, ferrotungsten, and electric-furnace ferrosilicon, "the duties on all these products stand on fairly debatable ground." On the whole, say the authors, it would be a good thing to continue them in a moderate form. There are a bibliography, an index and some statistical data in the appendix.

THE PRACTICE & PROCEDURE OF INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES.

By Frederick Sherwood Dunn. The Johns Hopkins Press
\$2.50 8½ x 5½; 229 pp. Baltimore

In 1925 the committee of experts appointed by the League of Nations for the codification of international law undertook to prepare a series of regulations for
xxvi

the conduct of international conferences, but so many governments showed opposition to the enterprise that it was abandoned. A smaller group, however, continues to study the subject, and soon or late it will bring in a report, with suggestions. Meanwhile, there is no comprehensive text on the subject. This lack Dr. Dunn undertakes to supply. He examines the aims, programmes and procedures of international conferences since the Congress of Westphalia in 1648, and at the end presents a brief summary of current practice. His exposition is orderly and clear, and his book will be of value, not only to diplomatic officers, but also to journalists, lawyers and others directly interested in international negotiations.

THE SOVIET UNION & PEACE.

The International Publishers

\$2.25 9 x 6; 280 pp. New York

Herein are reprinted some of the most important state papers dealing with peace and disarmament issued by the Soviet Republic from 1917 to the early part of 1929. There is a twenty-page introduction by Henri Barbusse, in which he argues that the Bolsheviks have "never refused to take the initiative in advancing the affairs of peace."

THE SCIENCES

GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY.

By Wolfgang Köhler.

Horace Liveright

\$4 8½ x 5½; 403 pp. New York

In this volume one of the fathers of the gestalt theory expounds it for English-speaking students. The book is not a translation from the German, but was written by the author in English, with some help from Dr. Mortimer Adler. The style could be far worse, but the subject is a difficult one, and so the exposition does not make easy reading. But it offers the most comprehensive and authoritative account of the gestalt doctrine to appear in English so far, and all persons interested in psychology will have to read it. Following the different chapters there are short but useful bibliographies, and at the end there is a good index.

THE PROCESS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR.

By Mandel Sherman & Irene Case Sherman.

W. W. Norton & Company

\$3 8½ x 5½; 227 pp. New York

The authors begin by describing the mechanism of the nervous system, and then proceed to show how

Continued on page xxviii

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD GEESE"

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

sensori-motor responses are established in the infant. Human behavior, they argue, "for the most part develops out of the diffuse, undifferentiated activities of the newborn"; the individual comes into the world with "very little in the way of perfected types of reaction." Thus they look for the origin of all the multitudinous varieties of personality in the environment that the infant encounters during its first few years of life, and believe that even its intelligence is largely determined by "early sensori-motor responses." But on the other hand, these responses "are its intelligence, since intelligence is defined as the ability to adjust to new situations." There would seem to be a conflict here. The behaviorist position, in fact, presents many difficulties. Environment undoubtedly counts for a lot, but the infant, after all, has parents, and they give it the equipment which determines how it shall react to that environment. The book contains some new matter, and is clearly written. There is no bibliography, but it has a good index.

FOLK-LORE

BLACK ROADWAYS. *A Study of Jamaican Folk Life.*
By Martha Warren Beckwith.

The University of North Carolina Press
8¼ x 5½; 243 pp.

\$3. Chapel Hill, N. C.

This study is a companion to N. N. Puckett's "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro," but it is on a considerably smaller scale. The author cannot boast of knowing the black Jamaican as intimately as Mr. Puckett knows the low caste Negro of the American South. But within the limits of her opportunities she has made a great many valuable observations, and she presents them in an orderly and interesting manner. The Jamaican of color is both more and less civilized than his American brother. Living under a government that safeguards his every right, he shows a dignity that is seldom encountered among the blacks of the South, but at the same time he seems closer to Africa. Primitive magic is still a living reality to him, and in large part his Christianity is superficial, despite his fondness for the Salvation Army and roaring Methodist revivals. Mrs. Beckwith describes his means of getting a living, his family life, his beliefs regarding the dead, and his folk art. There is an interesting chapter on the Maroons, a clan of blacks who have kept up a separate tribal life for two hundred years. The book is illustrated, and has a bibliography and an index. At the end there is a map of Jamaica.

xxviii

JOHN HENRY. *Tracking Down a Negro Legend.*
By Guy B. Johnson.

The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.

\$2

8¾ x 5¾; 155 pp.

John Henry is the folk-hero of the working Negroes of the United States, as Paul Bunyan is the hero of the Western loggers. There are dozens of ballads about him, and every Negro who works with his hands has heard of him. The legend makes him a champion rock-driller, and in most of the ballads he enters upon a contest with a steam drill and beats it, though at the cost of his life. In the present study Dr. Johnson tries to get at the sources of the story. He concludes that John Henry was a real man, that he worked on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad's Big Bend Tunnel in West Virginia, built in the early 70's, and that he actually contested with a steam drill and maybe beat it. Sometimes John Henry is confused with one John Hardy, but Dr. Johnson shows that the two were different men. Hardy (or Harding) was a white man, hanged at Grundy, Va., on December 17, 1897. There are many ballads about him, but those about John Henry are older. Dr. Johnson presents everything that he has been able to unearth on the subject, including many unfamiliar versions of the ballads. His book shows great industry and ingenuity, and is very interesting. There is a bibliography at the end.

PHILOSOPHY

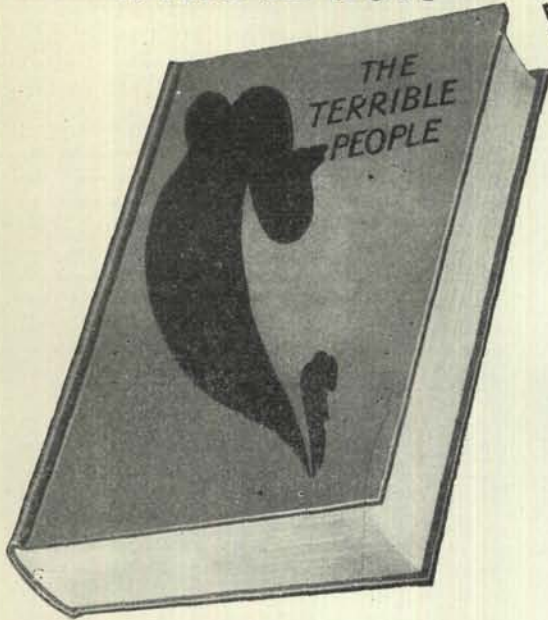
THE GREEK SCEPTICS.

By Mary Mills Patrick. The Columbia University Press
\$4.50 8¼ x 5¾; 339 pp. New York

For more than five hundred years—from the middle of the Fourth Century B.C. to the early part of the Third Century A.D.—skepticism was one of the leading philosophical movements in the Hellenistic world. It concerned itself, not only with epistemology, which was the main interest of Pyrrho of Elis, one of the founders of the movement, but also with ethics, metaphysics and natural science. Indirectly it had a tremendous influence on the thinking of the Renaissance, and with its constant emphasis on investigation paved the way for modern scientific research. Dr. Patrick, who is president emerita of the Constantinople Woman's College, has made an excellent introductory survey of the movement. It is the first comprehensive one on the subject in the English language. There is a brief but adequate bibliography, and also an index.

Continued on page xxx

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Continued from page xxviii

THE ART OF STRAIGHT THINKING.

By Edwin Leavitt Clarke.

D. Appleton & Company

\$3

8 x 5; 470 pp.

New York

The aim of the author of this ingenious book is not unlike that of the authors of illustrated books for the very young. What he essays to do is to teach the elements of logic to persons who, by definition, do their thinking with their diaphragms rather than with their heads. Despite the difficulties of the task that he thus sets, he gives a very good account of himself. Not only does he make the processes of logic so simple that even a schoolma'm, a Methodist bishop or a Republican editorial writer should be able to grasp them; he also extends his exposition to the laws of evidence and even to the principles of statistics. A professor of sociology by profession (his college is Oberlin), his interests naturally lie mainly in that field, and from it he takes practically all of his examples. His dealing with them shows an enlightened spirit and much shrewdness. At the end he appends the usual pedagogical questions, a good bibliography, and an index. His book is intended primarily for classroom use, but it would make a capital present for anyone between the mental ages of twelve and sixteen—say a Shriner, a member of the D. A. R., a general in the Army, or a bright policeman.

SOCIOLOGY

THE DUK-DUKS: Primitive & Historic Types of Citizenship.

By Elizabeth Anne Warner.

The University of Chicago Press

\$3

9½ x 6¼; 142 pp.

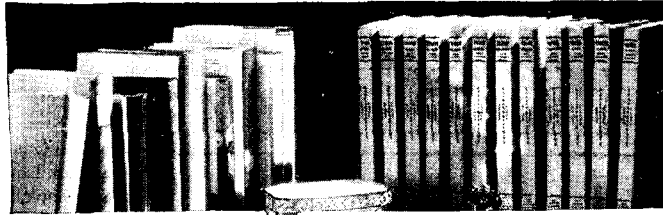
Chicago

Miss Warner examines the initiation ceremonies of primitive tribes, of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and of the feudal knights, with a view to determining whether they offer any suggestions for the training of children in citizenship today. She doesn't seem to be certain about the answer. She believes that "modern democratic states could accomplish something toward heightening the significance of citizenship by taking over certain existing occasions and assigning an official status to them," but when she takes a look at what has been done in that direction by the Russian Bolsheviks and the Italian Fascists she asks herself somewhat sadly "whether the fires of democratic enthusiasm have been tamped for all time." Thus her study gets nowhere, though the facts she brings forward are often interesting. She prints a bibliography and an index.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

UNCLE SHAM. *Being the Strange Tale of a Civilization Run Amok.*
By *Kanbaya Lal Ganba.* The Times Publishing Company
6s. 9½ x 6; 214 pp. Lahore, India

Dr. Gauba is a Cambridge man, a distinguished Indian lawyer, and a director in many companies. His book is obviously intended to be an answer to Miss Mayo's "Mother India." The United States, he tries to show, is just as bad as the India she depicted so cruelly. There is the same lack of honest patriotism, the same incapacity for decent government, and the same pervasive corruption. His argument is elaborately documented, and his authorities range from sober government reports and such impeccable repositories of cultural data as THE AMERICAN MERCURY's department of "Americana" to the files of *True Stories*. The result is a very racy and persuasive book, the chief defect of which is that it is not half large enough. When the first copies reached the United States the alert officers of the Customs seized them, but since then they seem to have been released. The book is copiously illustrated. Many of the pictures appear to have come from Hollywood.

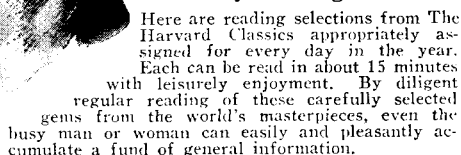
THE SALES-LADY.

By *Frances R. Donovan.* The University of Chicago Press
\$3 7½ x 5¼; 267 pp. Chicago

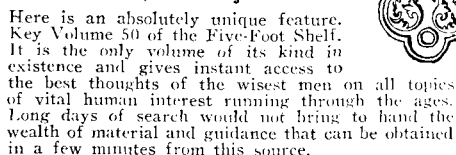
The studies in sociology that issue from the University of Chicago under the imprimatur of Professor Robert E. Park are always interesting, and this one is no exception, though it differs from most of the others in plan. Miss Donovan, who is a high-school teacher in Chicago, avoids the usual graphs and tables of statistics. Instead, she tells the story of her own adventures as a saleswoman in two New York stores—one a large department-store (obviously Macy's), and the other an expensive Fifth avenue shop. Her term of service was not long, but she took sharp eyes with her, and so she has a great deal to relate about the lives of the girls behind the counter and in their hours of recuperation outside. On the whole, she says, they have nothing to complain of. They are well paid, the work they do is seldom onerous, and the chances of promotion are excellent. A few years back, she says, the department-stores were all employing college graduates, but of late they have decided that girls of rather less learning are better, if only because they are not so haughty. Some life histories of typical saleswomen are appended. Most of them seem to be married, and nearly all who are not are willing. The book has no bibliography, but there is an index.

Continued on page xxxiv

If you are well read—you can answer these 25 questions



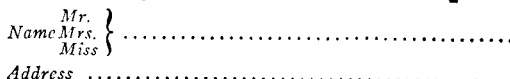
- Test yourself on these questions. They are facts of general information with which the well-read person should be familiar. How many do you know? All can be found in *The Harvard Classics*. The correct answers appear at the foot of this page.



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Answers to questions above: 1—Harvey; 2—Milton; 3—Dana; 4—Alexander (the Great); 5—Shakespeare; 6—Population tends to outrun subsistence; 7—Poe; 8—Jenner; 9—March 15, Caesar assassinated in fulfillment of soothsayer's warning; 10—Penn; 11—English journal published by Addison and Steele; 12—Jesus' cup at the Last Supper; 13—The Arabian Nights; 14—Macheth; 15—Architectural stones of prehistoric origin in England; 16—"—can spring be far behind?"—Shelley. "Ode to the West Wind"; 17—Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die; 18—Cullin; 19—Plutarch; 20—Cicero; 21—love sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; 22—Buddha; 23—Herodotus; 24—First English printer; 25—Cephalus.

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THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON By Dmitri Merezhkovsky

Herschell Brickell says this new biography by the author of *Napoleon the Man* "has much of the same quality of excitement as its predecessor." Merezhkovsky dramatizes all the irony, the tragedy, and the triumph in the spectacular career of this man who dreamed of a united Europe. By the author of *Napoleon the Man*. \$2.50

Oscar Wilde's THE HARLOT'S HOUSE and Other Poems Illustrated by John Vassos

Superb verse from Wilde's best creative years pictorially interpreted by John Vassos, illustrator of *Salome* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. The magnificent artistry of these drawings will delight all lovers of fine books. \$3.50

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This is a perfectly delightful fantasy by a master of consummate artistry—limitless in its humor, tragedy, and sophistication. It is the story of the glorious and droll adventures of Dudley and Gilderoy. By the author of *Episodes Before Thirty*, *John Silence*, etc. \$2.50

FALSE FACE By Jean Lilly

Robertus Love writes: "She tells it with such skill in creating suspense and suspicion that you never slump in your seat from the moment you discover young Granville Perkins slumped over the wheel of his automobile, shot to death, until suddenly 'False Face' comes into the bad business with the unexpectedness and some of the fearsomeness of the Headless Horseman." \$2.00

THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN STORY BOOK By A. A. Milne

Christopher Robin belongs to every child, and children have taken him as their own. Here in one book are verse and short stories from WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, NOW WE ARE SIX, WINNIE-THE-POOH, and THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER. The author himself made the selection and wrote a delightful new introduction in his inimitable manner. Illustrated with charm and humor by E. H. Shepard. \$2.00

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Continued from page xxxii

CRIMINOLOGY.

By Horace Wyndham. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$1.50 7½ x 5; 105 pp. New York

Mr. Wyndham rehearses the history of modern penology briefly and summarizes the principal current theories as to the causes of crime, but he has little to add of his own, and that little is of no importance. He believes that putting murderers to death is ineffective, but confesses that in such matters it is difficult to bring up proofs. He overlooks the value of capital punishment as *katharsis*—that is, as a means of putting down public indignation, uneasiness and distrust of the law. It probably did little good directly to burn poor Ruth Snyder, but it at least gave thousands of New York husbands their first peaceful sleep in months. Mr. Wyndham prints a bibliography at the end of his book, but it is too brief to be worth much.

MARRIAGE.

By Edward Westermarck.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$1.50 7½ x 5; 115 pp. New York

Dr. Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," in three large volumes, is well known; he has also published a shorter consideration of the subject in one volume. The present little book is a third working of the material. There are chapters on the probable origins of marriage, on its frequency among different peoples, on endogamy and exogamy, on marriage by capture, on consent as a condition, on marriage rites, on polygamy in its various forms, and on the duration of the relation. The author's conclusion is that "marriage is not an artificial creation, but an institution based on deep-rooted sentiments, conjugal and parental," and that "it will last as long as these sentiments last." There is a bibliographical note at the end, but no index.

THE MAN A WOMAN MARRIES.

By Victor Cox Pedersen. Minton, Balch & Company
\$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 266 pp. New York

Dr. Pedersen has little to say that is new. He simply rehearses what is familiar to everyone interested in the sexual question, and three times out of four he puts it into clumsy English. His writing is so bad, indeed, that sometimes it is difficult to make out the idea he is trying to convey. Here is a specimen sentence (page 108): "Dublin states that the value of a newly born child whose father earns \$2,500 per year is an astonishing calculation, \$9,333, the amount necessary to put at interest at 3½% to bring up the child to age 18 and to produce the net income throughout the working period of life." Another example (page 177):

Continued on page xxxvi

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young America

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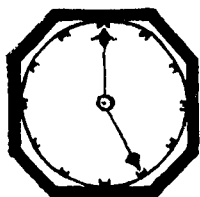
Relics and Angels by Hamilton Basso

A new section of the American scene and an important new writer from the South step boldly and charmingly into literature. The son of a cultured Creole family resists the new machine civilization. \$2.50

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L I P P I N C O T T

xxxvi



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

"Whereas all regular functions is the road to health. . . ." The book is thus hard to read, and there is little in it to reward the reader for his trouble.

THE CHALLENGE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

By Ernest P. Boas & Nicholas Michelson.

The Macmillan Company

\$2.50

7 1/2 x 5; 197 pp.

New York

The authors here are both on the staff of the Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Diseases in New York. They show how greatly the communal burden of caring for persons ill of chronic diseases has grown in late years, and how little has been done to meet it. Most general hospitals refuse to receive them, and in the great majority of cases it is impossible to care for them properly at home. Their illness requires a kind of nursing that is onerous and must be long continued, and not many of them can afford to pay for it. Some, properly treated, may be cured or at least made self sufficient; others face only death. Drs. Boas and Michelson believe that it would be wise to provide pensions from the public funds for many of them, but the rest must be cared for in hospitals, and here the present facilities are grossly inadequate. They present a detailed plan for a model hospital. Their book includes a short bibliography, but there is no index.

FICTION

THE UNLIT LAMP.

By Radclyffe Hall.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

\$3

8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 385 pp.

New York

Joan Ogden works hard at her studies, encouraged by her governess and friend, Elizabeth. After her father's death, when she is ready to enter Cambridge, her younger sister develops tuberculosis and dies, and her mother silently pleads with her not to leave her. She remains at Seabourne with her mother until she also dies, at which time Joan is forty-five. The story closes with her taking a post as nurse to an elderly, invalid male cousin. Miss Hall describes very sympathetically the struggle that Joan endures.

THE HOUSE OF JOY.

By Jo von Ammers-Küller.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 284 pp.

New York

Miss Schepp, an elocution teacher, comes as a lodger to the home of the proud and impoverished Heysten family. The daughter Jenny has a talent for mimicry and under Miss Schepp's tutelage she finally casts her lot with a theatrical group and abandons her conservative family, together with her benefactress. The translation from the Dutch is by H. van Wyhe.

Continued on page xxxviii



AESTHETIC JUDGMENT

By D. W. Prall

(University of California)

A philosophical approach which should prove valuable for college courses in aesthetics, and in the work of schools devoted to music and the fine arts.

400 pages. 18 illustrations. \$4.00

RAW MATERIALS of INDUSTRIALISM

By Hugh B. Killough

(Brown University)

and Lucy W. Killough

(Wellesley College)

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By Raymond H. Wheeler

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Continued from page xxxvi

THE TOYS OF PEACE and Other Papers.

By "Sakki" (H. H. Munro).

The Viking Press

\$1.75

6 1/2 x 4 1/4; 232 pp.

New York

The thirty-three short tales in this volume are full of that "delightful and ingenious wickedness" that so distinguishes Saki's work. "Toys of Peace," the initial story, is particularly characteristic of his shrewd distrust of theories and ideals. Harvey and Eleanor Bope, intending to convert their small nephews to pacifism, give them as toys, "not miniature soldiers but miniature civilians, not guns but ploughs and the tools of industry." For all their persuasion, however, the experiment turns out a ludicrous failure. Many of the shorter sketches have charming touches of fancy. G. K. Chesterton has contributed a brief introduction and Rothay Reynolds an interesting memoir.

MISCELLANEOUS

WINGS ON MY FEET: *Black Ulysses at the Wars*.

By Howard W. Odum.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

\$2.50

7 1/8 x 5 1/4; 309 pp.

Indianapolis

This is a sequel to "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," by the same author (reviewed in *The Library*, Sept., 1928, p. 126), and like that book it is remarkable for its extraordinarily vivid and sympathetic presentation of the ideas and ways of thought of an ignorant, feckless, God-forsaken Southern Negro. Once more the protagonist is "Tiger" Gordon, casual laborer and maker of songs. In "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" we followed him from camp to camp, and from State to State; in "Wings on My Feet" the war overtakes him and he goes overseas. He passes unscathed through its great adventure. "War an' me is buddies; fightin's my middle name. I'm magic black boy, rainbow round my shoulder, wings on my feet. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me." Home again, he comes nearer to disaster. A stone-crusher takes one of his arms and an imprudent shot at a white man brings him near to lynching. But in the end he remains unperturbed and imperturbable. "Don't you grieve after me, Lawd! Don't you grieve after me!" The two volumes are of high merit, both as sociological documents and as works of art. The author is head of the department of sociology at the University of North Carolina and the editor of *Social Forces*. Parts of the present volume were printed in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for August and September 1929.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

By Gertrude Stein.

Payson & Clarke

\$5

9 1/2 x 5 3/4; 207 pp.

New York

Let Miss Stein describe her own work: "America is interesting because they will come to like a pleasant

Continued on page xl



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thing as they have come to be one. And every little helps. And Useful Knowledge has been put together from every little that helps to be American. Once in talking and saying that in America the best material is used in the cheapest things because the cheapest things have to be made of the best material to make them worth while making it, it is really that it has come to be a romantic thing that has been so added to the history of living for a whole generation. It is. Romance is everything and the very best material should make the cheapest thing is making into living the romance of human being. This is the American something that makes romance everything. And romance is Useful Knowledge." The volume contains twenty-one pieces, excluding "Advertisement," from which the above is taken.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE.

By John T. Winterich.

Greenberg

\$2.50

7¾ x 5¼; 211 pp.

New York

As a manual for beginning book-collectors this is probably as good a book as there is. Among the many matters which it discusses are limited editions, absolute first editions, first English editions of American authors, first American editions of English authors, the importance of the physical condition of books, blank leaves, the publisher's presentation stamp, dust jackets, illustrations, errors in the text, complete editions, pirated editions, and the unique problem of the works of Henry James. Mr. Winterich commands a pleasing style.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR.

By a Gentlewoman.

Simon & Schuster

\$2.50

7¾ x 5; 207 pp.

New York

Here are a few of the pearls scattered through these perfumed pages: "Women are more guileful than men, but men have the advantage of being more necessary to us than we are to them. That is the keynote of the whole position between the sexes. . . . A woman has not made a conquest until she finds herself pursued. . . . The prestigious attractions in order, not of merit, but of puissance, are: Beauty, Fame, Wealth, Rank, Social Popularity, Intellect, Domestic and other special talents exerted privately. . . . Do not, I beg, permit yourself the luxury of *thinking romantically*. Reject, I conjure you, all meaningless 'ideals.' They make a fool of you." A hackneyed but fairly entertaining book. It is bound in a blushful mulberry stamped with gold doves, and perfumed with a mysterious scent. Dronsfield has made the many illustrations.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: In Appreciation.

Edited by Joseph Ishill.

The Oriole Press

\$7.50

6¼ x 8¼; 346 pp.

Berkeley Heights, N. J.

This *Festschrift* opens with a poem in French by Françoise Delisle and a foreword by Dr. Isaac Gold-

Continued on page xlii



BLAKE and MODERN THOUGHT

By Denis Saurat

Author of "Blake and Milton", etc.

The number of Blake's devotees increases from year to year. In this book Professor Saurat regards him as a thinker, and through an examination of his vast, mystical and highly personal mythology, which makes his longer poems so unintelligible to the casual reader, shows him to us as a philosopher born out of season also, a profound, misunderstood forerunner of the days that were to be.

Denis Saurat is a Frenchman, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, head of the French Institute in England, Professor in the University of London. His "Milton, Man and Thinker" is a classic of research. For imagination and brilliance allied to sound scholarship he has few rivals in his field, the study of English Letters.

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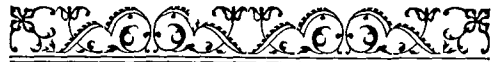
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berg, and includes tributes and appreciations by Henry W. Nevins, Henri Barbusse, the late Edward Carpenter, Ellen Key, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Dr. Franklin H. Giddings, Dr. Raymond Pearl, Bertrand Russell, Dr. E. M. East, Margaret Sanger, Bolton Hall, Clarence Darrow, J. A. Hobson, and many others. The book was designed and printed at the editor's private press and is beautifully turned out. The type used is the Garamond in which THE AMERICAN MERCURY is printed and the paper is hand-made. The edition is limited to 500 copies. There is also an edition of 50 copies on Japan vellum.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

By David Lloyd George.

Harper & Brothers

\$3.50

7 1/2 x 5 1/4; 324 pp.

New York

This collection of extracts from Mr. Lloyd George's speeches—some of them consist of single sentences—is preceded by a disarming preface by the right hon. gentleman himself, in which he points out the difficulty of being both profound and spontaneous, and by an almost equally apologetic introduction by Philip Guedalla. What follows stands in need of both, for there is not much in it that is amusing and next to nothing that is wise. It consists in the main of well-worn platitudes, and after that of facile and hollow rhetoric. On such capital subjects as education, the land question, poverty, the issues of the late war, religion and taxation, the speaker has no more to say than one might expect from an editorial writer on a second-rate newspaper. It is, to be sure, better stuff than issues from such appalling geysers of banality as MM. Hoover and Coolidge, but that is about all that may be said for it. It exhibits admirably the low estate to which political discussion has sunk in modern democratic states. The book has a good index, and there is an excellent portrait of Lloyd George, showing him in action, as a frontispiece.

AUTHORSHIP IN THE DAYS OF JOHNSON.

By A. S. Collins.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$5

8 3/4 x 5 5/8; 278 pp.

New York

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS. *A Study of the Relation of Author to Patron. . . ., 1780-1832.*

By A. S. Collins.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$5

8 3/4 x 5 5/8; 278 pp.

New York

The time covered in these two books runs from 1726 to 1832. Among the matters discussed are the personal relations between author and book-seller, advances, patronage in the days of Queen Anne and George I, Pope as the founder of the profession of letters, the evolution of pamphlet literature, the reading of children, the effect on reading of the French Revolution, the emergence of women writers, adver-

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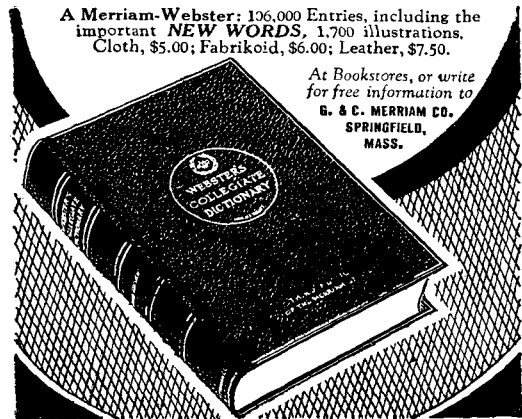
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tising, the copyright struggle, the periodicals, and the effect of reviews on sales. There is an index in each book, but only the second has a bibliography.

YOU CAN ESCAPE.

By **Edward H. Smith.**

The Macmillan Company

\$2.50

7½ x 5½; 364 pp.

New York

In twenty-three dramatic chapters Mr. Smith tells the story of as many escapes from prison, and then, in a final chapter, he describes the dreadful nemesis which pursues men who escape. Some of the tales are really thrilling, and all of them are good. At the end there is a bibliography of the subject. Mr. Smith died before he had completed a preface for his book. The lack is supplied by Edward Hale Bierstadt, who makes effective use of the author's notes.

AFTER MOTHER INDIA.

By **Harry Field.**

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$3.50

8½ x 5½; 325 pp.

New York

Mr. Field says that he "assisted in editing" Miss Margaret Mayo's "Mother India." Here he undertakes to meet some of the criticisms that have been leveled at that book, mainly by Hindu publicists. He makes a great show of documents, and in most instances supports his case very effectively. In particular, he is devastating in his dealing with the Indian messiah, Gandhi. But a certain doubt still lingers whether Miss Mayo's very sweeping generalizations were in all cases justified. The book has a series of appendices (one a short biography of Miss Mayo), an elaborate bibliography, and a good index.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

By **Walter A. Dyer & Esther Stevens Fraser.**

The Century Company

\$2.50

8½ x 5½; 127 pp.

New York

The rocking-chair came into common use in the United States about 1800. Mrs. Fraser traces its history up to that time, describing in great detail the experimental types and the final emergence of the graceful Windsor rocker. Mr. Dyer then traces the evolution of the Boston rocker, which became standardized about 1840. Part III consists of some notes on stencil decorations, old newspaper advertisements containing information about various types of chairs and their makers, and a list of chair-makers in 1831. An informative and interesting book, profusely illustrated.

GRAVESTONES OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

By **Harriette Merrifield Forbes.**

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$12.50

10½ x 7¾; 141 pp.

Boston

Life was extremely dull in early New England, much duller, in fact, than it is even now. The only

Continued on page xlvii

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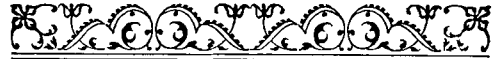
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thing that brought the Puritans any real fun was death. Funerals used to be great public spectacles, like circuses today, and elegy writing was a universal sport. But the greatest pleasure of all was derived from the embellishing of gravestones, many hideous specimens of which are still to be seen in the ancient cemeteries in and about Boston Common. Mrs. Forbes has dug up a great deal of material about the more fancy ones, and her book is an interesting contribution to the study of the Puritan mind. There are many reproductions from photographs.

MY SKIRMISH WITH JOLLY ROGER.

By D. H. Lawrence.

Random House

\$3.50

8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 12 pp.

New York

In this pamphlet Mr. Lawrence pays his respects to the thieves who have brought out pirated editions of his novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and undertakes to meet the objections that have been made to the obscenity of that book. His aim in writing it, he says, was to show that "life is only bearable when the mind and the body are in harmony." The great necessity "is that we should act according to our thoughts, and think according to our acts. . . . I want men and women to be able to think sex, fully, completely, honestly and cleanly." He closes by denouncing both "the stock old Puritan who is likely to fall into sexual indecency in advanced age" and the young rebels who "scoff at the importance of sex, take it like a cocktail, and flout their elders with it." The little book appears in a limited edition of 600 copies.

SKY LARKING: The Romantic Adventure of Flying.

By Bruce Gould.

Horace Liveright

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/2; 259 pp.

New York

Mr. Gould recounts the history of aerial navigation, tells some interesting stories about celebrated aviators, throws in some experiences of his own, and then discusses the future of flying. The air liner of year after next, he believes, will be a flying boat. "The land plane," he says, "rests on three points, two wheels under the wings and a third wheel or tail skid. Necessarily the load which these three points can carry is limited. The flying boat, however, like any boat, rests on its entire bottom, and therefore can support an almost unlimited load." Despite the acres of space it gets in the newspapers the art of flying has produced very few books, and not many of them have been readable. Mr. Gould lists but thirty-six in English in his apparently exhaustive bibliography. His own volume is far better written than any of its predecessors.

Continued on page xlviii

Hawthorne

By Newton Arvin

This discerning biography shows how Hawthorne's characters grew out of his own subconsciousness and illuminate his struggles to adjust himself to the common world. 12 illustrations.

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Wolfe and North America

By Lt. Col.

F. E. Whitton

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THIS FICTION BUSINESS.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Covici-Friede

\$2

7 x 5; 179 pp.

New York

Mr. Bedford-Jones, a Canadian by birth, is one of the most industrious and successful of all the current contributors to the popular fiction magazines. He has written fifty or more serial novels for them, and hundreds of novelettes and short stories. He says in his book that he regards from five to ten thousand words as a fair day's work, and speaks seriously of type-writers made with whole words on single keys, to aid the furious pace of men of his craft. He is full of interesting stuff about the market for such wares, and has some shrewd advice for those ambitious to manufacture it. He believes that complicated plots are not necessary, and advises against elaborate preparations. "Put a sheet of paper into the machine," he says, "start writing, and go ahead. The chances are that you can get a flying start with a good bit of dialogue or a fine situation. After a few pages, stop and study your characters. Then go on writing from page to page, and let the plot form itself as you proceed."

PEP.

By Lion Feuchtwanger.

The Viking Press

\$2

8½ x 6½; 59 pp.

New York

Feuchtwanger is the author of "Power," a novel that was widely read a year or two ago. Back in 1924 he began contributing satirical verses to the *Berliner Tageblatt* under the pseudonym of J. L. Wetcheek, a translation of his name. They dealt in a broadly humorous manner with the imbecilities of American Babbitts, and instantly caught the fancy of Berlin. Here some of them are translated by Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis). Considering the fact that the author has never been in America, they show some shrewd hits, but to most Americans they will seem rather obvious. The book is illustrated by Constantin Aladjalov.

THE UNINTENTIONAL CHARM OF MEN.

By Frances Leifer Warner.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$2

7¼ x 4¼; 201 pp.

Boston

"A man going it alone has always whetted the imagination of the world," says Miss Warner. "Men show up at their best at fires. They silhouette well, for one thing, and they mass well in active groups together. . . . In energy and unexpectedness and the achieving mood, there is a permanent charm in men's affinity for the maximum. . . . For men, in the full tilt of their achievements, are independent about their verbs and unintentional about their adverbs—a fact in which, very largely, resides their charm." Somewhat banal stuff, ornamented with a laborious kittenishness.

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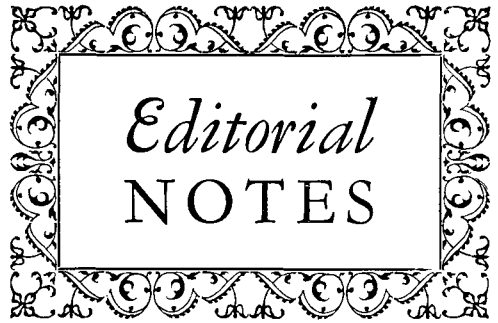
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LAST March THE AMERICAN MERCURY offered two prizes, each of \$500, for articles by American college graduates of 1929, discussing their experiences in college. It was announced that one of these prizes would go to the male student submitting the most interesting article, and the other to the woman student. The former has been awarded to Mr. Samuel Lipshutz of Philadelphia, who took his A.B. at the University of Pennsylvania in June. The latter has gone to Miss Olive Brosow, of Withee, Wis., who was given the A.B. *cum laude* by Northland College, at Northland, Wis. Both essays appear in the present issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.



Olive Brosow



Samuel Lipshutz

In all, 169 manuscripts were received, excluding a number that violated the rules of the competition and were returned to their authors unread. Of the total, 91 were sent in by men and 78 by women. They came from practically all the principal

Continued on page lii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page 1

colleges of the country, headed by the University of California with ten entrants and Columbia and Pennsylvania with five each, and running down to Princeton, Amherst, Dartmouth, Brown, Vassar, Radcliffe, Hunter and Northwestern with one each. A considerable proportion came from the smaller colleges—Hollins, Juniata, Emory, Creighton, Denison, Knox, and so on—and among them were some of the most interesting. Of all those sent in by men students, Mr. Lipshutz's was clearly the most mature in point of view and the most effective in presentation, and so it won easily, though there were a number of others that were more amusing.

Miss Brossow's essay met with stiffer competition. At least a dozen of the learned young ladies sent in pieces that showed good writing and shrewd thinking, but none of them had a story to tell that was as full of human interest as Miss Brossow's and so she was awarded the prize. A more extended discussion of the manuscripts received will be found in the Editorial in this issue.

Mr. Lipshutz was born in Philadelphia on September 7, 1907, and has lived there all his life. He received his preliminary education in the local public-schools, finishing at the Central High-school. He plans to study law. Miss Brossow was born near Gainesville, Texas, on September 17, 1905, but has lived in Kenosha, Wisconsin, most of her life. Her father, John C. Brossow, is of French descent, and her mother, whose maiden name was Lillian McKay, is Scotch and English. She was graduated from the Kenosha grammar-school at the age of thirteen, and for the next seven years worked at odd jobs in her home town. She did not attend high-school, but prepared for college mainly by herself. Her plans for the future are somewhat vague. At present she is on the staff of the Kenosha *Evening News*.
Continued in back advertising section, page lviii

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The American MERCURY

October 1929

FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE

I

*Dim Joys; Cloudy Sorrows*¹

BY SAMUEL LIPSHUTZ

I was a day student. That meant that I changed to the Walnut street car at Eighth, and stayed on it until it crossed the Schuylkill river and reached the heart of the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. My neighborhood was and is one of the oldest in the city, and passing from it to the college was analogous to a continuously-repeated initiation ceremony, with successive cloths removed from the eyes as one neared the shrine at Thirty-fourth street. Starting in dusty and sober respectability, I passed daily through the tenderloin, cut through the downtown business section and the many tailors' shops of Walnut street, skirted Rittenhouse square chastely, crossed the dirtiest river in the world, and met my *alma mater* sitting, with her skirts up, on the other bank.

This way of going to school was important—I still feel that it was important. For after I had negotiated the trolley ride, asleep on my feet, home was a distant thing, and the University the only reality.

¹ This and the following article received the awards for essays by American college graduates of 1929, offered by THE AMERICAN MERCURY last March. A note about the two authors will be found in Editorial Notes in this issue.

The fun came when I discovered that the process of translation worked backward, and that when I went home at night, the University dimmed into nothing, and home again was real. The process colored my four years at Penn, as, I am convinced, it must color the experiences of all other day students. It was too much like going to a play. One started out, gravely, from a condition in life in which noise was objected to, jauntiness was not the supreme goal, and cigarette ashes were contraband, save in the ash tray. Half an hour, and one was in a world in which it was the aim and end of every living creature to be as jaunty as possible, a world of lifted voices, ungainly postures, mysterious ambitions, and most irrational customs. And since it was like going to the play, I came to see it as going to the play. Instead of sitting in a seat, I moved among the actors, not wraith-like, for I weigh 185 pounds, but with a certain fleshly unsubstantiality. And I promise beforehand that it will be difficult to tell what I saw in better terms than those used by Aunt Hester when she tells the plot of the movie to her unwilling Herbert.

It is the traditions which shock the day student most. It seems incredible to him

that a certain segment of his own city should be encrusted with customs held alike by men from Pasadena and from the Fifth ward. He resents the importance of the out-of-towner. My first contact with Pennsylvania partook of this shock. We stood without our pants in the big quad of the dormitories, and waited for our turns to run through the lines of yelping sophomores, who were to introduce us to the first act of the play by walloping our bare legs with belt buckles.

A kindly senior poked half of himself out of his window and called me up to his room, so that I could park my excess clothing. I climbed up the narrow stairs in the dark, and laid my clothes away upon his bed. Before I went down I glanced out of the window, and looked up the dark area, dotted with smoking torches, marking out the race to be run between the bare knees and the belt buckles. I could have been happy without a Field Welcome, and the senior saw it. He grinned at me, over his book.

"I did it, too, once," he said. "Go on down."

He did it too, once. I went down. He had done it, and it was a tradition. He, who hailed from somewhere near Buffalo, had come to my city and made a tradition for *me*. That was my reaction. The others liked it no more than I, and I can still see the crew of freshmen, waiting in scared silence for their gashes.

It was dark, and it was hot, and there was hysteria on the big quad. The sophomores yelled, and there were fights here and there along the line. The double line turned, and at each turn the runner crashed into the group of walloppers, and was shoved right.

"When I take that turn," said one of the freshmen, "I'm going to paste the guy I run into."

He did. He ran right before me, and at the turn he straight-armed one man, and slammed another on the chin. There was rich, profane confusion, and I ebbed out of the mess. Then they gave me a button to

wear, and I was part of the school. And when I came back for my clothes, the senior was even more cordial. I had climbed a foot nearer his heights.

The University was full of traditions, and they all seemed to come out like that, making me wonder how I had ever lived in my city so long without knowing of all these tremendously significant things. There was a course in the essayists, in which the lecturer never failed to mention that Leigh Hunt's father had preached at the University. The spirit of the founder, the immortal Franklin, hovered over the place. The *Alumni Gazette* was a wishful continuation of Franklin's own periodical. The Dental School was the first in the world, and among its graduates was Zane Grey. Our Doctor Schelling was the greatest authority on the Elizabethans. A plate in the basement lavatory commemorated the old corner fight, and another on the basement stairs made mention of the forgotten stairs fight, with a dismal error in grammar. The crusted walls breathed of the past—at every turn the day student walked into a tradition.

And it was confusing to him. He was in a world which had a set of rules all its own. He knew the other rules—the rules of his own world. But these were different. Men actually lived their four years away at the University, and sent children after them. It was a wild, improbable thing to have fallen into, and the day student looked at his fellows, could distinguish no differences among them at first, and felt lost. His evenings were spent in the company of old friends and in the old places; his days at the college. And he plunged from past to present; present to past. They told him about loyalty, and he went home to think about it. But at home it became dim and unreal. Then he went back, the next morning, and they told him of loyalty again, of the mighty traditions. If he took it to heart he could only do so above the sickening realization that at four o'clock he must be on Trolley 13 again. And it was hard to take the traditions over the river.

He never solved the problem, and never did identify himself with the University in the let's-pretend-Alice-in-Wonderland way that some of the day students did. And there were other things to think about. The University sat on its river bank and threw things at him. It threw Fraternity Row in his face, and asked him what he thought of that. Thirty-sixth street, Thirty-seventh, and Walnut and Chestnut—houses with flags and brass plates and with an even half-dozen smiles in creased pants standing in front of each. Each house seemed to say: "Look at this, now!" And the day student looked, and tried to remember what he had come to this gigantic place for. There had been a certain ideal of study, easy enough in the high-school, but rather irrelevant in all the casualness here. And when he found the key to the study-ideal, it was too late for him to use it. That was after he discovered the groups. Of those, later.

II

The University threw things at him, casually. He hardly knew what he had expected. A reception committee, perhaps. It seemed to him but fitting that somewhere, in all the fifty granite buildings, there should be a dim and vasty room, where some earnest gentleman would take him by the hand and commune with him. "... And so, my son, you want to learn all that there is to know about Elizabethan literature? I congratulate you—Room 213—second floor, right." How could a day student, plunged into this mad world, cut through to what he wanted?

And so his freshman year was a year of battles—quiet battles. Freshman anguish is not noisy; his was well-hidden. He caught himself trying to find the geometrical centre of the campus, so that he could be sure he was on it at all. And his studies worried him. He met Bishop Berkeley through Doctor Singer, and for a year even the Elizabethans seemed unnecessary, and something less than even inferences. He knew that some day he would learn things

here, and get a degree. But that was before he met the groups and understood the process.

His slow discovery of the groups which made up the University, one after the other, gave him the fact which governed the whole. It was a startling fact, but fully evident after the student body had, along toward the end of the second year, fallen into its natural divisions. The University was not large; it was sprawling. It was not a big, grown-up thing; it was young, and gangling. It was not a purposeful influence in the lives of its people; it was an intoxicated mistress, trying to be all things to all men. Because it had impressed so at the beginning by sheer weight of granite, it took two years for it to reveal itself as a collection of urges, a monument to many wills. The thing is sharper to sight, after the groups have been pointed out. And these groups were four, each with its place in the scheme, and all four repeated in every department of the whole.

The day student found the groups, little by little, as a child, playing in a new back yard, makes friends with the furniture. At the beginning they were ill-defined. On the night of the Field Welcome, when the day student met his fellows, they lacked trousers, and without pants the future doctor of philosophy looked much like the future ham-and-egger. They became distinct later. The day student would notice absently in the corridors that the homely man with the large nose and the aristocratic manner was often with another homely man with a lesser nose but with the same manner. And through the weeks he learned to identify others with these two, to see them together, at football games, at the Lido, at Margaret Elizabeth's. And in the library there would be an entirely different crew, glued to contiguous desks, and holding down adjoining chairs in the classrooms. The process of the days was a process of focussing; by the sophomore vacation all was clear.

The first group was the social group. Nice-young-men-from-good-families, who

made up the more decorative part of the student body. I remember once, in a lecture in which Mr. Clark, of the philosophy line-up, had been skipping through one Greek system after another, how one of these young men, with clear blue eyes and clearer yellow hair, raised his hand pathetically, and asked, "But, Mr. Clark, which of these are we to believe?" Mr. Clark, to his great glory, did not smile; instead, he explained that none or all were to be believed, depending on how the believer felt about it. But it was the most refreshing group on the campus, and the real backbone of the University. They all had fathers with antique class numerals, and each one of them was a perambulating potential endowment. They came to be told what to believe, and they disliked conflicting systems unless one of them was starred. I made friends among them—delightful friends. But they can't be talked about; their defense was too perfect.

Group number two, quite as definite, was the wicked group—an off-color mixture of boys from all races and all families, who sat in the rear of the rooms and cried their vices to each other. They prefaced each day with an exact statement as to the perfectly monstrous hour at which they had climbed into bed the night before, and spent their lives in evolving the perfect technique for humming cigarettes gracefully. This group raised the most racket and yelled the most about college spirit; it was this group which walloped the freshmen and was the first to pull the whiskers off our bearded traffic cop, or to set fire to what bits of property the traction company had left along the right of way. They were afflicted with a vast concupiscence, but were still young enough to regard a prostitute as an adventure. Their favorite pose was the all-worn-out-in-mind-and-body-been-everywhere-seen-everything sort of thing. They were harmless.

The third group was the group of serious students who were not social about it. There was only one distinctively American character in this group while I was at

Penn; there were several Italians and a host of Jews. They went in for the higher mathematics, and for chess, and for physics. They chummed together, in the boy's-book phrase, and when not playing chess, solving bridge problems with the cold manner of the true scientist, or signing up for courses in mathematics, they would argue about Schopenhauer. They were very youthful, mostly because none of them had been with people much, and they talked philosophy with the same idiom they had started their young manhood with—the idiom of the combative adolescent. "Schopenhauer—who the hell's Schopenhauer? Listen, bozo—did you ever hear of Spinoza? Well, you get ahold of his book, and you'll shoot Schopey the hell out the window." Their hangout was the Chess Room on the third floor of Houston Hall, but the limitations of place meant nothing to them. They could be heard on the first and second.

But the richest, the ripest, the most inspiring, and the fruitiest group of all, was the group of serious students who were social about it. They had the deepest influence upon myself. They picked me up where the baffling confusion of the University had placed me, and they completed the job in a masterly fashion. I owe it directly to them that I shall never be a Ph.D.

We would be eating, some of us, at Kaplan's Restaurant in Woodland avenue. The air was thick with sandwiches and coffee, with the occasional punctuation of an order of peas or frankfurters. The tables held six, three facing three. And six of us would be at one of the tile-topped tables, patiently annoying our sandwiches.

"That god-damned trolley ride over the river," someone would remark—for we were all day students. "I get sick at the stomach looking at it. I think it's the dirtiest river in the world." The river whose charms he was chanting was Penn's Schuylkill.

And then a smooth-cheeked lad, with a book, would speak up, calmly, casually as

all of us, but with the professional pause on the proper punctuation marks.

"Oh, I don't know," he would say. "It depends on yourself. Now I make up a different simile for it every time I pass it. To-day it was raining, and it was like the slender arm of a white and sinuous woman."

There would be an ominous pause. "Kaplan — one frankfurter!" someone would yell, a little loudly.

There was a great deal of this sort of thing going round. The serious boys declared themselves when they majored, and with one exception, in all this group, I found those who had declared themselves in strenuous directions to be unprofitable and sickly. It was so easy to become a great man that they fell enamoured of knowledge, and lived their schooldays away with the shining Faustus ideal ever before them. These perfectly-ordinary, perfectly-nice boys suddenly found that this sprawling University held a system by which greatness could be achieved. One took courses in a single subject only, utilizing all electives in this one branch. The professor would come to notice the acolyte, and would suggest graduate courses. One took graduate courses, by special dispensation, while still an undergrad. Four years—Bachelor of Arts. One more—Master of Arts. Two besides—and the sacred doctorate descended from its hooded heaven, and touched the yearner gently upon the shoulder.

It was a beautiful system, and it was the key to the University. It was what I had been seeking, and what they had found before. It was the mystic thing hidden behind all of the granite, and it would have saved me my bewilderment had I known of it. And it held these boys as the eye of the mongoose holds the cobra. Boyhood friends, fond of coarse jokes and movie shows the year before, suddenly found that they quite hated the movies, the machine age, and the comic strips. In the corridors they would talk about Horace and the Classical Spirit; their other favorites were

Goethe and Euripides. Because of them I shall never be able to read Euripides, and I have the natural advantage of having disliked Goethe from my earliest childhood.

They did mysterious things to themselves, these neophytes to wisdom, while I stood by and marveled. They organized Latin clubs, thereby creating positions of honor, and they filled these positions, to the huge satisfaction of everyone. They ran for publications and won keys; they had whispered conferences about Phi Beta Kappa, with the startling dénouement later that those who had whispered the most got in the first. Each had a guardian professor and a leading light; their haunt was the Library, and they tried to startle the pretty librarians by asking for massive and unlikely tomes. They carried their knowledge with grunts upon their shoulders, as Kelly carries his hod. "Oh what, what can I do," one of them lamented to me once, "that will enable me to stay here all the rest of my life?" The question made me wonder if it would not be possible for me to graduate in three years instead of in four.

It was because of these serious boys that I majored in philosophy. It had been my pre-college ambition to take English, but too much of this riff-raff found in English their reason for being. The clear-sightedness of Dr. Singer in philosophy, and the utter candor of Dr. Crawford in French kept more of the young Fausti out of these two departments than out of any of the others, and I chose Dr. Singer. My conclusion, after three years of philosophy, is, of course, that man would be much better off trying to invent the three-dimensional movie than spending his time chasing his tail up blind alleys. But Dr. Singer, all unknowing, was good professorial company, and, in case he is interested, I was the man who sat at the end of the second row and did not read a newspaper.

Miniature professors, with footnotes in their voices, the young scholars admired each other tremendously. In a hushed voice the Faustus who was working in Latin

would say of another, "He's down to Sanskrit!" and the one who had a corner on Sanskrit would publicly envy the other his knowledge of the colloquial idiom as indicated in the Phormio.

It was a gay world for them all, and they enjoyed it. They made speeches in their little languages at the meetings of their clubs, and they established papers, and they wrote little poems to Greek names. The Socratic dialogue was still an art-form to them, and they wrote Socratic dialogues. One of the worst adopted the Socratic question-answer method of conversation, and to talk to him about anything was to feel like the late White House spokesman. *Junto*, the literary quarterly, published what they wrote—ragged free verse about leaves, stories about stenographers, and essays on the new spirit.

III

But my summary division has been too large, too aloof. It has in it the juice of the sour grape. For I wanted to study—I came to school to study. My general average was high, but it suffered from too great a generality. And it is the fault of the University, simply and directly, that it was impossible for me to put unity into my four years' struggle. I could not organize the University in my mind well enough to enable me to adopt any one facet of it, and still to feel that I had caught at the hem of Alma Mater.

There we were, say, at the end of my sophomore year. Most of us were juniors-to-be; a few, by dint of extra labor, were standing on the very brink of senior credit. In a five minutes' walk about the paths of the campus I would meet three of my former buddies who were now pre-meds; one or two who were pre-laws; a Latin major who would stop me and translate one of the dirtier epigrams out of Martial for my benefit; a high-school politician turned political scientist; and a handful of engineers. They were all in the college, and all waiting.

Entering the walls of College Hall itself, where it stands facing Woodland avenue, two blocks from the West Philadelphia station, I could look down the long corridor of the first floor. At one end sat in leisurely dignity the department of psychology. At the other end of the same hall mathematics lay in ambush. And on the floors above were English and history, French and German, Latin and Greek.

All of these departments pulled in various ways, and tried to pull in various ways upon the same person. I was curious, and each had something legitimate to give to the man of curiosity, and each made this something legitimate a long-drawn series of graphs and outlines, lectures, and readings, dull formality eagerly grasped by the earnest boys. A flash of curiosity about Terence would be dampened by the fact that Terence was omitted this year, and an unexpected interest in St. Francis of Assisi met the stone wall of the required course and the pre-requisite.

The University was sprawling and cumbersome, weighted down by its book-keeping and the demands of the four separate groups. The departments tried to be all things to all classes, and were nothing to the man who could not settle down into a class. They had their full quotas of snap courses for the socio-wicked crew; earnest courses for the earnest crew; arty courses for the arty crew; and through their catalogues, their clubs, the personnel officer, and the administration, the constant effort went on to satisfy everybody and to produce something like homogeneity of spirit.

And the attempt failed, miserably. It was a University which wobbled and teetered, which leaned this way one moment, and another way the next. It was a University which demanded that the student sink himself in his cubby-hole portion of the system, or stand outside and look. From the mathematics boys (who escaped from mathematics by knowing more dirty jokes and buying more phonograph records than all the rest of the school together) to the Greek scholars, who lived in seclusion up

near the roof, each man was in a group, and as a member of a group, he followed some selected interest, like a pig with a rope tied to his nose-ring. There was no provision for the pig who had lost his nose-ring. It was a college which aroused intellectual curiosity, but could only satisfy it through a cumbersome and laborious process. It was a college which hinted at the delights of a mild shower, and then insisted on total immersion. It was a college I did not like.

It was too well and too professionally aware of all that was happening in the world. It knew that business was important, and it was frequently respectful towards business. But it had the classical ideal, and it often paused to lament the machine age. It knew that it had to be liberal about races, and was often surprisingly liberal. But it also was conscious of its debt to the old families and the seventh sons, and it leaned toward them when the moment seemed propitious. It was a University which was uneasy, and too conscious of its bigness; it was a train looking for a track and trying them all in turn; it was something which only American love for progress could have created, and it is something which I hope that American love for directness will sometime be able to destroy.

And so my college life was a constant series of irritations and little annoyances. I made some friends who felt approximately as I did. There was a gilded youth from New York with rather good instincts, and there was an Italian, the school's most brilliant classical student, who felt that Balzac was greater than the ancients. In part they share my feeling—the sense of not belonging to this peculiar order. In a scholastic world in which all human knowledge was cut up into divisions and wards, for apportioning into the individual plots known as Ph.D. theses, I had little part. In a scholastic scheme of things in which the goal seemed to be a separate professor for every thought of Shakespeare, there was little that I could do. Scholarship to some of us was not noble—it was

necessary, in some vague way, for the well-known future of the race—but the Ph.D. stood on no higher plane than the street-cleaner who removed the débris of today instead of the débris of yesterday. It was a scholastic world in which little bugs scurried after big bugs, and in which the system by which the little bug became the big bug was so clear as to be nauseous. It was a scholastic world which prided itself on progress and liberality, but which still railed against the bugbears of Matthew Arnold and believed in required courses. It was a scholastic world in which knowledge was a function of written reports, and in which the written reports were a function of lectures taken. It was a scholastic world in which Heaven was a graph, and Hell another graph, and in which the outline of the course was more important than the reason why the men under discussion had chosen to live instead of to die. It was a scholastic world which had become a beautiful system, and in which the students lived in a perpetual worship of the system. It was a scholastic world which created honors, and then adored itself for winning them. It was a scholastic world which had translated real eagerness for life into a candid process of unit-chasing. The thesis system, the unit-credit system, and all the arithmetic of scholarship, combined to slaughter the real drive to know.

And now that I am haughtily standing, self-convicted of egoism, a million miles above the world, I may as well consummate my crime by suggesting for the future. A sheepskin makes a man a good suggester for the future, and so I would like to suggest, and to do so out of a real conviction that all is not well where it should be.

The University is in trouble because it is a prey to two stupid movements. The New Efficiency tends to make it large, and gangling, and all-comprehensive. And the New Psychology, realizing that this has a chilling effect on what is known as college spirit, tries to remedy the evil of growing pains by the use of psychological methods: a personnel officer, supervised play. And as

the University keeps getting bigger, the psychology of tests and measurements and supervision keeps getting stronger, and as the psychology gets stronger, the University keeps getting bigger. And it is stirring and bubbling like a warm vat full of prune-juice; if there seems to be peace in the ivy, the peace is as complete an illusion as ever existed.

This, then, is my suggestion for the future. It is a vague suggestion, and one unworthy of a person with my violent and vicious prejudices, but it is the best that I can do. I would like to arm myself with an awful cunning, and I would like to whisper: Would it not be well, both for the vanity which comes with wise giving, and for the happiness of the great American boy, if there were some new kind of University? A free University, in which it would be possible to do something, and yet not a University like some gigantic kindergarten. Would it not be well if there were a University with a wise and intelligent faculty, with enough humanness and good humor to be able to want to live with the students, and to make the students

want to live with it? Would it not be well if there were a University without scholastic honors, without irrelevant activities, without hand-made distinctions? Would it not be a good thing if there were a college in which hard work was the custom, and therefore much more obligatory than if it were the rule? Would it not be well to try to make a college fit only for students each with a potential something to say—and would it not be doubly well if this same college-to-be could teach its students to pick out those of their fellows who also had something to say? Would it not be well to have a college which saw the world as a whole, and gladly—but without optimism? Would it not be a grand thing to have a college which would encourage each student to be himself and act his age, and not the reverse? Would it not be a supreme achievement to establish a college which would permit a man to do as he pleased—and yet would make him ashamed to please to be a fool, or a bigot, or a pedant? Would it not be profitable, enormously profitable, to have a college like that—just like that?

II

"With Honor"

BY OLIVE BROSSOW

I HAD not intended to go to college—not consciously, at least. The oldest of eight children, I should, by all tradition, have remained on the farm, cheerfully sacrificing all rights to an education in favor of my younger brothers and sisters.

It was only after I had failed to enter the University of Wisconsin Library School because of my irregularity at high-school that my thoughts began to turn definitely collegeward. Still, there must have been some faint tendencies in that direction lurking vaguely in my subconscious mind, for I remember asking my father as a child, "Do you think I would be very foolish if I wanted to go to college?"

Our family was at that time as poor as the proverbial Job's turkey, for we were struggling hard to get a start on a farm in what was then a backwoods district in Central Wisconsin. The family on the next farm, who had come in four years before we did, rode the six miles to town on horse back, fording a river on the way, to get their mail. Some of the roads near us were still merely old logging trails when we came. A high-school education was almost unattainable, and it was considered something of a triumph even to finish the eighth grade of the little rural school, which was not red, by the way, but white.

College was not even a remote possibility

to the young people of our community. They were needed to help at home as soon as they were old enough to be of some assistance in the work, which was usually around the age of twelve or thirteen. There were woods to be cut down, fields to be cleared and put under the plow. A few parents who were fortunately situated, or had some forethought, did send their children to high-school, but the great majority either did not believe in education, or were too poor.

When I was graduated from the country school at the age of thirteen, I tried hard to enter high-school, but all efforts to find a place where I could work for my room and board, as I would have to do, failed. Transportation, possible in the early Fall, was out of the question during the Winter and Spring because of the heavy snowfall and poor roads. I might have endured the intense cold by dressing warmly, but our horses were needed at home during the day, and we could not afford to keep a driving horse. A car could not get through, even if we had had one. For a year and a half, then, I stayed at home and worked, my occupations ranging from sewing, cooking, and tending the garden to fighting forest fires.

Nevertheless, my father was determined that I should go to high-school—I recall that at that time, the height of my ambition was to be a rural school teacher—and he finally heard of a correspondence school in Chicago from which I could take high-school work. Correspondence schools are often belittled and ridiculed. As to their value in general, I am no judge, but without the help of this one, the American School, I would never have seen the inside of a college.

A regular high-school education would have been easier for me, and on me, but it was unfortunately beyond my reach. Therefore, after much careful checking up on the entrance requirements of various normal schools, I registered for an abridged high-school course by correspondence.

This study, solitary and unaided for the

most part, was quite difficult. I progressed slowly, became discouraged, and was frequently tempted to give it all up, but I never did. Some innate stubbornness forced me to keep on.

As the course neared completion, the problem of the necessary funds for a year at normal school assumed a threatening importance. At least \$400 was needed, and I would have to earn the money myself.

Through the help of a cousin who has always been the good angel of our family, I got a place as nursemaid and second girl in the home of a Kenosha lawyer.

For two years I worked in this place, studying in my spare time, taking Latin under a tutor, and going to night school. The members of the family where I worked sympathized with my ambitions, and treated me with great kindness and consideration, as did their friends.

About this time I began to think of library work as a possible career, and finally set my heart on taking it up. In June of my second year in Kenosha, I went up to Madison to take the entrance examination for the Library School.

For weeks beforehand, I had simply crammed my mind with information which might be called for. My brain was keyed up to its best working order, although under this further strain added to my already taxing burden of work and study I had become physically exhausted. For a long time I had kept going on my nerves, but this did not keep me from writing a good examination.

The number of entrants to the Library School was limited to forty. College graduates were accepted on their previous records. All others had to take the examination, and were judged according to the grade they received, the highest being put first. Other qualifications were taken into consideration, however, as I was to learn later.

Twenty-two college graduates had already been accepted, so that only about eighteen more applicants could be considered. There must have been thirty or

more of us taking the examination at Madison, while many more were writing under local supervision in libraries all over the State, and even in other States outside of Wisconsin.

I put my best effort into that examination, and then went back to my work in Kenosha. A few weeks later I received a notice stating that I could not be accepted because I had had no class-room experience in my high-school work, and suggesting either a year's apprenticeship in some library, or a year in college to remedy the deficiency. That decree may have been a wise one, but coming as it did after years of struggle, it was a bitter blow. It still hurts, and all the more so because I learned later that my mark in the examination had been high enough to have gained my admittance had I but graduated from a regular high-school.

II

Although I was beginning to feel that further effort to reach my goal would be futile, something kept me from giving up altogether. I investigated several colleges for prospects of earning my way, and finally settled on Northland College, at Ashland, Wis., a choice which I have never regretted. The main inducements were: the library course offered there, and the possibility that I could earn some of my expenses by working in the college library. So, at the age of twenty I entered Northland.

My employers were really sorry to see me go, I think, although they wanted me to avail myself of the advantages within my reach. I felt, on my part, that my health would not hold up under another year of housework, and that this was a crisis in my life, when I must either move forward, or lose hope entirely.

Arriving at Northland, I was sadly disappointed in the place. The empty, deserted buildings—I had come two days early—looked shabby and inadequate to eyes still fresh from the fine buildings in the south-

ern part of the State, particularly at Madison. I was later to learn that the buildings are not the most important part of Northland.

Most Northland students earn at least a part, and many of them all, of their way. The major part of the work on the campus and in the buildings—cooking, cleaning, dishwashing, waiting on table, working in the library, or office, acting as janitor, doing carpentry and even some of the construction and electrical work, is done by the students themselves, under the supervision of the business manager, accountant, librarian, and various other members of the administration. The college also operates a printing plant, which gives employment to several students, while many others find work downtown. Wages average from twenty-five to thirty-five cents an hour—not munificent surely, but expenses are low, and twenty-five hours of work a week plus the money earned during Summer vacation is often sufficient to meet them.

Occupations show a wide range. In a survey which I made a year or two ago for the student paper, I found that they included such work as newspaper reporting, preaching, photography, acting as hospital orderly, bandmaster and music composer, caring for invalids, delivering groceries, helping with housecleaning, painting, carpentering, working in the roundhouse, and piling lumber.

The prevalent attitude at Northland is that it is rather an honor to work one's own way than otherwise. The student who does not have to work is, more often than not, the one who is apt to feel out of things. There is no self-pity in the students because they must work. So many others are in the same boat that earning one's way is taken as a matter of course.

At the time of my entrance, practically all of the Northland girls from out of town roomed in old Dill Hall, later destroyed by fire. This big yellow frame building had housed many generations of Northland girls, and although it was kept scrupulously clean, it showed signs of hard wear.

Varnish could not be kept on stairways up and down which dozens of feet tramped many times a day. The furniture grew a little shabbier each year, and the carpets in the parlor *would* curl up around the edges, to the great despair of the matron. The big bare attics were as dry as tinder.

When the Winter winds blew off Lake Superior, the heat all moved over to the other side of the building, which became warm and comfy, leaving the windward side correspondingly cold. At such times, the girls on the cold side either wrapped themselves in blankets and sat on the radiators to keep warm, or did their studying in the rooms of their more fortunate neighbors.

Dill Hall was three stories in height, exclusive of the basement, where the dining-room, kitchen, and laundry were located, and the attic, where the girls hung their washing to dry. I roomed on the third floor and worked in the library on the fourth floor of Wheeler Hall. Lack of exercise was not my chief worry.

Breakfast in the college commons is at 6.30, and is usually over by a quarter to seven, or a little later. At 6 o'clock, one of the girls who cooked breakfast would walk down the halls, ringing the rising bell. That bell is still in use, and its harsh clangor would put an old-fashioned fire bell to shame. Newcomers rarely fail to wake up standing at the first note.

The bell was rung again at 6.25 as a warning that we had only five minutes more in which to get down. After the first few weeks, especially when the weather began to grow colder, we fell into the habit of waiting for the bell before we got up. Making a wild dash into our clothes, we would finish dressing on our way down the three flights of stairs, and file composedly into the dining-room, followed by a hungry mob of men.

Grace before each meal was always said by some one of the students. I remember one grace distinctly—it was merely a reference to a chapter and verse in the New Testament. After the meal was over, curious

students looked it up, and found these words: "The same, yesterday, today, and forever."

The Northland students are, and according to the old grads, always have been, a fast-eating bunch. With the exception of Sunday dinner, most meals are over in fifteen minutes. Newcomers invariably feel hungry during the first few weeks. The requisite speed comes only with time and practice.

III

The class of '29—my class—was destined to a hurried initiation into college life. One morning shortly after school had opened, the sophomore men cut chapel and lay in wait for the freshmen, for whom they were planning a swim in the bay. As the freshmen left chapel, the sophomores pounced on them, and a free-for-all wrestling match ensued. Juniors and seniors dropped their books, forgot about classes and joined in. No classes were held that morning. When it was all over, a few freshmen had tried out the Lake Superior water, but so had some of the sophomores. For the remainder of the year, and throughout their college course, the class of '29 held its own.

For the rest of the week, and long after President Brownell had scolded and forgiven us, the local paper denounced our wild doings. In reality, no damage had been done, and none intended. With but few exceptions, the Northland students are a well-behaved and hard-working group. The shirker and the lazy student do not go well there. Those who work the hardest are usually the first to tackle either a serious matter or a bit of fun.

All through that first year, I was still planning to go on to Madison in the Fall. To that end, I saved every cent that I could, and worked hard to earn my expenses. I was so fearful that my grades would not compare favorably with those of my classmates that I studied constantly, and earned the reputation of being a grade hound.

All this did not gain any popularity for me, especially since I made little effort to make friends with the rest, and refused to join any society or club. As a matter of fact, I resented having to spend—waste, I called it—a year in college, and took it out in disliking my well-meaning fellow students. The one thing in my college career which I would like above all others to go back and change would be my attitude during that first year. During that time I learned a great deal, not all of it from books.

It would be hard to name the class from which I received the most benefit, but the one which I enjoyed the most was Freshman English, then taught by Prof. C. L. Atkins, now pastor of the First Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Atkins not only knew his subject—the primary requisite in gaining the respect of students—but he could put it across in a way that made even rhetoric interesting.

He knew how to make allowances when needful, and won our hearts completely by reading Paul Bunyan stories to us on the morning after Hallowe'en. He liked to teach, and liked his classes. We could not help responding to this friendly attitude. I can still remember his lectures on the Temperance Novel, and on "Deadwood Dick, or, The Double Daggers." There were always roars of laughter coming from his room, no matter what class was in session there, and he was one of the few professors for whom classes were willing to wait when he did not arrive at the scheduled time, even for twenty or thirty minutes. When a rumor was spread that he was leaving to join the ministry, the students marched down to his house in a body, and presented him with a petition signed by almost every student in the college, urging him to stay.

When the end of that year came round, I found to my surprise that I wanted to keep on at Northland. Madison did not look nearly so attractive as formerly. I was a member of the school paper staff, had joined in some of the other activities, and

had formed friendships which I wished to continue.

During that Summer I did housework in an Ashland family. In the Fall I persuaded my father to let a younger brother and sister enter the academy which Northland maintained in addition to the college. That second year at Northland was a terrible one for me. My sister was not old enough to do much work, and though my brother had better success, and managed to earn a little money by doing odd jobs around town, our combined earnings, together with what my father could send from home, were barely sufficient to keep us going.

The new girls' dormitory, a modern, fireproof building, was not completed until after Christmas. My brother, sister, and I rented rooms downtown, and did light housekeeping. I still worked in the library, but could earn no ready money there, as the work was merely put to my credit on the college books. Ready money I had to earn downtown, working at whatever I could. I helped women with cleaning, scrubbing, washing, ironing, and cooking, cared for children, and waited on table at dinner parties. I grew tired under the strain, and my marks fell, for I had little time for study. Toward the end of the year, I caught the measles, and was seriously ill. Long after my recovery, I felt the after-effects, suffering a relapse at the end of the year which caused me to miss some of my final examinations.

That Summer I worked in a large resort at Lake Namakagon as second cook. The scenery at Namakagon is beautiful, but one sees little of it from the inside of a hot kitchen. Resort work is always hard. I learned to clean and cut up twenty chickens in an hour and a quarter. By the end of the first week I was counting the days until school would open again.

My third year was perhaps the best that I spent in college. The new dormitory had been opened, and my sister was able to get enough work there to earn much of her way. My brother and myself were both able to get all the work that we wanted,

and earned money for clothes and incidentals, as well as for room and board. I had more time for rest and study than I had had the year before, and my marks climbed up out of the depths into which they had slid.

Three courses which I took that year are outstanding in my mind: philosophy under Mr. Albin C. Bro, Bible under Dr. E. E. Speicher, and advanced composition under Mr. N. B. Dexter. Mr. Bro, himself a former Northland student, had for several years done educational and missionary work in Northern China. Returning to America when the outbreaks there began to threaten his life and the welfare of his family, he entered the University of Chicago, and later became an instructor at his Alma Mater.

Intensely in sympathy with his subject, Mr. Bro was able to arouse an answering enthusiasm in his class. Philosophy was no longer something that happened a thousand years ago. We found that it had to do with our own lives, and the way we lived them. Class discussions were animated and spontaneous. At times they led to surprising dénouements, as on the occasion when the class—composed entirely of upper classmen—gravely recited in unison, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," without realizing that there was a humorous side to the performance. To Mr. Bro I also owe a newer appreciation of American literature.

In Dr. Speicher's class in Biblical history and literature I learned to look on religion from the historical and scientific viewpoint. Dr. Speicher, who has spent many years in this study, and has recently published his third book, revealed to us a Jesus who was a real, living personality, a progressive leader and incomparable teacher, and not the vague, intangible figure of mythology.

It was through the advanced composition class that my first short story appeared in print. A little sketch about a forest fire happening to strike his fancy, Mr. Dexter sent it in to one of the Wisconsin magazines, where it was published before I knew

what had become of it. The thrill which it gave me was as nothing to that of my family and schoolmates. Two other members of the class have recently had stories and articles published in magazines and newspapers.

I did much writing for the student publications that year. In addition to my work on the school paper, I was also a member of the staff putting out the annual. In the Spring I was appointed Class Poet, and it became my duty to write a commemoration ode for the Junior Ivy Day exercises at commencement. I spent weeks on that poem. To my relief, my classmates liked it, and I felt amply rewarded.

IV

That Summer I went back to Kenosha to work for a family whom I had known three years before. They were friends of my former employers, and nothing could exceed their kindness to me. It was one of the happiest Summers of my life, for I saw old friends again, visited relatives, and took up old ties where I had dropped them.

During my senior year I was editor of the college paper, which consumed so much of my time that I was unable to earn my whole way. Upon the advice of our business manager, I borrowed \$150 from an educational loan fund. My father was also able to help us to a greater extent than formerly, but I still earned a large part of my expenses.

A senior year is usually saddened by thoughts of approaching separations. We all hated to see our class break up, for we all thought a great deal of each other, and had a strong feeling of class loyalty. Never once was there dissension in our ranks.

I spent most of my time during the second semester in writing application letters, for I was haunted by the fear that I would not get a job. When commencement time came, I was too tired and discouraged to feel any elation. As I stepped up on the platform to receive my degree, the words *cum laude* seemed to mock me.

Why should I receive honors when I was not even good enough to get a job? I went through college—I must confess it—with no other purpose in mind but that of getting a decent job at the end of it. For the other advantages I cared nothing. By some irony of fate, I have gotten everything *but* a job out of college.

At times I wonder just what college has given me. In a worldly way, I am much poorer than when I started, for I was then several hundred dollars to the good, and now I am—well—financially embarrassed.

College is not all a free gift. One must give as well as take, especially when working one's way. It is said that those who work their way through college get the most out of it. This may be true, but if it is, then it is so, not because they have worked their way, but in spite of it; because they had the brains and the strength to make good. There is such a thing as being so close to the dirt that you cannot see the landscape.

Perhaps the best thing which Northland gave to me is my friends. They have meant more to me and have brought me more happiness than any other factor in my college life. Not only fellow students, but members of the faculty and administration, and many of the townspeople are included here. One of the pleasantest things at Northland was the friendly attitude between faculty and students. There was no friction. We could not help liking and respecting these teachers who were giving the best years of their life to us, often to an extent which no salary could repay. Those of us who have benefited by their kindness, who have seen Dean Hitchcock grow more tired, and Dr. Brownell's hair grow whiter each year, who have called upon Dr. Dodd in times of sickness, before we ever received our degrees from his hand as president of the Board of Trustees, come to feel something deeper than mere respect for them.

The changes which took place in my own character during those four years at college are, to me, indefinable. While in one way they have brought me greater peace of mind, in another they have brought me sadness and unrest. "Happy is he who does not think," runs the saying. Perhaps college has given me too much to think about.

Strange, and even laughable as it may seem in this self-assured, flippant era, I have endured positive torment from these internal questionings, and have despaired of arriving at any ultimate truths which will answer them. The hard, and often futile efforts which I myself have made to rise higher, have made me feel an inner sympathy with the whole blind struggle of humanity.

What, I asked myself, is the use of it all? We work and struggle all our lives, first to keep alive, and then to fulfil new desires which come to us as soon as the old ones are satisfied. We struggle to get an education, to develop personality. Does what we learn and do here die with us, or does it in some way, through contact with others, and the influence which we have upon them, leave some lasting impression?

Why try to better ourselves if it will all die when we do? It takes a stupendous amount of time and effort to bring a person to an age where he will be old enough to care for himself, and do some good in return. Do the results justify the time spent? Do two words of Latin on a ribbon-bound piece of paper represent an adequate return?

When I think of these things, and look back over the past four years, remembering the many things which I might have done differently, I wonder, have I truly completed my college career "with honor"? Will my future course of action always justify the application of those two words? I do not know. I can only hope that they will stand by me through life.

BOTCHED CITIES

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

THERE is a pretty general notion that the disorderly state of our American cities is due to the fact that they have not been planned. It would be just as true to put the explanation the other way about. With the exception of a few sleepy towns, lucky enough to grow slowly, the main misfortune of our American cities is that, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, they have been planned all too rigorously. It is not planning we have lacked: what has hampered us has been haste, a naïve belief in paper achievements, an inability to conceive the nature and function of a community as a whole. And in spite of the fact that the current city planning movement has been in existence, roughly, since the World's Fair, most of our planning today is cursed with these same deficiencies. Our cities have expanded the ways and means of growth, but they have not, in any large degree, altered their fundamental practices.

While practice thus remains in a rut, knowledge has increased. Through experience gained in the extension of European cities, in the development of Letchworth and Welwyn in England, in our own war housing experiments, and even in one or two well-conducted American suburbs such as Guilford and Roland Park in Baltimore—through these various examples we know pretty definitely that the current abstract method of city development not merely makes a hideous botch of the urban landscape, but is, in addition, so extravagant and wasteful that it is always on the point of throwing the municipal budget out of kilter. The cost of our present city planning is literally incalculable; for it

includes not only extravagances in street-paving, sewers, and lighting systems, but also costs that are difficult to assess, such as unnecessary wear and tear in rapid transit, as well as expenses that are quite outside the realm of current commercial accountancy, such as deteriorated housing. The current city planning bravely tries to wrestle with the results of our initial mistakes. Let us rather examine the causes. While these causes remain in operation, nothing short of magic will alter the face of our cities.

II

What is the basis of the typical American city plan? How does it differ from the sort of plan that modern technology makes possible, and sound social experience demands?

All our American cities, with exceptions so minor that they may be overlooked, are planned as an indefinite extension of rectangular blocks of approximately equal size and shape, along the main traffic arteries. Beginning with an original center for business and industry, the further growth of the city is effected by extending traffic arteries toward the outlying rural areas. This growth on the periphery always tends to congest the central district: see Pittsburgh's wedge or Brooklyn's Borough Hall or Philadelphia's Market street, or Chicago's Loop; but alternating congestion and expansion, producing higher buildings in the center and more distant dormitories on the edge, are the very rhythm of the American city's existence.

For every progressive city, the horizon is theoretically the limit of street exten-

sion, in the same way that the sky is theoretically the limit of building-height; although topographic impediments, like the hills in Pittsburgh or the swamp back of Jersey City, may deflect the course of extension, or limit it.

Now, these lines of growth, being mathematical abstractions, are platted in advance of real needs, and in complete ignorance as to what these needs will eventually be. On the municipal map of New York, for example, streets and avenues in the Bronx are marked out for development on unreclaimed swamp land; while in Queens there are avenues parallel to railway embankments which lead nowhere and will never carry any traffic. This advance development of streets and avenues creates, on paper, a neat, rectangular, uniform plan: unfortunately, with all this neatness and uniformity the result is complete disorder. The reason is simple. Even with respect to traffic alone, the needs of a business district are different from those of a residential neighborhood: the width and length of street, the depth of the block, the type of paving differ according to the nature of the use. The uniform plan, supposedly adapted to every use, in reality fits none. As the city grows, the business streets become jammed, and, despite zoning laws, business and factory buildings often do not get sufficient light; whilst residential districts, laid out on the same beautiful pattern, are thrown open to the usual stream of automobiles, which should, in fact, be detoured around such neighborhoods—a condition which not merely creates an unnecessary amount of noise and air-pollution, but also effectually counterbalances the attempt of the city health department to lower the death rate of children, since the lives now saved from measles are precisely counterbalanced with those lost to motor cars.

But if the abstract rectangular plan fits no particular purpose, how has it survived? The answer is that our municipal engineers and city planners, despite good intentions and technical skill, are all the agents of a

Higher Power; and the sort of city plan they continue to produce exists to protect and tenderly cherish the one function that all American cities have traditionally looked upon as the main end of human activity, namely, gambling in real estate. The more inflated, the more abstract the plan, the more admirably it fits this purpose. If the creation of land-values were the only reason for a city's existence, the present type of planning could not be improved. It fits the need of the real estate speculator as the glove fits the hand. It is the slight misfortune of those of us who merely work and play and mate in the city that such a plan really fits nothing else, and so works to no substantial purpose in our daily lives.

III

The city, conceived in terms of real estate speculation, is a collection of units called lots: the lots, when placed in a row, make blocks, and the blocks make the city. The only requirement of good city planning is that such lots and blocks should be of standard size: in fact, the nearer the land can be made to resemble the units of the currency system, the more readily does it lend itself to speculative requirements. Hence the insistence upon straight lines and rectangles; for the gridiron plan, as was pointed out in 1811 by the New York City Plan Commissioners, provides the maximum number of front feet, with no waste spaces in the form of wedges or triangles, and with no irregularities, such as curves, which cannot be embodied easily in a uniform deed of conveyance. What sort of functions are to be performed, how dense the population is to be, are matters of complete indifference, except in so far as they touch the price of land. Financial fatness and functional fitness are two different matters. So long as our present type of planning subserves the first, it may work as much mischief as it will with the second.

Let us observe the current process of city development on the outskirts of any city above 50,000 in population. This will give

us a clue as to what has happened in the earlier stages of growth, as well as to what lies in store for smaller towns when, by some accident of industry or climate, they begin to attract people.

As soon as a new parcel of land is opened through the provision of a good motor highway or a transit line, it is immediately subdivided into blocks and the blocks are parcelled into building lots. These lots forthwith pass into the hands of individual "owners," who might better be called trustees, since their main place in the financial scheme is to carry the land and pay for the taxes during the period of "sweetening." Sometimes this period is a long one: who has not come upon developments, like those one used to find in relatively distant parts of Long Island, that are defined by a buried curb, a standpipe, a weatherbeaten street sign—relics of a boom fifty years ago? When this happens the original owner or trustee (*i.e.*, sucker) relinquishes his holdings without any gain, often with a loss. Sooner or later, a large development company steps in when the sweetness of the land has been savored and approved by the landtasters in the banks, insurance and mortgage companies—and then the fun begins.

As the result of breaking up the land into nondescript parcels on prematurely platted streets, no fundamental change can be made in the lay-out, even if the development company is intelligent enough to seek to establish a better plan. Worse than that: one of the new costs of development now falls under the head of "assemblage," for time and effort must be expended in bringing together useless and dispersed gobbets of private property, in order to give to housing the benefit of large scale production. Neither the original owner, gulled by the thought of the man who once had a farm on Times Square, nor the development company gains anything by this dispersal and assemblage, nor does the city, which may have been tempted to lay down sewers and streets at too early a stage in the game. On the contrary, each has to pay a price

for this practice and pass it on to the ultimate user. If the development company cannot afford to pay the price, and if the entire tract is developed under dispersed individual initiative, the result is, if anything, worse—a jumble of shops, "tax-payers" and family residences thrown upon the land with as much care and precision as cigarette ashes are dropped on the floor of a smoking-car.

This sort of waste would be bad enough in itself; but it is only a small part of the total waste. From the standpoint of the seller of real estate, the main effort is to carve out the maximum number of front feet: failing that ideal block which would be all perimeter and no depth, he compromises upon something far worse, a building lot which has a small frontage and a great depth. The deep American building lot is admirably calculated to exclude sunshine and air from the greater number of rooms, while, in order to create frontage, we usually lay out, in residential areas, far too many streets for an economic type of housing. This excessive provision of streets hits the taxpayer directly in paving bills and assessments for other improvements; and indirectly, in the extra costs laid upon such commercial utilities as gas and electricity.

Money to cover this waste must be drawn from somewhere. In part it comes through an increased land tax upon the business district: this in turn tends to raise rents, which causes further intensification of use, which means increased congestion—which in turn leads to expensive transportation systems that, far from solving the problem, only add a new burden in capital outlay, to say nothing of a current deficit, upon the city. In part, the homeowner pays the cost in an increased tax-rate; and indirectly he meets the burden by demanding fewer rooms, by getting smaller accommodations, by losing garden space. Finally, the cost of our extravagance in city planning is met by juggling the annual budget in such a fashion that funds which should be available for schools, playgrounds, and parks are diverted into street

improvements and new transit lines—both of which are destined to repeat the same cycle of mistakes in newer and “cheaper” areas!

New York, which has the honor of making perhaps the maximum number of costly errors in city development, uses freely all three methods. That is, the municipality appraises the value of new residential areas at only 50 or 60% of their actual value, while it assesses business districts at 80 or 90%; it encourages the jerry builder and the lower middle class buyer to accept cheapened construction and constricted quarters, in abominably designed two-, three-, and six-family houses, built on deep lots with narrow fronts; and finally, in outlying sections, where the city has a chance of making a fresh start, it blithely permits the private land speculator to foist his burdens upon the community at large—without making the faintest effort to do any genuine community planning, either with respect to functional land-use or the allocation of sites for parks, playgrounds, schools, public buildings. When the influx of population finally awakens the municipality to a belated effort to deal with some of these important items, the rise in land values that has meanwhile taken place, with the aid and sanction of the municipal authorities, promptly frustrates the effort. By the time the municipality is ready to purchase playgrounds, the growth of the district has intensified the need for them—and automatically made the price prohibitive. Had this happened only once in the course of New York’s development, one would lay it to oversight; but it has happened so often, and is met each time with such an expression of pained surprise, that one cannot characterize the action of municipal officials except in terms of theology—it is invincible ignorance.

At this point I must remove a further misconception that results from our bad habits of city planning. One of the items in the American Credo that has not, I believe, been recorded is the belief that no community can have too many streets, and

that no street can possibly be too wide. In the ordinary American citizen’s mind, the street has become a sort of platonic form, which the enlightened mind contemplates with pleasure as a pure essence, without any vulgar demand that it shall serve a tangible purpose and be rationally adapted to this purpose. In the absence of sculpture or landscape architecture, the American has created the beautiful geometrical symbol of the asphalted street: the barer it is, the more completely free from extraneous interests, such as well-designed buildings or properly spaced trees, the more perfect is the achievement.

IV

If one did not know the actual conditions of American municipal existence, this conviction might seem a sheer piece of lunacy; but, like many absurd folkways, there is a germ of reason underneath it. The germ is simply this: planned in a completely functionless way as the American city has been, the street has become the one way of creating permanent open spaces. Since we lack any tradition that would compel our public authorities to provide a commensurate amount of park and playground space in every new district that is surveyed, opened up, and all too quickly piped and paved, the American blindly clings to the street as the only form of open space sanctioned by business and civic precedent, by paving contractors and ward politicians and real estate speculators.

After every square foot of ground has been speculated upon and built over, the street remains as the one guaranteed public area. It is a sordid kind of park and a dangerous playground; but, lacking this bleak substitute, under our present methods of city planning the situation would only be worse.

It is beyond the province of this article to deal with all the futilities and inadequacies of our standardized methods of city planning: but I must say a word or two about the current remedies for these evils

before I suggest the basis for more intelligent practice and outline what has actually been done along more fruitful lines. A further item in the American Credo, developed in the last dozen years, is the notion that zoning is an automatic relief for all the evils of unregulated or badly regulated city development. Zoning is the practice of establishing by law the character of a neighborhood, with respect to its industrial, commercial, or residential use, and the kind of building which may be erected within it. It tends to stabilize existing uses, prevent the ruination of a residential area by the ill-considered intrusion of, let us say, a fertilizer plant or a dye works, and, if applied early enough, it parcels out the city into appropriately related districts, each fulfilling its especial function.

All these achievements are excellent; and our zoning ordinances, by establishing a social concept of real property and getting the courts to uphold such a notion, have performed a salutary service to the commonwealth. As a result, the American community is in a position, through zoning, to regulate the use of land within its limits with a view to the best interests of the city as a whole, and it may compel the individual owner to conform to these requirements in building new areas or making changes in old ones. No longer need we envy German cities for the powers of the *Stadt Baumeister*: we have something like his equivalent in our own grasp.

Unfortunately, there is a great gap between the potential advantages of zoning in a carefully administered municipality, and the actual realization of those advantages under the bit and curb of current business interests. Whilst zoning theoretically regulates the use of land, it does not, at the same time, regulate its layout, its sale, and the time and order of development; and as long as these matters are left to hazard and speculative whim, the observer must be gifted with clairvoyance who would attempt to distinguish the disorder of an unzoned city from that of one which has been roundly zoned. The zoner

is in fact helpless as long as an individual deed of ownership can prematurely break up a unified tract of land and make it impossible to plan the site as a whole. Zoning without city planning is a nostrum; and city planning without not merely an initial control of the land—which every municipality has in its unplanned areas—but a continuous supervision over its actual development and use is merely a branch of oratory or mechanical drawing. Zoning, properly speaking, is the legal agent of intelligent city planning. There was something a little ominous in President Nolen's report in 1927 to the American City Planning Conference, when he noted that the cities which had adopted zoning outnumbered those that had new city plans in a ratio of something like four to one. This would indicate that zoning is being taken as a panacea—a dose that can be swallowed at a gulp and forgotten—and since zoning is not in itself a cure-all or an elixir, this fantastic faith in its powers may cast into disrepute the good and serviceable function it can perform.

As applied by itself now, zoning is, in fact, often an obstacle to good city planning practice. The creation of graded use-areas in residential districts, sacred to one-family houses, two-family houses, or apartment houses, creates an unnecessarily monotonous development; whereas on sites that are planned and developed as wholes all three types of housing, ordinarily set apart in zoning codes, might well be united with a view to variety and interest. Likewise, the frequent prohibition of common garages in residential districts is a highly dubious restriction: for it subjects the backyards to total ruin by consecration to the private garage, and thus does away with a useful and potentially beautiful open space. One of the best pieces of entirely urban planning in America is that of the City Housing Corporation at Sunnyside, each block of houses being grouped around a large internal private park, a thing of delight and beauty, instead of the dingy cat-walk and garbage heap that it is in the

usual modern lower middle class development from Middletown to Zenith. The secret of this improvement is that the garages were all grouped together at one end of the property, behind a comely brick wall—an innovation that would not have been possible had this area been zoned for residential purposes.

Again: on a planned site certain light industries which use electric power and light trucks for transportation might be included in the residential area, as they are in Letchworth, England, instead of being shunted off in a purely industrial area with the heavy industries that need large supplies of coal and railroad shuntings. This sort of development can take place only when zoning is combined with city planning: either method alone is unable to make such provision or control it adequately.

In sum, the zoning ordinances today have, like the city plans that were spawned between 1900 and 1910, chiefly a decorative value. Used realistically, used in the interests of the whole community, they would upset the speculative pyramid upon which American city development rests. Their present use is to keep that pyramid in equilibrium; and while this is their task, their practical applications are narrow, uncertain, and ineffectual.

V

We have at last reached a point where we can profitably consider the best modern city planning practice, first developed in Germany and England; and perhaps the shortest way of reaching such a notion is to say that it is the exact opposite of most of the things we now do.

Our cities take as their prime point of departure the individual owner with his sales-unit of land: city planning, as so far conceived in America, is the extension of such units by means of streets, avenues, and utilities mains. First comes the lot size: then the area of the block: then we lay out our streets in mere mathematical

multiplication of these units: then we sell and re-sell the land: and finally, the actual institutions of the community attempt to squeeze themselves into this crazy and irrelevant criss-cross of streets and building lots. The problem, to paraphrase Carlyle, is to find the best solution for this impossible set of conditions: given a host of unrelated pecuniary purposes, to produce a city out of their united functions.

Good planning begins precisely at the opposite end of this process: it begins with a tract of land as a whole. The first measure is to establish the proper site uses, with a view to their eventual development. House, park, school, store, factory, theatre, church, library, each has its appropriate, its almost inevitable, place on the community plan, and if one particular use has been determined for a certain site, it cannot, by the chance of ownership, be dedicated to another kind of use, since this would destroy a dozen interdependent relationships. When the main use-areas of a new city extension or a new town are determined, the streets and traffic arteries can then be scientifically laid out on the basis of the economic function of the land and the ultimate density of population that may be permitted.

Roughly, every 160 acres becomes the unit of a residential neighborhood: for this is the amount needed, under a non-intensive use of the land, to provide a school for fifteen hundred pupils. Such areas are marked within by narrow roadways and frequent dead-end streets, as in the finer parts of Cambridge, Mass.: and for the sake of peace and quiet and the safety of little children, the main traffic arteries are thrown about these streets, in such a fashion that a child will ordinarily have no reason to cross them going to and from his school or his playground. In Radburn, N. J., a town which has carried certain principles of modern town planning farther than any other community, grade crossings on the main avenues of traffic have been eliminated by carrying foot-paths underneath them in the residential

districts. In such a town, it should be possible for automobile traffic to be greatly accelerated, since the main traffic inter-sections occur at less frequent intervals, and the amount of street and avenue is directly proportional to the forecast population, instead of being, as in New York and Detroit, in no practical ratio whatever.

When all these major elements in the plan have been determined, the planner finally reaches the street, the block, and the individual parcel of land—the point from which ordinary planning starts. Here his aim is to reduce the number of streets, to keep the land zoned for stable use, to adapt the size and shape of the private parcels to functional efficiency, and to create, in every residential neighborhood, as part of the original cost of development, an interior private park—the *sanitäre Grün* which Camillo Sitte desiderated as a necessity for urban residence, a necessity which no amount of public recreation parks on the outskirts can ever fill.

Here again Radburn must serve as a model. By having its residential areas consist of a series of *culs-de-sac* opening on main avenues, connecting internally only by footways, it has reduced the total amount of streets 30% below the average—a direct reduction in paving and sewers and water mains, and a saving, unfortunately not realized in price differential, to those public utility companies which provide other piped services. An even greater saving takes place by reason of the fact that each part of the town develops as a complete unit. Vast sums of money are not tied up prematurely in streets and public utilities, installed for the convenience of the realty gambler who wishes to unload his speculation upon the public.

The same economy which comes through planning with respect to function rather than with respect to legal "rights" and pecuniary standards occurs in the division of building lots. Here the house itself comes first in order; and the plot of ground finally bought with it is a result of good house-design and good grouping, not a

rigid obstacle which prevents such economies and improvements as are effected in group housing, in units of three to six houses. Under such conditions as these, permanent planning is possible: it is not necessary to make streets three times their proper width because, under uncontrolled growth, a residential neighborhood may turn overnight into a business district; nor is it necessary to forego a park site because accident might turn that particular part of the city into an industrial district.

No one has ever tried to figure out the vast economic waste incident to the shifting and unstable nature of American cities, with their continuous building up, tearing down, and re-building, with their steady process of congestion and their expensive dodges for dealing with congestion; but it needs little more than the eyes in one's head to discover that the money wantonly spent on indulging this kind of "growth" would support parks and symphony concerts and municipal theatres galore. The most economic device that could be introduced into the government of American cities would be the idea of a norm: a norm of size, a norm of density, a norm of growth.

The great merit of the English garden city is its demonstration that such a norm can be established. These norms will vary in accordance with economic development and social function: the administrative capital of a region will obviously be larger than one of its industrial centres, just as its hospitals will probably be larger and more variously equipped than the smaller local one which should handle only the routine of surgical cases: but the main thing is that norms exist and that the city which ignores them, and continues to grow without respect to them, lays up for itself burdens out of all proportion to the benefits it achieves.

The well-planned city develops as a unit; its limits of population are determined; when pressure of population becomes too heavy, and threatens to disrupt existing site-uses, it provides for further growth by

throwing off another unit. If an ordinary cell attempted further growth without fission, it would break up and spill over. The analogy is a suggestive one in watching the growth of cities. Under present conditions our cities break up and spill over; and, for the large part of the population beyond the normal periphery, the place ceases to have any functional existence or influence. Now that we have learned a little more about the growth and rational development of cities, we understand that each type of city has a definite limit of growth, and that the way to add new population is to form a new central nucleus and create a new cell.

In England, Letchworth and Welwyn are such units, thrown off by London: in America, Radburn is such a unit, and in

the Seventeenth Century one could pick out a host of cities in New England that were developed in this manner. Such cities may now enjoy the benefits of the best city planning practice; and the economies effected in planning them are so many, the benefits are so tangible and real, that they may very well become a serious threat to the commercial interests that foster metropolitan congestion and the more costly haphazard growth that it brings with it.

Meanwhile, the present régime seeks to provide for the future by building subways, double-decked streets, traffic tunnels, while it continues to permit unqualified speculation and unregulated land-development—as if a hundred years of this kind of “city planning” were not a sufficient demonstration of its ineptitude!

GENTLEWOMEN OF THE HOUSE

BY DUFF GILFOND

FORMERLY, when tourists flocked to the chamber of the House of Representatives in Washington, they pointed out Nick Longworth to each other, lingered to hear Mr. Blanton of Texas bellow, stifled a few yawns, and then trooped out. Nowadays their interest has expanded to include the dark Congressman from Chicago and the fair sex. "Which is Bryan's daughter?" they whisper, craning forward, and "That's Mrs. Pratt, the richest woman in the House!" That the ladies dress so sombrely, most of them in dull black, is, of course, a disappointment to the gallery, which doesn't know how disapprovingly Mrs. Langley's green and purple brocaded velvets are received by the Congressional wives. Furthermore, it forgets that some of these ladies owe their positions to their dead husbands, and that it would hardly behoove them to look as if they were on a holiday.

How our Honorables would take to women in Congress once caused the feminists much concern. Would they resent the intrusion and tremble lest the presence of their departed colleagues' widows provoke unpleasant ambitions in their own? The courtly Speaker set the precedent. Tenderly referring to the new female members as gentlewomen, he created an atmosphere in which every politician in the House turned into a knight. To greet a gentlewoman's request or recitation with anything but applause would now cause a sensation. Some time ago, indeed, veterans of the rowdyish Tammany Hall actually withdrew an amendment to a tax bill so that the gentlewoman from New Jersey, Mrs. Norton, could have the privilege of intro-

ducing it; and the hard-hitting LaGuardia, after a recitation by Gentlewoman Owen, confessed: "If it were not for the irresistible appeal made by the charming Representative from the State of Florida, I would object, but under the circumstances, I cannot." So gallant are the rascals on the floor that nobody would think of taking them to task for the unimportant committee assignments they hand out to the girls. It is in committee, of course, that the real work of the House is done.

The advent of the gentlewomen in Washington threw hostesses into a flurry. Where should they be placed at table? Should they be ranked according to the position held by their dear dead husbands, or should their own positions determine their seats? There is a large gap in distinction between the chair occupied by the wife, say, of a ninth term Congressman and that assigned to a newcomer. The hostesses plied the State Department and importuned the Capitol, but neither would assume the responsibility of settling the question. When Mrs. McCormick arrived from Chicago some of the gentlewomen themselves were in a flutter. Would the widow of a former Senator, as she was, take precedence over a second or third term gentlewoman? The matter was carried to the Speaker, who refused to be the arbiter in so ticklish an affair. He did think, though, very unofficially, that the ladies ought to be ranked in their own right. And so it is. They are recognized for what they are as members of the House, and sit with their male colleagues of equal service. But at exclusively female functions, of course, they lead all the rest.

It really isn't fair to judge them as a *bloc*. They aren't. They vary on the tariff, on farm relief, and on Prohibition. Some are dry, some wet and some, like the boys, conveniently both. There are the comely ones and the smart ones; the hearty and the dainty; the social hits and the snubbed; the readers of B  net and of Riley; the bobbed and the unbobbed; those who give their age in the Congressional Directory and those who don't. To get acquainted we'll have to view them separately because they are similar in only one respect: in their feminine love of a uniform. All of them demand protection through National Defense. There are no pacifists among them.

II

Ruth Bryan Owen must necessarily be the first on display for her charms have been the most potent. As a matter of fact, her male colleagues are daft about her, and she has been rushed like the most popular co-ed on a campus. Handsome elderly boys of the Senate come over to the House floor to sit by her side, and when she swings over to the higher chamber to listen to a debate dozens of Senators leave their seats to shake hands with her.

In a very short time she captivated Washington completely, over-shadowing even such celebrities as Gentlewomen McCormick and Pratt, who are far richer. What it is? Well, she has a fine figure skillfully brought out by dresses that are smartly short and fit snugly around the hips. Her grey hair, cleverly cut to the shape of a most graceful head, falls back from her face in soft waves. And the droop of her eyelids gives her a thinking, sometimes even a pained Byronic look. Visiting honeymooners, passing her in the Capitol corridors as she sways along, ask each other "Who's that woman?" and then, gazing after her, murmur: "I bet she is Somebody!"

When she talks to anyone she leans toward him flatteringly, elbow on knee, while the drooping lids droop lower and

the brows pucker deeper. Her eyes do not wander, as do most charming women's, to see how other people are being affected. Rather she intersperses her flow of words with momentary pauses during which she smilingly observes how her listener is affected. Patriots from all parts of the country request their Congressmen to introduce them to her. She is always certain to tell them how she loves her job. "I'm so sorry I can't vote for you, Mrs. Owen," wailed a lady from a neighboring district. "Well," said Mrs. Owen with her enchanting smile, "you know we get ambitious when we come here. Perhaps I can give you that opportunity some day."

She was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1885, but as a little girl her family moved to Nebraska, from which great State her father, the immortal William Jennings Bryan, ran for President. It is not easy to be a public man's daughter. When Ruth was only eleven a magazine containing a caricature of him as a devil with horns and a tail was sprawled out on her school desk. Every boy and girl in the class waited breathlessly when she sat down. She must have wanted to yield to tears, but instead she looked at the libel steadily, turned the page, and proceeded to gaze at the next picture in exactly the same way.

Today, when confronted with a query about her father's bellicose Fundamentalism, her attitude is similar. She is as non-committal as a Chicago gunman. Many people attribute her election to her father's prestige, but we have already seen that she has a way with her. Beside, whenever she thinks that the Eastern industrialists now living in Miami are right she disregards the Commoner's lofty principles and stands on her own feet.

"Did you hear that rumble?" said one Democrat to another when Mrs. Owen's melodious Aye resounded in the House chamber on the new tariff bill.

"No, what was it?" demanded the other.

"Why, that was William Jennings Bryan turning over in his grave."

After sitting on the floor of the House beside Fother, as she refers to him, she was verily brought up on politics. In the Presidential campaign of 1908 she acted as his secretary. But she didn't discuss politics much during her own campaign. She dwelt rather on women and the government and on her pet topic, making boys and girls "Washington conscious." In fact, she didn't mention the national ticket even once, and was absent from the one Smith rally in Florida. This desertion of the party that had nominated her put her in wrong with many of its leaders, but it also put her into Congress from a violently anti-Catholic State.

At college she was an athlete, which accounts for the present suppleness of her body. So great is her energy that she made 600 speeches in her campaign and visited every one of the 90 editors in her district. She has been married, divorced and remarried. With her second husband, Major Reginald Owen, a British officer who died a year ago, she travelled widely. During the war she was with the British army in Palestine as a nurse and sang for the boys in camp. A few years ago she and her wounded husband settled in Florida, following her father and mother.

They fell for her there as they have since fallen for her in Washington and soon she was chairman, director or president of every civic, church and educational movement in the State: the Consumer's League, the Parent-Teachers' Association, the D.A.R., the Miami Theatre Guild and the State University public speaking department. When she let it be known that she wanted to come to Congress, the Floridians saw what a valuable advertisement she would be for the State and kept a seventh term man home to send her.

She came, of course, to serve Florida. "I love my State until it hurts," she once told a newspaper man. She proved it by streaming through the Capital with forty-seven children from back home at her heels, brought up at her own expense to make them Washington conscious. Her grey-

green eyes grow dewy when she speaks of *my* farmers and *my* fishermen. "I can have no better vacation," she said when Congress adjourned, "than to go home and work for my people." It is touching, really.

Eloquent like Fother, she was a Chautauqua hit for many years, her subjects being "Modern Arabian Nights" and "Opening Doors." She can rise to a patriotic crescendo and fall into punning and story telling. The softer of her hearers cry and all laugh. Once, addressing an outdoor meeting in the rain, she said she sympathized with her audience—but let them think of how she felt herself, out on a wet platform! She is very dry. Again, apologizing after a long speech, she said that oratory was her besetting sin, for "the sins of the father . . ." A burst of applause drowned her out.

III

Gentlewoman Ruth Hanna McCormick won't vamp you as does Gentlewoman Owen. She can't. In a tailored suit and simple hat, pulled down over her unrouged face and hiding every softening strand of hair, she might almost be mistaken for a member of the W.C.T.U. This is the Ruth Hanna McCormick who is dry (though not fanatically), and who docks a quarter from a farm hand's pay envelope if he leaves a scrap of loose paper on her farm. But — one — two — three! — and another Ruth Hanna McCormick is before us, transformed by a smile. Only the sun can do to a dismal day what that flash of teeth does for Mrs. McCormick's face. The thin lips disappear; the rings under the eyes are forgotten; nothing remains but light. This is the Ruth Hanna McCormick who loves fun and flabbergasts her guests by making Senator Deneen receive them at her party—poor old Charley who has been talking to himself ever since she announced her candidacy for his job!

Then there is the Ruth Hanna McCormick in action: talking politics. The face which in repose seemed so plain is now

afire. Lovely brown eyes dart from corner to corner, the left eyebrow goes up, one eye winks, for a second the lower lip is caught by that healthy row of teeth, then the upper lip puckers and the jaw slides east and west, while the words come at you in a slightly roughened voice, rising to an animated pitch and again dropping so low that they are almost swallowed up; but always coming, coming, fast, direct, alive. Leaning over the table until she is entirely off her seat, her left shoulder thrust forward, her glowing eyes fastened on you, she bangs her clenched slim fists and wags a long forefinger. She never leaves an audience until it's convinced. "My God!" exclaimed a newspaper man after hearing her speak, "I never saw a woman who had more sex appeal on the platform and less off."

Bossism is the charge brought against Gentlewoman McCormick by those who aspire to that sin themselves. She has no respect for obstacles, they will tell you, be they Senators or principles. Alas! they are right; she has not. Isn't she old Mark Hanna's daughter and wasn't he the greatest boss the Grand Old Party ever knew? Of course she wants her way! No sooner was she sworn into the House of Representatives than she scoffed at that exalted honor and proclaimed her intention to be the first elected woman Senator. (Naturally she was not supposed to know what Gentlewoman Owen was thinking.) Whoever heard of such a performance? But that's what she wants now, and who can stop her?

She makes no bones about it. "I have no manners," she told a luncheon companion as she helped herself to sugar first. She admits that she's ambitious just as she admits that she's very rich or that she prefers jazz to classical music. Campaigning, she doesn't use a Ford to impress the plain people. She steps out of a gleaming Marmon as the chauffeur holds the door. Her platform planks were "No promises and no bunk." When she decided to run for Congress she said:

Usually, when a candidate announces his candidacy, we read in the papers that owing to the demand of his constituency and the pressure of his friends, he has reluctantly agreed to make this great sacrifice and run for office. In all candor and honesty I must say that nobody asked me to run. I have had no demand upon me from constituents, friends, enemies, neighbors or family, and as far as I know, nobody wants me to run. But I hope at the end of the campaign that I am going to find a sufficient number of people who think I ought to run.

Ruth studied at private schools in Cleveland and New York, but she got her real training from her father. "To be in public life," old Mark told her, "one must possess two things: the hide of a rhinoceros and a sense of the ridiculous." Ruth developed both. A Quaker and a boss, the old gentleman could not be bulldozed, even by the women of his household. Her beaux either brought her home on time or got hell, but she was privileged to listen in on political conferences until dawn. Curled up in a corner, her long wiry legs tucked under her, she couldn't drift to lighter things because he always questioned her afterward. A traction magnate as well as a boss, he sent her out to investigate living conditions among street car employes when she was only sixteen. Later, as his secretary in Washington, she had to be in the office at nine, though she had danced until four that morning. Nothing soft about those Hannas!

The discipline worked. In spite of transparent wrists and birdlike ankles, Mrs. McCormick comes out of a campaign as peppy as her hulky chauffeur is bedraggled. Even when her husband died several years ago she was on the job the next day, though it brought her bones nearer the surface and nearly killed her. This horsepower of hers, in fact, was what drove the aristocratic Medill McCormick into politics. She organized women's clubs all over Illinois (which now serve as her own political machine), talked to the plain people, and got him elected. They feel easy with her somehow, in spite of her frightening wealth and bossiness. She's so comfortable at all times that nobody else can be really constrained.

After her husband's death she became ambitious for herself. Casting about for a nice political scrap, her eye rested on the governorship of Illinois, held by the objectionable Len Small. "He has got to get out," she vowed, pursing those firm lips, "if I have to get him out myself." But on reflection the Senate, her ultimate goal, seemed more attainable through a campaign for Congressman-at-large, by which move she could gauge her power in the State. She made it, visiting every town in Illinois not once, but twice, so that the inhabitants felt they knew her when she returned. At colored mass meetings in Chicago, where the Negro vote is large, she sat on the platform and addressed the crowd. (Her picture now hangs on Congressman DePriest's wall in his office in the Capital!) The women were behind her, of course; she had organized them. The politicians hated her brand of politics, but they supported her. How else could they appeal to the Better Element which she represented? Even Small, who had backed Deneen against McCormick in his fight for reelection to the Senate, thought her candidacy would help the ticket. Thompson, defeated by McCormick in his first campaign for the Senate, sought to mend his political fences by favoring her. Everybody in Illinois remembered what horrid things she had said about Big Bill in the old days, and so the alliance with him seemed so funny. But she wanted something now, didn't she, and what did bygones matter anyway? She fought Hoover, too, at the convention, though she's for him now. She is independent as long as she can be, but when lonely waters get too rough she swims back to the shelter of the party.

Which makes her baffling and intriguing. One can only bet on what she'll do next; one can never be sure. She is a dry hated by the W.C.T.U. because she won't sign on the dotted line. Recently she gave a tea in her home but sent word that she would be unable to leave the House until the party was practically over. "My, isn't

Mrs. McCormick conscientious!" said the women, trooping home. That evening some of them learned from their husbands that things were actually so dull in the House that the boys had all gone to the ball game.

Life may be sad now and then for this gentlewoman of the House, but it's never dull. There are the farm statements from back home to go over, and what if she does lose money? It's fun, and haven't they just worked out an experiment to increase the iodine content in milk, a slap at goiter? Then there's the newspaper she recently bought, the *Rockford Republican*, which can't help her much in the campaign, but it's something to play with. There's the coming fight against Deneen, too, out of which she's getting a big laugh and, of course, there are "my kids." Politics is in their blood, for the three of them were born in Presidential years. Being too busy to annoy them about their rubbers during the day, she is well received by them in the evening. Then, there is so much to tell that everybody talks at the same time.

IV

Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, an aristocrat to the tips of her highly manicured finger nails, is the gentlest of the House's gentlewomen. Mrs. Owen is tony, but she warms up to you. Mrs. Pratt, as her Washington secretary puts it, "doesn't have to sell herself." Not as emotional as Gentlewoman Owen, she sticks to facts and figures like Gentlewoman McCormick, without getting vulgarly excited about them. She launches an attack without waving her lovely white hands or distorting the calm beauty of her regular features. She is a true representative of New York's silk-stocking district, the only real Republican one in the Tammany hive.

Seated in the front row of the House she presents a rather beaming picture to the gallery. Round and dimply, her face expresses approval, from a distance anyway; and her legs, swathed in very sheer and expensive hose, could not be neater. When

she rises she is easily as tall as the other Ruths, and very graceful. No wonder the Mayor of New York and the Tammany Aldermen, when she sat in the Board of Aldermen there, accepted her barbs with bows! Isn't it gratifying to be noticed by a rich and beautiful fairy?

Mrs. Pratt's genteel history is readily told. Her father was a Massachusetts cotton manufacturer; she was educated at Wellesley and abroad, where she studied the violin; and her husband was John Teele Pratt, son of John D.'s associate in the Standard Oil Company, and a figure in the Republican party. Mrs. Pratt had no difficulty in getting into the Junior League, John D. Jr.'s Bible class, the Colony Club, the Social Register, or even Republican politics. That such a woman should have condescended to sit with an uncouth gang of Tammany politicians was indeed remarkable. But the urge for Service explains any sacrifice. It accounts, perhaps, for her sitting for long hours in smoke-filled aldermanic committee rooms, puffing at a cigarette with the gang in a noble endeavor to be friendly and democratic.

Meanwhile, she read long and solemn indictments of the Board, which gave her, the only woman on it, an enviable reputation for daring and her party much publicity. She cited page after page of figures to show how Tammany was plundering the city. The municipal budget, she charged, was scandalous; the aldermen were rubber stamps for the Board of Estimate and not worth the chairs they sat in; and the municipal idol, Jimmy Walker, was a bungler. The mayor thanked her for her very "kind statements" and the president of the Board, rapping his gavel at the close of her remarks, merely asked: "Is there any further debate, gentlemen?"

Alderman Peter McGuinness was the only member who dared to tease her a little. "Louder!" he shouted rakishly when her shafts were perfectly audible. Once he actually had the temerity to attack her closest ally, Ogden Mills, in her presence, whereat she gathered up her

papers in a huff and stalked out. Following her farewell speech, in which she reiterated what she thought of them, the gallants sang her praises, but McGuinness said: "Them cold babies down there in Congress won't let her talk two hours like she has done here. There won't be no chance there like here in the Board of Aldermen, where men are men."

After three years on the Board she decided to come to Congress, but the leaders of her district had already met and chosen the Hon. Phelps Phelps as their candidate. Nevertheless, they were chivalrous enough to change their minds. Phelps was an out and out wet, while Mrs. Pratt was only refinedly moist and thus more representative of the moral Republican party. An excuse was found to invalidate the previous vote and in another the leaders courteously swerved to her. A bitter primary fight ensued, which nearly split the district and greatly grieved Mrs. Pratt, who is a firm adherent of party regularity. But what could she do? Phelps simply would not bow and step aside.

But in fairness to him it must be admitted that he was not rude. In a public debate with her his campaign manager conceded that either would make a good candidate and Phelps himself presented her with a corsage of roses. Unfortunately she neglected to pin them on, and during the ensuing antics of her own campaign manager they fell to the ground and were trampled. Her own tactics were very tasteful. Doughnuts made by her cook were distributed at the district clubhouse and her workers were treated to candy.

As conscientious in Congress as she was on the Board, she listens to the speeches intently in an honest effort to learn what it's all about. On the tariff bill she was accorded the privilege of reading the American Federation of Labor's protest against the sugar increase, though it was addressed to Congressman Frear. It had so much more weight, coming from her, and incidentally it gave her an opportunity to impress consumers back home. She did—

but subsequently she voted for the bill which included the increase. Attempting to show her up, Minority Leader Garner asked her, as she sailed down the aisle: "Are you going to put party exigency above patriotism and your duty to your country now?" The members stopped their chatter to hear her reply. "New York is one State that understands that perfectly," she snapped.

No doubt New York also understands why Mrs. Pratt, a welfare worker, a representative of an industrial center and a member of the softer sex, voted against Hamilton Fish's amendment to take a census of the needy aged in her city. It is important for New York to understand her because she is already being boomed for the mayoralty. She would certainly make a charming mayoress, but let us not be precipitant. Right now her behavior in Congress is most interesting. Will she be as critical here, where her party is in the majority, as she was on the Board of Aldermen? One newspaper man ventured to ask her. "If they behave as the Board of Aldermen did, surely," she replied, "regardless of party. But," she added, significantly, "they won't."

V

The three Ruths are widows, but widowhood did not make them famous. With their personalities and heritages they simply had to come to the fore. There is a Widows Row in the House, though, occupied only by wives of departed legislators. If, as their critics say, they have made no great contribution to legislation themselves, it is probably to their credit. These gentlewomen continue the work of their husbands, out of reverence for whom they were elected and reelected. Thus we find Mrs. Kahn an ardent militarist and Mrs. Rogers maintaining her late husband's interest in foreign affairs. There is also the mouselike Mrs. Oldfield, who carries the torch for the former Democratic whip by her earnest vigil on the floor each day, from prayer to adjournment. Recently,

some opposition to this noble custom of electing widows arose, and a bereaved lady in Pennsylvania was defeated.

But even widows differ, and we'll have to observe Mrs. Rogers apart from Mrs. Kahn. Edith Nourse Rogers is the daughter of a cotton mill official; a student at Mme. Julienne's in Paris, which did not dilute her bubbling, fervent patriotism; and a woman of means, which she modestly denies. Moreover, though sent to Washington because the lamented John Jacob was the idol of his Massachusetts district, she is not merely, like Mrs. Oldfield, her husband's ghost. Most eager of the gentlewomen, her still girlish figure is always fluttering to and from the Departments and the White House, large folders under her arm. Her persistence, it is said, lands ten men in government jobs to a colleague's one. Rarely does she take a vacation and then it's to fly home to inspect a military training camp from the air or to present school children with a flag. She admits she likes the publicity and everybody knows how she loves the flag. Her ceaseless flitting has not drained her good nature. She is as merry as Santa Claus, and her animated face is always crinkling into a smile. Even when she violates congressional courtesy by inviting important constituents of other Massachusetts members to lunch, they swallow their indignation. Who could be cross with dear, well-meaning Edith?

Although protesting against her reputed wealth, she is the resource of every favor-seeking war hero turned down by his own hard-boiled Congressman. Returning home after an energetic day at the Capitol, she is always certain to find two or three, waiting to be taken to dinner. A Red Cross nurse during the war, she subsequently became the personal agent of Presidents Harding and Coolidge in work among disabled veterans, and her interest in them is not political. No request they can make is too difficult or too absurd for her to grant. Once one of them, a government employé, conceived the notion of taking his family

abroad to see the battlefields. To obtain the money he stocked up with soap and plied Mrs. Rogers to buy it. Not only did she buy a hundred dollars' worth; she also besought the rest of her delegation to do likewise.

On the floor, despite her effervescing femininity, she conducts herself like a man. She doesn't get on her mark, get set, and then recite her speech in schoolgirl fashion. Bouncing out of her seat, she shoots a question in a high-pitched Boston accent and leaps in where other gentlewomen fear to tread. She guided a \$15,000,000 bill for the hospitalization of veterans, opposed by the committee chairman, through the House, and is the only woman whose name appears on an important piece of legislation. On the farm relief bill she bobbed up with a plea for cotton. Born next door to a mill of which her father was superintendent and where she played as a little girl, Mrs. Rogers understands mill conditions. To improve the plight of the workers in her district she undertook to sponsor cotton along with veterans and quite as sincerely. So she wears cotton dresses and hose, and urges her male colleagues to wear cotton suits.

VI

Gentlewoman Florence Prag Kahn is as regular a Republican as Gentlewoman Rogers or Andy Mellon. She believes in a high tariff, is strong for National Defense, and has the confidence of the Republican leaders of the House. Colonel Tilson, the majority leader, tells her everything and grants her anything. Though an ardent wet, she rescues Robert Dollar, the dry steamship owner, from the attacks of her boozy colleagues because half of her home city at San Francisco is his. She is so regular that you always know how she's going to vote, but only God has the slightest inkling of what she's going to say. Denounced by the insurgent LaGuardia as one of a group of stand-patters who were following the reactionary Senator Moses on a propo-

sition, she wriggled out of her seat and flashed: "Why shouldn't I choose Moses as my leader? Haven't my people been following him for ages?"

She is so irregular as an individual that she won't keep a clipping or vanity book like the other Congressmen, all of whom enjoy perusing theirs. She refuses to have her parties written up in the society columns, wherein the uninvited may read about them and be hurt. When asked what she thought of going to the Senate, she replied, "No use kidding myself. I couldn't make it." She won't get a permanent in her hair, but piles it up in a knot on top of her head under an unconfining hair net. She won't slick herself up, she won't reduce, and occasionally her hat cocks to one side. But at the last election she got twice as many votes as her late husband and predecessor ever got. "How did you do it?" people asked. "Ah!" she ejaculated with bravado, "Sex appeal!"

From her careless enunciation and occasional expletives nobody would ever suspect she taught English in a high-school when only nice girls used to. In fact, her flavory mimicries have misled many into thinking she was once on the stage with her husband: the departed Julius was a Jewish tragedian before he came to Congress. But his widow does only comedy and only off stage. She never mentions a colleague without mimicking him, to the distress of her more conventional secretary, Miss O'Toole, who cries: "Hands down, Mrs. Kahn!" At a recent dinner all the gentlewomen of Congress—they are always in demand as speakers—were called on. Most of them have set pieces. Mrs. Owen describes her campaign, Mrs. Langley discusses Kentucky poet laureates, Mrs. Pratt flouts Tammany Hall, and Mrs. Norton extols party regularity. It was an excellent opportunity for Mrs. Kahn to recite *her* speech, but instead she shocked and shook her audience with a burlesque of the ladies in Congress.

Old Lady Kahn her critics call her, adding that she's only Julius's widow. Dollar

and Fleissacher, the owners of San Francisco, elect her, and she hasn't much else to worry about except Prohibition and Preparedness. Nevertheless, at a hearing on the proposed national movie censorship before the Education Committee, of which she was a member, nobody could have squelched Canon Chase, Willie Upshaw and the virtuous ladies who came to pour out horrors as effectively as Old Lady Kahn. When Upshaw denounced anybody who objected to censorship as unclean she flounced up and yelled: "Don't you dare call *me* unclean!" To Canon Chase, who tried to disparage her by asking if she were a lawyer, she retorted: "No, I am just a cook." And the moral ladies who accused her of having been influenced by one of the witnesses, a San Francisco motion picture man, were left gasping with: "Of course I have been! Look at him [he was very young and handsome] and tell me if I am to blame."

When she came to Congress she was assigned to the Indian Affairs Committee, one of the minor ones on which independents and gentlewomen are placed. Balking, she said, "The only Indians in my district are in front of cigar stores and I can't do anything for them." She compromised on Education, but continued to fight until she finally persuaded the leaders to put her on Military Affairs, a major committee of which her husband was chairman. She won't be good except when she votes. Recently the California delegation met to discuss the tariff. While she offered captious suggestions Senator Shortridge, who never listens to anybody, asked that some paper be read. Neither his position nor his pomposity could placate this gentlewoman. She waddled out of the room and slammed the door.

On another occasion she behaved quite contrarily. A green elevator boy conveying the august Vice-President Curtis and his imperial sister, Mrs. Dolly Gann, stopped for her. Elevators carrying the President or Vice-President are not supposed to take on other passengers, even gentlewomen,

and so no rule exists on the order of their exit: the gentlewoman before the dignitary or the dignitary before the gentlewoman. With a display of chivalry Mr. Curtis stepped aside. "Oh no," demurred Mrs. Kahn, remembering the Gann affair, "I know my place."

It is probably the twinkle in her brown eyes that gets her by, though the high respectability of her politics helps. At any rate, she's out every night and at the swellest Washington homes. She knows all the social gossip and usually carries on a whispering wisecracking campaign with the guest flanking her. If not, she calls across the dinner table to her compatriot, Sol Bloom: "This certainly is an expensive dinner, ain't it, Sol?"

VII

And so we come to the two remaining gentlewomen, the Hon. Mrs. Norton and the Hon. Mrs. Langley, who, having living husbands, may inject a little yellow and green into the House chamber without antagonizing the voters. Katherine Langley, like the gentlewomen of Widows' Row, owes her office to her husband, whom she succeeded when he went to jail. Mary Teresa Norton must be credited with earning her Hon. herself. The wife of a retiring business man, she had nobody to push her but the celebrated Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. He took her out of Catholic welfare work, in which she had distinguished herself, trained her in the Legislature, and then sent her to Washington to give respectability to his politics. It was very clever on his part, for the immaculate Mrs. Norton is as ardent a regular as any of the ward politicians that Jersey City used to send, and much more conscientious and personable.

Wet, Democratic and stout, she serves as a ballast to the gentlewomen's group in Washington. She is more like Mrs. Kahn than like the aristocrats. A scrapper, evinced by her deeply set eyes under knitting brows, she swats hard at the Republi-

cans, and must really agree with Boss Hague, else she couldn't serve him so well. If her face appears a little hard at first, there is relief in the pleasantness of her smile and the heartiness of her handshake. To snooty Washington society she is a business school graduate, Tammany and Catholic, and hence unacceptable. But then, so was Al Smith, and Mrs. Norton is proud to be in any category with him. In Jersey City they respect her faith and do not shudder at her easy-going pronunciation of *ir*.

Mrs. Langley hasn't made Washington society, either, despite her affiliation with the D.A.R., the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Red Cross, the White Shrine of Ashland and the Eastern Star of Pikeville. The reason is, undoubtedly, the unfortunate John's affiliation with the hoosegow at Atlanta. To many her prompt appearance in the House following his incarceration seemed somewhat indelicate, but the Kentucky mountaineers have a broader viewpoint. A man's condemnation by the rest of the world is his surest way to get solid with them. Still pervaded by the spirit of the clan, they always rescue their martyrs from the blows of justice and send them to Congress. When Caleb Powers killed the Democratic Governor of Kentucky back in 1900 they swore to keep him in Congress as long as society kept him in jail and they did: he served eight years in both places. In the case of the Hon. Mr. Langley there are additional considerations. Not only is he the strongest Republican in his district; he also did time for violation of the Prohibition law, which entitles him to service stripes. A funny fellow, the Kentucky mountaineer! Mrs. Langley's own description of him on the floor of the House may help to clarify him: "a man whose grip is a little tighter, whose smile is a little brighter, whose faith is a little whiter is what we call a mountaineer down in Old Kentucky."

Poor Mrs. Langley is the target of much unfavorable comment in Washington. She offends the squeamish by her unstinted dis-

play of gypsy colors on the floor and the conspicuousness with which she dresses her bushy blue-black hair. But she is really a very pleasant little person, and gifted. The graduate of an elocution school, she is familiar with scores of quotations and they are liberally strewn through her speeches. Her peroration is always in verse and her manner of expression is always poetic. Of Hoover she once said, "America first knew him as a rock in a weary land" and she defined a vacation as "restful environment with ample opportunity to acquire useful information without conscious effort."

From her the uncouth John must have acquired his newly exhibited taste for learning. In a book he wrote in jail called "They Tried to Crucify Me," he tells "how I progressed from the condition of a bare-foot plow boy on the hills of Spurlock Fork until I became a finished scholar." Recently he astounded his old colleagues by announcing his candidacy for reelection. But that was in Pikeville, and Mrs. Langley in Washington followed it by announcing her own. It is not likely that the House will lose one of its gentlewomen, for John promised Mr. Coolidge, who pardoned him, never to run again.

The Langley situation demonstrates how Congress may be used to vindicate martyrs and develop the talents of women. In Congress Mrs. Langley found herself and now she refuses to step aside for her erring husband. In Congress various lorn widows have found consolation and the thrill of new achievement. Even the unobtrusive Mrs. Oldfield, who went to Washington only on the insistence of her late husband's friends and found it unsuitable to a home woman, seemed very much brighter at the end of her first session. By the time another election dawns she may yearn to run again. Washington whets the appetite for office. Women who never dreamed of a seat in the House are now mulling over one in the Senate. More power to them! Mrs. Owen put it appealingly when she told an audience: "Uncle Sam needs a wife."

EDITORIAL

IT WAS no light task, in the blistering days at the end of July, to read the 169 MSS. entered in THE AMERICAN MERCURY's college competition. Altogether, they ran to nearly 900,000 words—the equivalent, roughly speaking, of the Holy Scriptures or of ten ordinary novels. But if exploring them was a heavy job, it was at least not a weary one, for most of them were mainly autobiographical, and no downright dull autobiography has ever been written in this world. Even the most prosy of us, writing about himself, manages somehow to be interesting, whether consciously or unconsciously: the cosmic vastness of the subject makes everyone who tackles it eloquent. To students just issued from college it is especially fascinating, for they have but lately come to a full realization of the wonder and mystery of their own egos, and, what is even more important, to an understanding of the powers and possibilities of English prose.

In high-school or prep-school they were still children, mercilessly policed, but in college they lost their chains, and now, at graduation, they face the world with something considerably more cocky than a wild surmise. The commencement orators tell them that it will be dulled and softened by the harshness of adult experience, but that is probably mainly buncombe, like all the other stuff that orators merchant. Adult experience, in point of fact, is often not harsh at all, and even at its worst it is not sufficient to destroy human vanity. The most bombastic autobiographies are those of old men; the most lying are those of old women. The 169 newly-hatched A.B.'s, writing, as all of them hoped, for print, did not pretend to any unnatural modesty, but all the same most of them discussed their situation with a refreshing objectiv-

ity, and not a few of them had things to say that were worth hearing. It is a pity that all of the essays cannot be printed. They would fill ten issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and so crowd out a great deal of literature that honors and glorifies the Republic, but they would make very interesting and instructive reading.

Not many of them showed any substantial talent for English composition, but on the other hand very few deserved to be called illiterate. One brand-new Ph.B. from a college in the West (a Catholic college, by the way: let Colleague Michael Williams of the *Commonweal* put that in his Trappist pipe and smoke it!) let it be known in his covering letter that his diploma made him a *bachelor*, not a bachelor, and the same curious spelling occurred four or five times in his essay; but he was an exception, for most of the rest spelled fluently and even brilliantly. Nor was their choice of words bad, considering their recent exposure to professors of rhetoric. The familiar rubber stamps of phrase, to be sure, got hard usage, but no harder than they get in newspaper editorials and presidential manifestoes. There was visible, not infrequently, a hand for better writing. Now and then a genuinely novel and arresting epithet showed itself, or a sentence with a fine and unusual rhythm, or a bold exchange of adjectives that made both of them new. Even the Romish bachelor, though he could not spell, could nevertheless put what he had to say into clear and pungent phrases.

In general, the larger colleges, and especially the larger urban colleges, turned in the most careful and self-conscious writing—sometimes, indeed, almost distinguished, though not often. From the back country came simpler stuff—often

bare to the point of austerity, but usually straightforward and clear. The two prize-winning essays may well serve as examples. Mr. Lipshutz's, with its air of easy assurance and somewhat studied elegance, could not have been written by the sort of student who frequents the Western State universities: a literary tradition is behind it and in it. Contrariwise, Miss Brossow's frank naïveté, so disarming and so charming, would be almost unimaginable in a graduate of Vassar or Wellesley. They represent aptly two sorts of students who are issuing copiously from the educational rolling-mills of the land—first, those to whom the four years in college are no more than a challenge and stimulant, and second, those to whom they are an overwhelming revelation and deliverance.

II

By the terms of the competition all entrants were required to discuss their teachers—by name if it could be done decently. The idea here was to get at their estimates of the value of what had been offered them in college, not only in the form of concrete instruction but also in the form of human contacts. To what extent, in brief, did they find themselves parts of a civilized society, informed by worthy ideals and adorned by inspiring personalities? Their answers, in the main, were not such as to give the pedagogues anything to be proud of. A few, like Miss Brossow, seem to have liked and admired all of their teachers, but the majority were more critical, and sought to differentiate sharply between a small body of sheep and a huge herd of goats. In all, reports came from about as many colleges as there were essayists, for a considerable number, in the Continental manner, seem to have divided the four years between two or more. Each praised, at a rough average, three professors, dismissing the rest as incompetent, indifferent or worse. That made a total of, say, five hundred. What proportion did it bear to the full strength of the

teaching staffs? Considering the fact that many of the colleges heard from were large ones, with staffs running to hundreds of instructors, it probably lay somewhere between three and five per cent. This, then, is the verdict of survivors whose wounds are still fresh: that not more than one American pedagogue in twenty is worth his salt. The rest run in a grand curve from scholars who know something but want the skill to impart it, to frauds who lack both the learning they pretend to sell and the wit to conceal their lack of it.

It may be suggested here that the returns were loaded by the well-known tendency of the young, and especially of the female young, to isolate a few heroes and disdain the rest of humanity, and by their equally notorious tendency to mistake a snap course for a sound professor. The caveat has some force, but not enough to upset direct and specific testimony. There was plenty of such testimony in the essays—about pedagogues who reduced their pedagogy to an idiotic formalism, and made the process of learning a mere poll-parroting—about others who shrank from the questioning of eager pupils, and showed every sign of being at sea—about yet others whose interest in their subjects, like their knowledge thereof, was palpably casual and superficial. In all three areas there was plenty of frank naming of names. The typical tale was of a student greatly interested in this or that branch of learning—and baffled in his attempts to master it by the incompetence of his instructor. Such evidence is hard to dispose of, for as philosophers observed long ago, a boy's judgment of a man is apt to be pretty accurate. Women are easy to fool, and so are men, but not boys. What they admire in elders of their own sex is usually real, and what they view with contempt is real too. Nor do they fail to distinguish between genuine ability and the mere habit of being amiable.

The English faculty got the worst of this criticism, and perhaps naturally, for it is notoriously a refuge for third-raters.

In order to teach chemistry or psychology or even history or Greek a man must actually know something, but for the teaching of English nothing seems to be necessary beyond a crude capacity to read and write. Thus the chair of English, in some one of its more puerile forms, is very attractive to the young pedagogue who yearns for the lazy ease of academic life, but is without the diligence and intelligence needed to learn something worth knowing. A simple A.B. is enough to get him a job, and once he is in it an M.A. follows almost automatically. Let him count the commas in Addison and he is a Ph.D. There are more professors of English in America than any other kind, but very few of them show any professional dignity. In general, their view of the art of letters coincides with that of a women's club gabber or a somewhat advanced suburban clergyman, and when it comes to actual writing they are hopeless. To be sure, there are brilliant exceptions, but they are not many. It is a tribute to the indomitability of youth that, with such poor guides to lead them, so many American youngsters acquire an appetite for good books and learn how to write passable English.

III

The student body, seen through the eyes of the essayists, came out almost as badly as the faculty. Life at an American college has plainly become more or less uncomfortable to a young man or woman of active and eager mind—and nine-tenths of the essayists, of course, belonged to that relatively intelligent minority. What they reported was a society almost as completely dominated by mass production as the Great Society they must now enter.

The campus swarms with youths whose talents, however gaudy, simply do not include a talent for ingesting the humanities. The hope they cherish is not that of increasing in culture, but that of increasing in efficiency. Their eyes are fixed on Rotary, and to its ideals they shape their grabbing of credits. Thus the dominant student is not a nascent Goethe but a nascent Hoover, and the whole academic scheme of things is thrown out of whack. No wonder so many professors view their art and mystery cynically: maybe it is in their favor instead of against them. And no wonder so many graduates of a philosophizing habit report that their college days were lonely, despite all the hullabaloo.

Many projects of reform appeared in the essays, but none of them got much beyond Mr. Lipshutz's vague generalities. The existing mess, in fact, has probably passed any hope of remedy. Going to college, especially in the more backward parts of the country, has come to be a sort of social necessity: it almost ranks with having a bathroom and keeping a car. Thus the hordes of the unteachable swarm in, and the poor pedagogues can only gasp in dismay. If the unteachable were all Aristotles it would be impossible to find instructors for so many; as it is, the more conscientious sort of scholar tends to give it up, and the way is open for frauds of the sort described above. There is more teaching in America than ever before, and it is less good. A learned degree, once a pearl of great price, has come to have no more value or significance than the ruby-studded insignia of the Elks. Who will find a way out? Probably no one. The kind of education on tap in the colleges seems to be the kind that the country wants, and maybe it is also the kind that such a country needs.

H. L. M.

DELIVERANCE

BY ARTHUR HANKO

THE crowd dispersed. The game of job-hunting was over, at least for today. They had stood before the closed factory-gate since the gray dawn and now they were told by the watchman to beat it, probably because by shifting their numb feet they were likely to trample the frozen snow into mud, which had to be cleaned up by the watchman, and that he did not intend to do. A few curses, a few silly jokes, a few incoherent words and meaningless phrases drifted about; they were all dull and cowed like stray dogs who sniff from one stranger's leg to another, and finally lose themselves in the nowhere. They beat it all right, all of them; they had done it all their lives. Steve walked away with the others, his frozen hands in his pockets, his head bowed, shuffling along.

He swore a mighty oath that this was the last time he would be seen hanging around an employment office. No more shops for him. Four months ago he had been laid off with hundreds of other men, nearly all of whom happened to be over forty. Steve was forty-five. They were told to go home for a couple of weeks, so that their presence might not interfere with the mystic rituals of inventory-taking. That was before Christmas. When Steve reported for work in the middle of January he was told that his services were still undesired because of the uncertain political situation in Mexico or something to that effect. He kept on calling and calling at the plant where he had spent nine years of his life, but there was always trouble somewhere or other. Finally, when he learned that his job had been given to a green young boy,

he asked the employment clerk what he was going to do. "Go to hell!" answered that stylish young gentleman, for Steve's inopportune question had interrupted a telephone conversation with his cutie concerning a heavy date.

Steve tried all the other plants he knew of in a circle of ten miles, but the result was the same, everywhere absolutely nothing. So he decided that the failure of this morning should settle the question once and for all. Yes, his family was right; he was an ass; he should do what they were telling him, instead of being the fool of others. He should go into business for himself. There was money in business and in business alone. No worker ever got anywhere save those who were smart, and smart he was going to be, decided Steve.

He and his wife had worked and slaved, saved and scrimped all those long years; they had a house and some money in the bank. True, the house was a crazy old ramshackle, with all kind of patches and lean-ons and other signs of spare-time endeavors, but the ground floor could be converted into a nice store wherein all kinds of meats and groceries could be sold, and although the bank-book was not an imposing one, there was enough to pay for the first shipment of goods. Later it would go on by itself—at least that was what Steve and his wife thought, and they were confirmed in their conviction by the salesman from whom they bought the groceries and the packing-house agent from whom they were going to order the meat.

It was so easy to run a grocery and butcher store! A child could do it. Steve used to butcher a hog every Winter, and he

knew all about meat-cutting, and wasn't his wife an expert cook and housekeeper? She could handle the groceries just as well as any clerk who hadn't done anything else for the last twenty years. So the store was opened in due time and the local paper, printed in their native tongue, informed the public that a prominent member of the settlement had embarked on the road to prosperity.

When they made their balance at the end of the month they found, however, that there was something wrong with their scheme. True, they had sold quite a lot of stuff, but money did not come in as it should have come, for they had to sell on credit. Conditions were bad, people had no work and therefore no money; all their competitors sold on credit and the firm of Steve had to follow suit. The trouble was that these competitors had made their piles already and therefore they could wait, whereas Steve's whole capital had been put into his canned goods and smoked hams.

Steve and his wife could figure, but their customers could figure too, and when they could save a penny by going somewhere else they did so unhesitatingly. Maybe Steve could have weathered this ill wind somehow if high finance hadn't interfered. Within a short time three chain stores opened in the vicinity, each one bent to break the other two, and all sold goods at prices that were far lower than those at which Steve could buy. So when the collector called, he and his wife had to confess that they were through.

"The hell you are," said the visitor. "The trouble with you folks is that you are not smart enough."

"Not smart enough? Why, we worked and worked just as damn well as anybody else," replied Steve indignantly.

"You work, you work, certainly you do, but that is the trouble with you. If you just want to work, then why don't you go out as a ditchdigger? What the hell have you to do in business then?"

Steve looked stupid.

"See here," continued his visitor, "I am a good fellow and I want to help you, but first answer me one question. Why do your neighbors, John and Joe and Stan and all the rest of them, make a lot of money, hey?"

"Because they are selling more booze than meat and groceries," cried Steve and his wife in unison.

"Well," demanded the agent, "why don't you sell the stuff too?"

Steve looked at his wife and his wife looked at Steve and both looked down at the ground. They had, in fact, talked the matter over almost daily, especially when they saw people entering the premises of their competitors, but somehow they had always disliked the idea. So they did not know what to say, and being ashamed to admit that they were too honest, or in other words, not smart enough, they just looked silly and never said a word.

"Well, folks, think it over. I'll call next week again," said the ambassador of smartness, taking his leave.

Steve and his wife thought it over and the more they thought about it the more the idea lost its sinister aspect. After all, what about it? Everybody else was doing it. True, it was against the law, but so were many things which were done by high and low. Danger? There was no more danger in it than crossing the street during the rush hour. Every child over six years and not officially slated for the idiot asylum could point out all the speak-easies within three blocks, but the authorities never took the slightest notice of their existence. But Steve had a natural, innate aversion to systematic lawbreaking. Yes, now and then he had swiped a piece of pipe or a wrench, a hammer or such like in the shop and never dreamed that he was committing an illegal act, but those were occasional trespasses; he needed something of which there was plenty, and what did this or that piece of junk matter anyway? He repaid by his work more than the equivalent. But to become a professional law-breaker—that was different.

II

Being a bootlegger is a queer proposition. He is generally and heartily despised, but only theoretically, so to say. He makes too much money not to be an object of envy. He may be considered a kind of scoundrel, but since he caters to a vast number of people he makes many accomplices who cannot snub him openly, after making use of him in secret. His business is considered nefarious, but at the same time it is an escape from a foolish and unjust law. In short, people do not know what to think of him; they may consider him either a necessary nuisance or an offensive necessity; they may want to lynch him, but at the same time they protect him from the minions of the law, and all the time they buy his stuff.

Steve pondered and pondered. His wife didn't object much, for she was in deadly terror that their little money would be irrevocably lost and that they were headed for the poorhouse. There was, she thought, no danger in the scheme. She knew her husband to be a sober and reliable man. True, Steve used to drink his beer on coming from work and even now, in these days of Prohibition, he took a drink now and then, but he never went to excess. Moreover—and that was her chief argument—it was only temporary. As soon as they had "worked up" the store, they would sell store and house and everything and return to the Old Country. There was nothing to keep them. Their son was around twenty and their girl a flapper of sixteen; both worked already, so they could care for themselves. Steve and his wife would return to their native village, buy a few acres of good land, with a house and barn and a piece of vineyard, and live happily ever after. Steve dreamed often of that bucolic idyl, and resolved right then and there to launch his little bark—temporarily only, of course.

The first gallon of moonshine was bought in due time and Steve and his wife started to sell it by the glass. Timidly at

first, but bolder later, they asked customers whom they knew to be fond of firewater whether they did not want something. When the answer was in the affirmative, which was mostly the case, the visitor was invited into the kitchen, where the desired liquid was produced from a pot that was kept in the sink among the dirty dishes. At first both lived in fear, for they saw in every stranger that passed the store a government agent, and they almost crouched under the counter when Patrolman Kelly sauntered down his beat.

But the first gallon was gone in no time. It seemed that a kind of a booze radio had broadcast the good news that at Steve's something was to be had. And there was money in the drawer, for booze is not sold on credit like milk and bread. The second gallon followed and then the third. Guests came and went. Steve was an old-timer and had many acquaintances who dropped in "just to see how he came along." He became more and more used to it. No more did the thought of illegality bother him; instead, he tried to learn the tricks of the trade. He found out that by making the stuff himself he could increase his earnings by about a hundred per cent. So he bought the necessary copper coils, and an old wash-boiler was transformed into a still. An old barrel was filled with the raisin mash and all Steve had to do was to fill the wash-boiler with the mash and light a gas-heater under it. After that, having screwed down the lid and filled the cooler with cold water, he could sit down and watch the liquor, or rather the money, run into a jug. There he sat in the dark of the night and felt that life wasn't so bad after all. What a hard time he had had when he sweated like a mule, and what did he get out of it? Rheumatism, a sprained knee and a kick in that part of the body where the back endeth. All that for being a conscientious, scrupulously careful worker and honest man! Now, a so-called lawbreaker, all he had to do was to turn a pipe now and then and fill the cash register. God bless Prohibition!

Sometimes he had vague misgivings that the thing might not be quite right after all, but his fears and apprehensions seemed to be far less poignant than they were in the beginning. He got used to the taste too. Not that he took it in great quantities; oh no! But he had to try it, had to accept the drinks which customers offered him, and sometimes he had to drink too with brethren of the fraternity, for now he was an acknowledged member of the inner circle. It was, of course, only for the time being. One year more, and then good-bye!

His wife thought the same way when she served drinks to their more or less reputable guests, and stood their more or less suggestive jokes. She too had lost her initial shyness. She was a woman of about forty and still good to look at; being always neat and tidy, she now gave more and more time to the care of her appearance, for one had to please the customers. She also had an idea of her own for swelling the family bank account: she took in as boarders some of the best consumers. At the end of the week these boarders were given bills, whereon booze was the main item. Indeed, Steve had learned the trick of never presenting a boarder with his bill before asking him how much his pay envelope contained; then he fixed the booze bill so that it always over-ran the wages received, and therefore the boarder never had enough money to settle. This ingenious device had the advantage that it kept all the boarders in a state of bondage from which they could not liberate themselves, for they never remembered how much liquor they had consumed during the week. Meanwhile, Steve's son developed restless habits, changing his job every week, provided he worked at all, and the daughter stayed out late at night because of the noise in the house, as she said. Steve felt some pang when he observed the behavior of his children, but he was too busy to be bothered with domestic affairs, and it was only for the time being after all—everything would come out all right in the end.

III

Unluckily, Steve was not the only one who had had the bright idea of trying to replenish his bank account with the help of fermented raisin mash. There were many other Steves who were trying to do the same, and there was already an undeniable discrepancy between the number of thirsty souls and the number of would-be raisin millionaires. It may sound ridiculous, but the industrial situation and the wash-boiler stills were in a fatefully close co-ordination. The more men were laid off, the smaller became the number of those who could afford to indulge in liquor; on the other hand, those who were deprived of decent livings turned to bootlegging. Many unpleasant situations grew out of this pair of facts.

One day Steve's place was raided in accordance with the rules of the game. Some competitor had informed the authorities and they appeared with all the paraphernalia of the Volsteadian show. There was, however, nothing really serious in the proceedings. The policeman laughed, the neighbors laughed, the boarders laughed, and the whole street enjoyed the spectacle immensely. Even Steve grinned bravely. He was taken to jail, but released on bond. When his case came up for trial there was again nothing ominous in the procedure. Nobody was particularly interested in or bent on Steve's destruction. The prosecuting attorney read his charge no more vigorously than he would have read a report on South American commerce; the judge read his morning paper and ate an apple, and Steve's lawyer rattled off his speech with all the enthusiasm that he could get out of the fifty dollars Steve was going to pay him. To tell the truth, the judge hated to sentence Steve. First, he was no admirer of the Eighteenth Amendment himself, and second, election was at hand and one could never know how far Steve's influence might go among his friends. But the majesty of the law had to be upheld and consequently Steve was sentenced to

six weeks in jail or a fine of four hundred dollars.

That night Steve had an earnest conversation with his wife; the question was money or liberty. After some weighty argument he was convinced that it was more propitious to go to jail, for—so ran the argument—he could never make four hundred dollars in six weeks, even if at liberty. When he worked in the factory he never made more than a hundred and sixty or eighty dollars in that time. So the payment of the fine would simply mean throwing away good money. His wife could run the business during his confinement, the boarders would help her, and when he would be a free man again there would be not only the four hundred dollars saved, but all that had been made in the meantime.

But somehow Steve did not like the idea too much. He had an innate horror of prisons. He remembered with what feelings he and his boy friends had looked at manacled men who were conducted to jail in the Old Country amid gleaming bayonets; he remembered how shunned and ostracized those unfortunates were whose terms had expired and who returned to their villages. But here—of course, here it was all different—here you had to consider nothing but money—money, and money alone—and beside, it was all only temporary. So why worry?

In the county jail where they took him everything was drab, shoddy, commonplace. No prison-horrors there. Especially not for Steve, who had money, could buy cigars and enjoyed the distinction conferred upon bootleggers. The wives of the other resident bootleggers saw to it that the guards received their due quantity of hooch, and their husbands were treated with befitting distinction. But even the common prisoners had anything but a bad time. They were certainly better off than many of the free ones who were tramping the country in search of a job. The sheriff had a heart; he was known as a steady boozier himself, although he had been

elected on a bone-dry ticket, and when he had to leave for Florida to take a cure his assistant did not take matters too seriously. So the six weeks passed pleasantly enough and one fine day the doors swung wide open and Steve was told that he was a free man again.

His return had the aspect of a triumph. The old customers greeted him with overflowing cordiality and appropriate jokes, and although he had to sacrifice quite a quantity of his stock in free drinks, it was a good investment, for from now on his patronage increased and his standing in the fraternity became a more conspicuous one, for he had received the baptism of fire. Even his rating as a business man improved, and the manager of the bank branch let him know, of course unofficially, that short notes of his would not be unwelcome but would receive due and favorable consideration. Steve took all these homages with a kind of befuddled sentiment. At first he felt quite elated, but after a while he felt queer. Somehow, he felt that now he was outside the pale of society; he had a feeling, a somewhat nebulous and vague feeling, that something had been turned upside down. Before he had embarked on this new business career, he had the habit, in cases of dispute and argument, to beat his breast and shout into the face of anybody who cared or cared not to listen that he was an honest workman and not afraid of anybody, and that there was no living man who could accuse him of any dishonest act. But now he saw in the eyes of other people that they had begun to consider him a somewhat shady and dubious character. Maybe it was not quite so; maybe it was only that his imagination had taken a morbid turn; but dimly and vaguely he felt a shadow creeping nearer and nearer.

To overcome this fear, to fight against this feeling, there were two remedies, of which the first was the thought of money. Money—that was now the chief and in fact the only thing he and his wife talked of. They hypnotized themselves with the

constant thought of wealth. They chased themselves into a cupidity which in fact was alien to their nature. The second remedy lay at hand. All Steve had to do was to fill his glass. And he filled it and filled it with ever-increasing frequency. Why shouldn't he? Everybody around him drank; everybody who came to see him wanted a drink; everybody he met talked drink; wasn't his whole business, his very existence founded on drink?

Something was wrong with the children. His son had apparently abandoned all thought of a regular occupation; instead, he became a regular at the poolroom, and when his father upbraided him, answered with a sneer that the old man had better see to it how he kept out of jail himself. Steve staggered as if he had been knocked in the head. Here he had it: he was a jail-bird—there could be no question about that. And his daughter! It was better not to speak of her.

There was trouble with the money too. Steve and his wife had entered into certain real estate ventures, as practically all the people of their kind do, and their money had become tied up. His wife also drank, not immoderately to be sure, but more than in the past. When they sat and talked, they told each other that all this was only temporary, just for the time being. Yes, they would sell out as soon as they could find buyers for their lots. Their house and business would follow if this or that happened. But nothing ever happened.

IV

One day Steve discovered that his wife was carrying on with the boarders, not with one of them but with two or three. There was no scene, not even hot words. Steve sat at the table glaring with stupid, sullen eyes into the nowhere, and his wife talked. She explained that giving her favors really did not mean anything at all; it simply was another way of making money. If she would not do it the men would go to another woman and there

were plenty of them, so why shouldn't she earn the money? Others did it too and nobody was the worse for it. And after all, it was only for the time being, only temporary.

Steve never said a word. In his befogged brain, there was a dim conception that this monstrous logic, this absurd reasoning was not right at all. Somehow he tried to grasp the horrible perversity of the situation, but he failed. He had jumped overboard himself and now a flood of mud was carrying him away.

From now on they lived in a kind of fog. Days came and went and months passed, but they were hardly conscious of it. Steve drank and drank with the sullen despair of a lost soul and his wife gave herself to utter abandon. One night they sat together. It was a week before Easter, the time of general housecleaning, a custom that was religiously observed in the whole district. In every house the women cleaned and scrubbed and washed from early morning till dusk. The smell of washed linen mingled with the smell of fresh cakes and boiling hams.

"Everybody is cleaning up," began Steve in his dull, hoarse voice.

"Yes, everybody," echoed his wife.

"We will have also a nice clean home when we return to the Old Country," continued Steve and then he stopped suddenly.

The truth dawned upon them. They would never return, they could not. They were forever excluded from the clean village, from the clean people. Never would Steve take his place among the elders in front of the church after service and never would he sit with the priest and the mayor and the scribe at the village inn, in the room that is reserved for notables; never would his wife sit in the first-row pew among the dignified matrons; never would a person of standing and good repute sit down at their table to break their bread and drink their wine. Never. It was as if the gray, dirty mist that had enshrouded them had been lifted suddenly and the bottomless pit of abomination

yawned before them. They looked at each other and perfectly understood without speaking a word.

"Well, old Steve, we will clean up all the same," said his wife.

"Yes," replied Steve, "we will. We will start tomorrow."

And they did. First, Steve threw out the boarders. He never mentioned the money they owed him. They balked, of course, but soon they concluded that Steve had been seized by the D. T.'s so they went.

While Steve cleaned the yard, and emptied the barrels of moonshine and mash, his wife swept the rooms and put clean and fresh linen on the beds. They worked all day as hard as they could. It did not go too fast. It was a long time since they had done any kind of decent work, but when the sun set the house looked clean. Every chair was in its place; the kitchen was

scrubbed; fresh towels were where they belonged.

Steve fed the dog and the cat and let them out; the canary was placed on the porch. Then they dressed in clean fresh underwear from head to foot; Steve put on his black suit and his wife her best dress. On the table they put all papers and deeds, the cash money and the bank books. In the centre of the table they placed the Bible, the prayer-book and the hymn-book. Then they lay down on the bed as husband and wife ought to do. In the street the trolley cars could be heard, and now and then an automobile passed the house. From the Catholic church came the chimes of the Angelus and farther away the hooting of a passing train. In the room was silence, deep silence, broken only by the hissing of the gas that escaped from the wide open jet.

THE KING OF BEER

BY GERALD HOLLAND

WHATEVER odium may be attached to beer in other parts of the Republic, its status in St. Louis is as firmly grounded as James Eads' span across the Mississippi. Notwithstanding the desperate fight of the local Methodists to erase the blot from the city's history, the record stands. Beer made St. Louis, and Adolphus Busch made the beer.

This king of brewers, curiously enough, was not really a brewer at all: he was a super-salesman, and perhaps the greatest ever heard of in America. Granted that he knew good beer and ever sought it, the fact remains that he did not know how to make it. In the course of time, to be sure, he found men who did, but that was a detail. He sold the bad almost as facilely as he sold the good. He could have sold anything. At one point in the early career of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery its product was so inferior that St. Louis rowdies were known to project mouthfuls of it back over the bar. But Adolphus kept on selling it, and presently it was better, and by and by, incarnated as Budweiser, Michelob and Faust, it was the best in America.

Prior to 1850, because there were only a few German settlers, there was very little beer in St. Louis. Forty years earlier the first effort to introduce it had been made by a gentleman of French extraction, one M. St. Vrain, who is preserved for posterity for no other reason than that he scored the first of a long series of signal failures in that direction. M. St. Vrain was a citizen of Bellfontaine, a hamlet now a part of St. Louis. Finding his agricultural interests tedious, he sought a wider field of expression in the brewing industry, which

had at the time attained some proportions in other parts of the United States. Ahead of his time, he launched an informative campaign in the form of a modest insertion in the town paper, to the effect that orders for table beer and porter directed to the St. Vrain Brewery would receive attention. His price for a barrel was ten dollars. It might as well have been fifty. The townsfolk were left cold and the venture died, and not long afterward M. St. Vrain expired. So on down through the years, with successors named English, Mullanphy, Lynch, and McHose acting their sad parts.

The German conquest of St. Louis was as swift as it was complete. The citizenry had taken scant notice of the first few stragglers; a member of the town council quieted the first fears with the epigrammatic statement that "the German element in our town can be adequately served by one doctor and one midwife." That gentleman lived to see his words belied; a dozen years later he ate his prophecy when a leading newspaper called attention editorially to the profusion of beer-gardens and breweries. "They [the Germans]," said this paper, "maintain a constant babble as they sit around the tables in the open air, consuming the beer in unbelievable quantity. . . . One can scarcely board an omnibus or purchase ordinary foodstuffs without some slight knowledge of their language."

So breweries sprang up all over town and none suffered for lack of patronage. The first of any size was that of Adam Lemp, whose name is perpetuated in his descendants. He had time to become well established before the advent of Eberhard Anheuser. Eberhard tarried for two years

in Cincinnati and when he did settle in St. Louis it was not to make beer but soap. He fared well enough in that undertaking to buy out the Bavarian Brewery. With that, the stage was set for the entrance of the principal actor in the great drama of beer. His arrival was inconspicuous, but he soon made his presence felt.

Adolphus Busch came to St. Louis equipped with a sound training at the *Gymnasium* in Mainz. He was the youngest of twenty-one children begotten by Ulrich and Barbara Busch. He straightway got a job with a wholesale commission house, but his progress in that situation was interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. Surveying the issues briefly, he hopped in on the side of the Union, and, although his regiment was far removed from the main theatres of battle, he participated in random skirmishing with a General McNeil in Northern Missouri. There was nothing to interest an active lad in that mild sport, so he withdrew honorably after a brief service, to enter the brewers' supply business. That was something like.

Among his customers was the Eberhard Anheuser aforesaid. Eberhard, a brewer but no salesman, found difficulty in disposing of the beer that his small equipment produced—a mere 8000 barrels annually,—and before long he found himself owing young Adolphus considerable money. The bill mounted and finally the supply agent was offered an interest in the brewery in lieu of payment. Adolphus grabbed the opportunity, for not long before he had cast an appreciative eye upon Anheuser's pretty daughter, Lily. Ulrich Busch, his brother, had meanwhile been paying attentions to Anna, the elder sister of Lily. The dual courtship was pursued with characteristic energy and dispatch. A year later a double wedding resulted and Adolphus joined his talents to those of his father-in-law.

Here was man's work and he pitched into it with zest. By 1875 he had risen to the status of co-partner and the works were

incorporated under the name of Anheuser-Busch. In 1880 old Eberhard went to his reward and Adolphus prepared for his really great achievements. His first objective was the local market; so far as he knew, indeed, it was to be the extent of his operations. Brewing was then distinctly a local industry. There was no bottled beer and the keg brew without the protection of refrigeration was sure to spoil if shipped to distant points. Consequently, the St. Louis trade was the plum, and it was a luscious one, for the natives, including those whose forbears had been hostile to the lures of drink, were already consuming millions of gallons a year. So there was money to be made and Adolphus set out to make it.

He hadn't the best beer in town by several kegs full. William Lemp, son of old Adam, had a brew that was vastly superior. Adolphus knew it, and he worked feverishly to correct his own deficiency. But in his energetic search for a brewer and a formula, he never let his production be interrupted. If bad beer was all that he could produce, he must find a market for it. Competition was bitter but the profit was enormous. The sales strategy centered around the so-called beer collector, who bought and did not sell. All brewers had such spending agents, but Adolphus gathered a crew that was extraordinarily accomplished; he infused into its members his own masterly manner, and as a result his beer was soon selling almost as well as Lemp's.

Every saloon that sold Busch beer was favored with a visit by the collector once each month, and in each he spent royally an amount proportionate to its monthly buy. The collector was thus an important personage. In Carondelet, the strictly German section, his social position was high, and even in Kerry Patch, altogether Celtic, he was greeted with profound respect. A gang of idlers followed his buggy all through the day. The collector made no complaint; so long as it was Busch beer that was being drunk, it made little difference who drank it. Taking drink for

drink himself, he entered saloon after saloon, radiating a magnificent geniality and prefacing his ever-ready oration on any subject with a wave of a beer stein and, "Vell, I tell you."

The collector had other duties beyond this mere buying of drinks. He was expected to attend all funerals in the families of saloon keepers, and to exhibit a decent grief. At the Irish wakes in the Patch, he wept with the most accomplished keeners. For that accomplishment he was known in Carondelet as the *Todsäufer*—the dead-drinker. In the midst of his most bitter sobs, however, he was kept under close watch by all the male mourners, for they knew that, once the rites were over, there would be a gay time at the bar of the nearest Busch customer.

The collector was also prominent at all weddings that had any bearing on the local market. He was ready with a gift for the happy couple, a story for the dinner, and a kiss for the bride. At Christmas he had a handsome present for the saloon-keeper's wife; its value was in proportion to the weekly sales. He extended his operations through the German lodges; he tumbled with the *Turnvereine* and roared and gurgled with the *Gesangvereine*. Obviously, he was in a position to wield a considerable influence in local politics. More often than not, in fact, he was the ward committeeman. One collector, concentrating his whole talents in this field, rose to be Police Commissioner. The majority, however, remained true to Busch and beer.

That was the day of elegant art in the saloons. Every brewery issued a complimentary series of paintings, and those of Anheuser-Busch were of outstanding merit. One of the most inspiring was "Custer's Last Fight," in which scalped patriots and fierce Indians with poised knives were vividly portrayed. Altogether a noble work, it prompted many a bar-room oration. Another Busch opus was a brilliant poster depicting Adolphus himself and Bismarck. In it Adolphus was made to say, "I can assure Your Excellency that beer is

the national drink of America." The dictator received the information with his usual stern look, albeit with evident satisfaction.

There was perhaps more beer consumed in St. Louis while the breweries were running full blast than in any other city of its size in the world. Carondelet drank constantly, and Kerry Patch spent its evenings indulging the now lost art of rushing the can. With beer at five cents a glass, it was a luxury within the reach of everyone, however humble. The nickel, moreover, included a free lunch. At one point in the rivalry of the breweries beer was even cheaper than that. An English syndicate attempted to crowd in on the local market during the nineties. It succeeded in buying up most of the smaller works, but William Lemp and Adolphus Busch refused to sell. A beer war ensued. The price of a barrel dropped from \$6 to \$3. The saloon-keepers, instead of combining and pocketing the extra profit, cut the price to two glasses for five cents. Rock bottom was touched when one enterprising retailer offered two glasses of beer and a boat ride on the small lake adjoining his saloon, all for five cents. Lemp and Busch weathered the fight and the Englishmen retired in confusion.

II

Because of the incessant warfare of the brewers for the local market, the process of obtaining a saloon was no difficult task for any aspiring barkeep with a hundred dollars or so. He need only hint of his intention to a few brewery collectors and then recline to take his choice of propositions. Adolphus Busch made the offer most generally accepted.

The candidate first had to get the approbation of a majority of residents in the neighborhood that he had selected. Armed with that, he bought a government license for a trifle of \$25. There remained the necessity of obtaining fixtures, glassware, and the city license, which cost \$600. Adolphus took care of all three. He ar-

ranged for the rental of a shop, put in the fixtures and a few choice murals, and then directed the young man to begin. He charged the new customer \$9 for a \$6 keg of beer and applied the extra \$3 to the city license.

With all his ingenious devices, however, Adolphus was trailing the Lemps when the great revolution broke. That turning point in brewing history occurred when bottled beer dawned upon the world. Its importance lay in the fact that bottled beer could be brought into the home, or shipped to distant points and still remain unspoiled. Adolphus hadn't the first bottled beer in town but he was the first to bottle it for shipping. He accomplished that under rather peculiar circumstances.

A close friend, Conrad the wine merchant, had been experimenting with the new process. He was the real father of Budweiser. The story goes that while traveling in Bohemia during the early seventies he dined at a small monastery where he was served a brew that he immediately declared to be the best he had ever tasted. He offered the holy men who had made it a good price for the recipe. He got it.

Returning to America, he had the Busch brewery make the beer for him and called it Budweiser after the town of Budweis, where he had discovered it. He bottled the new drink in his own small shop. But soon, like old Eberhard Anheuser, he found it hard to keep his books balanced, and before long he was in debt to Adolphus. While the bill was increasing, the new Pasteurization process made it possible to bottle beer that would remain forever unspoiled. Adolphus met the situation immediately; he wiped out the debt and staggered Conrad with an offer for the formula. He was taken up and Conrad joined the Busch brewery as technician.

Now the stage was set. Adolphus had bottled beer to sell; not only that, but he had the best bottled beer in the country at the moment. While his rivals in St. Louis were struggling with wagon-load orders, he coolly turned his back on the local mar-

ket, invested deeply in a wardrobe, and set out as a traveling ambassador of beer.

He scoured the nation, and eventually the world, everywhere preaching the gospel of Budweiser. His work was done magnificently. In a few years, the beer trade of the United States was predominantly in the hands of Anheuser-Busch. Adolphus had an agent in every city in the Union, and owned real estate in every State. The plant in St. Louis expanded to such a point that it almost dwarfed the city. It employed 7500 men and covered 142 acres of ground, and there were 110 individual buildings in the group. The payroll exceeded \$10,000,000 a year and the properties were worth \$40,000,000. Every year Anheuser-Busch flung 1,600,000 barrels of beer to a thirsty world. All but 10% of it was drunk in the United States, but even the relatively small amount sent abroad exceeded the entire sales, domestic and foreign, of most of its rivals.

Adolphus widened his field. He bought a railroad or two (including the St. Louis and O'Fallon, which was later to figure in the Supreme Court's valuation decision), a coal mine and several hotels. With Budweiser now the chief product of his brewery, he reduced his sixteen brands to four—Michelob, Faust, Budweiser, and the standard pale beer. Michelob was perhaps the best beer ever made in America and the most expensive: it sold for twenty-five cents a glass. Like Budweiser, it originated in Bohemia, but in this case it was Adolphus himself who found it. He bought a glass of beer there for a few cents that struck him as being even better than Budweiser. He returned home and ordered his staff to duplicate it. Michelob was the result, but it cost so much that the sales were always comparatively small. In New York, at one bar at least, it was sold for forty cents by a barkeep who told his patrons that it was imported. Michelob was never bottled.

Faust was named in honor of Tony Faust, the St. Louis restaurant proprietor. It was less expensive, but withal an excel-

lent brew and worthy of the sound food that accompanied it at Tony's.

Meanwhile, the Lemp's desperately followed the lead of Adolphus and achieved a wide circulation of Falstaff. But the old feud was ended. Adolphus had no rivals.

III

Now his name was revered at home, and abroad he was received with the deference due to a merchant prince. At the Holland House in New York it was a tradition that he took more time to sign the register than any other guest, so busy was he with hand-shaking admirers. He had outguessed all his rivals; he was king of the brewers. In middle age he was an imposing figure. He was essentially great and grand; the commonplace stifled him. He wore flowing mustachios and a trim goatee, and was robust and erect. His deep voice, with its trace of accent, was such as to command attention anywhere. He liked the rôle of benevolent monarch and he played it well. But he never took himself too seriously. One day while driving through his brewery principality with a reporter for a St. Louis newspaper, he remarked the bowing and scraping of his employés as his buggy passed with, "See, just like der king!"

He was fond of the newspaper boys and they were fond of the frequent assignment to interview him. Before the interviewer asked his first question, he could be sure that Adolphus would ask this one, "Vell, vot to drink?" One young man sought to please him by calling for Budweiser. "Ach," said Adolphus, "dot schlop?"

Possessed of boundless energy and limitless good humor, he had the rare quality of adaptability. After a tedious day at the brewery, he was always ready for the less intricate problems that arose over the board at the restaurant of Tony Faust, his closest friend. It was his habit to spend a portion of every evening at Faust's. There he basked in the light of popular favor. He was always a welcome guest, if for no other reason than that he always paid for

the drinks. One of his favorite diversions was to display his ability as a connoisseur of wines. He would call for bottles of ten brands and name the vintage of each after a sip. He covered every bet that disputed his judgment, and win or lose, he laughed loudly, paid for every bottle, and ordered drinks all 'round.

Tony Faust, a constant sufferer from the wit of Adolphus, was ever trying to turn a trick on him. One attempt turned out to be a miserable failure. Busch and Faust were standing talking at the bar. A beggar approached and asked for alms. "This is the proprietor," said Faust, indicating Busch. "Sure," said Busch—and he went behind the bar and extracted \$5 of Faust's money from the till for the applicant.

While Busch and Faust were in Paris another time, Busch, who knew several languages, was helping his friend to learn French. He dictated the order for the dinner to Faust, who repeated it to the waiter. At the end of the meal, Tony asked how he might order cigars. Busch told him in language that called for the check.

He was just as quick to appreciate the situation when he was caught. In New York, on one occasion, he called a meeting of managers of several of his varied interests. The time was set for ten o'clock. At the hour all but one of the members were there. Busch refused to proceed until the delinquent one—Fred Sontag, manager of his Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago—arrived.

"Where is Sontag?" he demanded, stalking up and down the lobby. No one knew. Adolphus stormed and fretted until eleven o'clock. Then Sontag appeared.

"Sontag," he said, "I call a meeting for ten o'clock and here you are at eleven. You are one hour late."

"Oh," replied Sontag, "I go by Chicago time. It is ten o'clock in Chicago."

"Dot Sontag!" exclaimed Adolphus with a gesture of resignation, "he always gets the best of me!"

A political group once approached him with a request for a donation to the campaign fund of their candidate.

"Ain't dot fellow a Knight of Father Matthew?" Busch asked.

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Vell, you couldn't expect me, a brewer, to help a temperance worker."

"But, Mr. Busch," said the leader, "our man is also a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians."

"Oh, dot makes it different," said Busch as he reached for his check-book.

He was a free and easy spender. He maintained his family in a luxury that included estates in all parts of America and a castle on the Rhine. He was philanthropic, too, but he always made it clear that he gave because the notion appealed to him and not because he thought he owed the world anything. His gifts included handsome donations to Washington University in St. Louis and to Harvard. He sent tons of money to the Vaterland. Every Ground Hog Day he gave \$5000 to a Catholic convent in St. Louis. He continued the practice until he had given more than \$300,000.

His workers, too, fared well at his generous hands. Every man in the brewery was entitled to a generous portion of free beer every day; not only that, but he was expected to drink it. The trips to the keg were considered a vital portion of the day's routine. One man was ejected from the brew-workers' union because of failing in that particular; he went to court about it and a decision was solemnly rendered to the effect that in the judgment of the court it was not necessary for a man to drink beer at any time during the day in order to do a normal day's work. The union scoffed at the doctrine, but it reinstated the man.

Adolphus was a political power in St.-Louis because as he voted so did all of Carondelet. The first proof of his potency came when he backed Eddie Noonan for mayor in the late eighties. On the strength of his approval, Eddie walked into office. As a result his gratitude was boundless. No favor was too great for him to do for his benefactor. Noting the fact, the job-seekers descended upon Busch, asking his intercession. Disliking to refuse anyone

outright, he gave every applicant a letter to the mayor, enumerating several imaginary but laudable qualities in the bearer. But he arranged with Noonan that if the eye of the eagle on the Busch letterhead had not been pricked with a pin, the statements therein were to be disregarded. Upon being presented with a note, Noonan would pretend to read it. Actually he held it up to the light for the pin-prick. If it was there, he assured the gentleman that a place would be made for him. If not: "Young man, you go back and tell Adolphus Busch that Eddie Noonan runs his administration as he damn well pleases and that no Dutch brewer can tell him who to hire!"

The abashed job-seeker departed, confirmed in his conviction that Busch had a heart of gold and equally sure that Noonan was an egg of the worst sort. The method remained in use until the pin-prick sesame became known and applicants took to puncturing the eagle's eye for themselves.

Incidentally, the wand of Busch political power still retains its magic. Al Smith carried St. Louis by a great majority mainly because, just before the balloting, August A. Busch, son of old Adolphus, indorsed his candidacy. The present Senator Harry Hawes also can testify to the Busch power. Arthur Hyde, now sitting in the Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture, remembers too. When Hyde, a former Governor of Missouri, was stumping for George Williams, who was opposing Hawes for the Senate seat, he let fall a rhetorical question that sewed up the campaign for the enemy. His question was this: "How much did Harry Hawes get for bringing Lily Busch back from Germany when the war broke out?" The merest ward-heeler spotted that as a *faux pas* of dire consequences. The election went on ice. Every Carondelet voter, although normally Republican, resented the slur on the Busches and switched to Hawes, who rode in without a bump.

In his day, Adolphus Busch was so well liked that if he caught a cold a dozen

organizations and conventions would adopt resolutions of sympathy before he had time to sneeze. On the occasion of his fiftieth wedding anniversary, festivals were held throughout the land. He wasn't in St. Louis at the time, but the admiring natives threw a big party at the Coliseum and drank 40,000 bottles of free beer in honor of the event, after sending a solid gold card of congratulations to the prince and his wife in California. Adolphus very fittingly observed the day by crowning his consort with a diamond studded diadem.

Nevertheless, he encountered a certain social coolness in St. Louis. He didn't care. The town *haut monde*, in his day, was just a matter of the earliest worms, and if it did not fancy Busch the brewmaster, he gave it no more than an imperceptible damn. He gathered about him his own circle of friends and let it go at that. He wasn't interested in society if he could find good fellows to associate with. His progeny have likewise made no very strenuous effort to mix with the local *bon ton*. Not one of his lady descendants is in the Junior League, although two were invited to submit to inspection. One ignored the summons; the other replied with a note to this effect: "I am very sorry, but I cannot join your little club." That retort bowled over the swell gals completely.

No Busch has ever made the St. Louis Country Club, the acme of local social attainment. Without membership in that snooty set, one may just as well eat in the kitchen. The Busches stumped the gentry, however, by sponsoring the Bridle Spur Hunt Club, new and very high-toned. Some of the best people now ride dashingly to hounds. The Country Club set has turned a vivid green, for the Bridle Spur Hunt Club now has a waiting list.

IV

Death was as merciful to old Adolphus as life had been kind. It claimed him a scant year before his two peoples set upon one another, and it spared him, too, the subse-

quent solemn declaration that to traffic in his beloved beer constituted one a felon.

He died at Villa Lily, his castle on the Rhine that he had named for his wife. His burial was in St. Louis, the scene of his conquests, as he had directed. There the town-folk were one in mourning the merchant prince. There was never before or since a funeral like his. Six thousand employés marched in line and twenty-five trucks were required to transport the floral tributes. The Kaiser sent his personal representative and the President of the United States his condolences. The city made no secret of its grief.

But it soon forgot. The war days brought all the Busches and all of Carondelet into sudden dishonor. The four-minute boys kept the German sector under strict surveillance. The sad-eyed St. Louis Germans went through the motions of flag waving while inwardly hocking der Kaiser. The Busches—Adolphus no doubt rested easier after this—dispatched a secretary after a block of Liberty Bonds and passively weathered the storm without forsaking their own people for violent pseudo-Americanism.

When the war waned the fresh horror of Prohibition confronted them. Most American brewers had dismissed the warnings. "Ho," they scoffed, "die American peebul—dey will neffer stand for dot!" But the rumblings grew more distinct. The brewers were in very bad odor on patriotic grounds. Their association had been involved in a German alliance late in the war. Later, they were caught in an attempt to buy a newspaper. There were omens. A young lady Sunday-school teacher in Chicago was ousted because she was found to be in the employ of a brewer.

Soon then the signs of disaster were unmistakable, and brewers all over the country rallied to a belated and frenzied defense. They flooded the papers with institutional advertising. Beer, they said, was the true temperance drink. "Thomas Jefferson said, 'No nation is drunk where wine is cheap.'" Beer must not be asso-

ciated with spirits. And at the very last: "Let spirits go and good riddance; let beer remain!" The distillers hurled back a protest. The brewers made a hasty retraction, but in the midst of their apologies, the blow struck, and distiller and brewer went down together.

The Busches had not been oblivious of the trend. Two years before they had erected a plant for the manufacture of Bevo, a beer almost free of alcohol—not, they said, in anticipation of Prohibition but as a step in the education of the people in temperance. The drink was fair, and because it was new it enjoyed some popularity. For a while, indeed, orders for Bevo exceeded those for Budweiser.

But when Budweiser went there was a grave situation. There were, of course, no impecunious days in the offing for the Busches. The \$50,000,000 that old Adolphus had made and saved precluded any such possibility. The plant might have been closed down entirely. But the Busches chose the course of *noblesse oblige*. The brewery would stay open and the sinful apparatus would be cleansed, that it might make sweets and goodies to truly confound the Devil. For the first six months of Prohibition the sale of Bevo was enormous, but before the first year was out it became evident that enforcement would be a myth. Now Bevo is no more—but Busch malt and yeast sell tremendously.

In 1921, a member of the Busch family brought home a bit of statuary which he had had executed in Berlin. It was designed as a fountain. From the curved arm of the central figure a stream of water issued. Under the figure was an inconspicuous medallion bearing the likeness of Adolphus Busch. It was offered to the city of St.-Louis.

The good ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union were not caught napping. They leapt to their guns and boomed a warning. It was the old cry. A monument to the Brewing Industry! The Park Commissioner wavered. Soon the ladies had an ally: Clean American Youth spoke through the Young Men's Christian Association. Their sensibilities were offended by the nude figure. That settled the issue. The Park Commissioner extended his thanks and regrets. Donor Busch put the fountain on his lawn. It's there yet.

But if the city scorns, Adolphus is yet done honor enough. The brewery, his sturdy monument, still pays his *manes* tribute; it remains to this day strictly a family project, as he would have it. His descendants live on, true to his traditions, in the old grand, baronial manner.

The head of the family is August A. Busch, eldest son of Adolphus. Adolphus sent him to Germany that he might study brewing methods at the point of their inception; when he returned he was put through all the departments of the brewery. With tutoring, that was education enough; there is not a college degree in the family.

The old home of Adolphus in the shadow of the malt-house is deserted now, but in its stead stands a castle far out in the country, on the acres that General Grant once tilled with his own hands. It is an amazing estate—one that would shame a Kaiser. There are town houses, too, but the place at Grant's farm is the family headquarters. During the Winter there are weekly family gatherings on Sundays for feasting in the manner of the *Stammvater*.

The children of Adolphus in a castle . . . on land where President Grant once lived . . . pretty damn swell, by Gott!

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE HON. W. P. WHALEY sets forth some of the charms and benefits of foreign travel in the *Arkansas Methodist*:

A group of us tried to start the day right in Rome by stepping into the American Methodist Church, picking up our Standard Hymn Book, and singing: "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult." Then the next best thing was to go over to the Methodist College on Monte Maria. The college owns about sixty acres on this magnificent height, from which we looked down on the whole city, including St. Peter's. The college has a most commanding position, good buildings and good student body. The president, Dr. Samuel W. Irwin, was glad to see some American Methodists and showed us over the school property. The Methodists have a girls' school down in the city, Crandon Institute, supported by the Woman's Board. It has good buildings and a student body of three hundred and fifty.

CALIFORNIA

MARVELOUS Hollywood makes another contribution to the progress of refinement:

BAS DE SOIE
Like a Silk Stocking
THE NEW
MAKE-UP CREAM
FOR THE LEGS

This new French cream is intended especially for making up the legs as demanded by the stockingless mode. It not only gives the skin the fashionable sunburn shade, but completely conceals every blemish and hair follicle, thus giving the legs a finish as smooth and perfect as ivory. Won't rub off; won't wash off until you apply soap. Three shades, \$1.50 for a large tube.

EVER-READY DRUG CO.
6804 Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from Los Angeles:

The Rev. Arthur B. Arnold, Jr., was sentenced to serve one to five years in San Quentin today following his conviction on a charge of issuing worthless checks and duping religious organizations. The pastor of the Pentecostal Church of Huntington Park told the court he had posed as blind and then was "cured" by Aimée Semple McPherson in order that the rejoicing might

place him in the high esteem of church workers. Shortly afterward he was made an apostle at the Angelus Temple, he said.

GEORGIA

A 100% white Protestant American reader of the celebrated *Macon Telegraph*:

I hope the Georgia Legislature will pass a resolution condemning the Mrs. Hoover-DePriest tea party. I think that every Southern State should set aside one day to fast and pray for the preservation of our pure Anglo-Saxon race, for it is plain that if the South does not preserve it, that it will soon be a thing of the past.

I think that every wheel of industry should stand still and every head bow in prayer and shame at one o'clock the same day we pray for the preservation of the white race of America.

I hope that no Southern Senator or Southern Congressman's wife will darken the doors of the White House as long as Mrs. Hoover is its mistress.

When Mrs. Hoover has vacated the White House I hope our government will see the necessity to dynamite the White House, remove it from the face of the earth, build another one in its stead, that its walls may not be contaminated with the odor of Mrs. DePriest.

Barney, Ga. W. R. BLEASE.
P. S.: I would rather that the Catholic had control of our government than the African race.

W. R. BLEASE.

CONTRIBUTION to psychology by the Governor of this great State, as reported by the illustrious *Atlanta Journal*:

Fingerprinting of pupils in the schools to determine their mentality was advocated by Governor L. G. Hardman in welcoming the delegates to the National Education Association in convention here. The Governor, who also is a physician, said he firmly believed "that fingerprint reading will be an aid in determining the mentality of the subject." He declared that all cells of the brain are represented in some of the physical organs of the body.

ILLINOIS

SCIENTIFIC announcement in the eminent *Daily News of Chicago*:

FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO

ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE
REGENERATION
"GUTELLA"

Dr. George Huntley Aron, Ph.D., A.M.,
(Born at Chicago, March 30, 1893)

Secretary and Organizer

Residence, care of Edgewater Athletic Club,
1205 Sherwin Ave., Chicago.

Coöperators' Correspondence Invited

Our Triple Purpose:

(1) To Regenerate the World with Advertising of Fasting Knowledge as an Act of Philanthropy.

(2) To provide Free Facilities for Fasting in Chicago, as an Act of Philanthropy.

(3) To Regenerate Ourselves, to Act as Free Instruments of God in the New Civilization at Hand.

We Proclaim Two (2) Principles

First, "That the Psychological condition during Fasting is the Key to Worldwide Regeneration."

Second, "That the Hypnotizing and Reëducation of the World's Subconscious Mind by Holding the *perfect vision* during Fasting is a Reality."

Dr. Aron and staff of *fasters* will soon leave for the Millson 1000-acre private estate in the Rocky Mountains for the "Ideal fast," viz.; "The Fast to Hunger," lasting from 40 to 90 days.

FREE DOUBLE LECTURE. No collection.

TUESDAY AT KIMBALL HALL

Room 828, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Six (6) letters of encouragement from Co-operators or Fasters in this week's mail will be read, as follows:

(1) Percy Ward of The Rationalist University Society.

(2) Alice Boyd of The Theosophical Society.

(3) Rose Berger, Nurse at The Municipal Tuberculosis Dispensary.

(4) Ross K. New, Late Editor of "The Occult Digest Magazine."

(5) Nannie Vercenius Keeler of The Church School of Self-Help.

(6) Harry Owen Saxon, Publisher and Author of "VIBRATIONS."

From 9:30 to 10:00 P. M. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with five-minute talks from experienced fasters.

This week's *mystery singer* will render her famous song, "Oh! Sweet Mystery of Life at Last I Found You."

(Letters in advance to Secretary from visiting celebrities can reserve seats.)

Free Instruction on Fasting

now being revised and printed, will be sent promptly when ready by mail to all that write the Secretary. Inclosing a stamped, self-addressed No. 9 (3 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{7}{8}$) return envelope.

The 3d of the 16 Free Lectures that are Making History

Dr. Aron on "Reading the Free Instructions."

This week's Coöperating Lecturer is *Robert L. Moffett* of The Executives Club, on the Subject "Increasing Industrial Efficiency 1000% Through Fasting."

(An Economic Discussion based on a Study by Mr. Moffett of "Efficiency Applied to Government.")

Announcing to the American People the New Civilization's 1929 Economic

"Declaration of National Efficiency."

"How the Government Can Solve the Farm Problem."

"If the Government were to take the 100's of millions of dollars proposed for farm subsidies, spend it on buying up farms, and let these farms lie fallow, in a short time our farm acreage would be reduced to an area which would produce only what the people could consume."

See Editorial in *Liberty Magazine* for June 1, 1929.

LOUISIANA

The progress of human nomenclature in Natchitoches, as revealed by the given names of girls singing in the choir of the Baptist church:

Sentelle	Aubyn
Velma	Fern
Erla	Emmabel
Verdelle	Nevin
Luouella	Willylee
Eula	Lona
Genelle	Sudie

DEACON W. L. TRUMAN of Gueydan, writing in the *Baptist Message* of Shreveport, describes a curious exploit of the Holy Spirit:

We had a treat this morning. A sermon by the Rev. Jacob Rosenthal, a converted Jew. What made it so interesting to me was the fact that he served for quite a while as rabbi in a Jewish Synagogue in Alexandria, La., and that the head nurse of the Baptist Hospital at Alexandria was the means of his conversion. He says that a wealthy Jewess of Alexandria asked him to slay one-half dozen chickens as rabbi for her. He did so, but inadvertently forgot to bless the knife. She called his attention to the fact. She told him to give those fowls to the Gentiles and then furnished others to be slain in a proper manner for the ceremonial observance of the Passover, for he says they use chickens in the United States instead of a lamb.

He thought the best place to take the fowls was as a gift to the Baptist Hospital. The lady in charge at the hospital thanked him and said he had a big heart to think of the sick. He told her the chickens were condemned as far as Jews were concerned. She said to him, "Though you are a big-hearted man you are condemned also." He wished to know why she spoke in that manner to a holy rabbi. She quoted the verse from John's gospel, with the closing clause, "But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not on the only begotten Son of God." She also advised him to

read the New Testament and learn of this Son of God.

He kept in mind what she had said to him, bought a Bible, carried it with him carefully concealed and read it—not at home, but in the synagogue—and was converted. Of course, he lost his position and was placed under the curse. His wife and children went to her family. His wealthy relatives in New York and elsewhere considered him an outcast. He said, humorously, that the synagogue at Alexandria was certainly made clean after he left, for every inch of the interior was thoroughly washed with water containing carbolic acid, in order to purify it from the pollution of the Gentile Bible he had kept there and the Christian it had made of him.

He came to Texas and was baptized at El Paso by Pastor Neal of the First Baptist Church. He has been and is still going about as an independent evangelist, working with the Jews and preaching in the churches. He says he has worked principally with Jews and Catholics, the latter of whom are much like Jews in their forms and ceremonies. He has been instrumental in 119 conversions during his three years among the Jews and 15 among the Catholics.

MARYLAND

A LEARNED professor in the Cumberland *Daily News*:

To all my pupils or any other Violin pupils:

Music is very expensive, and for the simple reason cannot be learned in a few weeks, but it will take years. That is why a prominent or capable teacher will not solicit business, because music is an art, and not funny. A good teacher not only in music, but in other professions, is judged by the public, and the public can easily see his ability. Parents and pupils must know that instruments, for instance, the violin, is the least expense in music, because a violin today can be obtained from three and a half up to five dollars, from such well-known violin makers as Goldman's of Columbus, Ohio, or the Czechoslovakia violin makers of New York City. So what parents should look after is who their children are taught by, then they will not waste any money, but will learn something. I am writing to the Cumberland people, as I have always tried to do my best with the music in the ten years I have been in Cumberland, and that is why I am taking the privilege to tell what I think is the best for the children in the music line.

PROF. ANTONIO LA MANCA.

THE celebrated *St. Mary's Beacon* of Leonardtown on the sad degeneracy of the times:

Despite the constant reports of prosperity and good business in old St. Mary's county, business men find it hard to make collections. Automobile salesmen are over-anxious to make sales. They are compelled by the makers to sell so many cars a month and they exert every known effort to dispose of their quota. Consequently

they sell to people whom they positively know will never be able to pay for their cars. Garage owners today who have put their last dollar into the auto business find that all they have to show for their money is a few automobiles, a tremendous large pile of junk, a book of uncollectible accounts, and a book balance looking like the North Pole. The man who was prompt in paying for his horse shoeing and buggy repairing will not pay his garage bill if he can get out of it. He will even buy his gas on credit, and steal his spark plugs and tires, just to keep her going. Politics has eliminated justice: those who have the pull go free, and those who haven't go to jail. A considerable amount of the taxpayers' money goes to office holders who are supposed to protect St. Mary's industries, but do they do it? Political graft in every department. No pull, no position: this is the motto in St. Mary's. Our country is overrun with lawbreakers and roughnecks. A man can't drive to the movies or a dance without having his automobile stripped, tires, motometers, spark plugs or pump stolen, and this condition is growing worse every day as our county officers seem to be asleep at the switch. They are paid good money to wear their pants out, sitting in their swivel chairs or letting barnacles grow on the bottoms of their patrol boats.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE REV. DR. RAYMOND CALKINS, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, and successor to Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker, as reported by the *Boston Globe*, chief organ of the New England intellectuals:

If you don't think there is room for hatred in religion you don't know real religion.

MICHIGAN

DR. AMOS R. MORRIS, professor of rhetoric at the University of Michigan, in *Michigan Night Radio Talks*:

We think it is no more sensational and no less significant to say that the emotional stimulus of a line of poetry or a sentence of prose can be accurately measured than to say how much human energy can be extracted from half a pound of well-cooked steak. There is no essential difference in the two problems; to estimate literary values is less simple and the technique is more subtle and refined; that is all.

MINNESOTA

A FREE American citizen, now gracing the town of Fergus Falls, unbosoms himself in the *Daily Journal* thereof:

I am sorry the city council is opposed to having heads examined in this city. What will the outsiders think? To my mind, a phrenologist is a great man. He has saved me trouble. When I

was a boy, I had my head examined, and I was informed by the phrenologist that I would never be a rich man; that I would be what is known as an easy mark, but nevertheless I would live a long life and most of my days would be spent in the sunshine. All of which has come true. Consequently, no one can make me believe that there is any humbug about the science. Is it possible the aldermen opposing were afraid of revelations if they were forced to be examined? Truth may be delayed, but can never be destroyed.

C. J. SAWBRIDGE.

MISSISSIPPI

THE celebrated Jackson *Daily News*:

Several weeks ago it was announced that President and Mrs. Hoover intend to visit several Southern States during the Autumn and early Winter.

For their own sakes and to save Southern people from embarrassment, it is sincerely hoped they will not do so.

The DePriest incident has placed President and Mrs. Hoover beyond the pale of social recognition by Southern people.

As tersely remarked by the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, the White House reception to a Chicago Negress did not establish the social equality of the Negro race, but it did establish the social status of President and Mrs. Hoover.

A Southern visit by President and Mrs. Hoover at this time—or any other time in the future—would mean social ostracism for them. We do not practice social equality and we refuse recognition to people who do practice social equality.

Anglo-Saxon men and women of the South have no desire to bring the President and Mrs. Hoover face to face with the enormity of their offense. It is wise, therefore, that plans for the Southern visit be cancelled.

MISSOURI

DIVINE worship in Kansas City:

HEAR HARGETT SUNDAY NIGHT

"GODLESS GIRLS AND CIGARETTES"

"PAUL AND JOHN"—RADIO ARTISTS

Harmonica Player in Request Numbers. Come and Ask Him to Play Your Favorite Hymn.

POWELL WEAVER ON BIG SKINNER ORGAN

Sunday Morning

"HOW TO RUN THE CHRISTIAN RACE"

I. M. Hargett

Evening Broadcast WOQ. Park at Cook's
GRAND AVE. TEMPLE

GRAND & NINTH OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

PASTOR PEYTON STEPHENS of Columbia announces a new heresy in the renowned *Western Recorder*, organ of the corn-fed Baptists:

The Behaviorists teach dogs to do things a dog ought not to do, or is not supposed to do. They make of him, if you please, an abnormal dog.

NEW JERSEY

REPORT of a miracle in the Union City *Hudson Dispatch*:

Increasing crowds gathered throughout the day and until late last night before the New York and New Jersey Mausoleum, North Bergen, to look reverently or curiously at the faintly shadowed likeness of the head of Christ which was discovered on the whitish-gray stone front of the building last Tuesday. In the evening, the crowd extended into the street, impeding traffic along the boulevard and policemen were detailed from North Bergen and Boulevard police headquarters to keep clear the lawn in front of the mausoleum and to open paths for automobiles and pedestrians. Many of those present last night regarded the appearance of the image as an authentic miracle. A few of these had passed the whole of the preceding night before the mausoleum, now gazing devoutly at the image, now bowing their heads in prayer. Several women, one with a child in her arms, made the sign of the cross or knelt to pray. . . . Since the image was discovered by Johanna Geiger, 16, of 4522 Boulevard, Union City, estimated crowds of 10,000 persons have visited the mausoleum. The image appears on the third stone from the south side of the building approximately three feet from the ground. It requires some study of the stone to discern the likeness, but once the eye catches it there is an undoubted resemblance to the painting of the Saviour. The head is seen in half profile. Some profess to be able to discern a crown of thorns about the brow.

NEW MEXICO

CARD of thanks in the eminent *Journal Albuquerque*:

This is to thank all persons who showed their token of affection by sending flowers and for kindness extended during the illness and death of my beloved husband, and to members of the society of Christopher Columbus for their hearty coöperation. *Sincerely,*

Mrs. JOHN BORRE.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE Stanley *News-Herald* gives space to tarheel none-such:

J. T. Wyatt, of Faith, N. C., can beat the whole world on some things and here they are: He has a corn stalk that has roots grown out at every joint 15 feet high. If anyone in the world can beat it, trot out your corn stalk.

J. T. Wyatt claims to be the only one living that has never took God's name in vain, never said a bad word in all his life. If anyone else in the world 80 years old can say the same thing, trot out your man, 80 years old or over.

J. T. Wyatt is the only man in the world that ever shipped a pair of millstones by parcels post. If anyone else in the world ever done so, trot out your man.

J. T. Wyatt started up the granite work in Faith about 37 years ago and now it is the life of the community, lots of work all the time for everybody.

J. T. Wyatt is the only man in North Carolina that can put up a museum that would be a credit to any city in the United States. He has lots of things used before the Revolutionary War, and he would like to place them out where they could be seen for all time to come, and wants someone to write and tell him the best place to place them.

Where did the Wyatts come from? Did not one of the Kings from some other country send a man named Wyatt to America and give him a large scope of the country in America and is that the way the Wyatts got started in the United States? Someone who knows write and tell us all about it so we can put it in our items.

J. T. Wyatt is the only person in the world that was ever awarded a silver loving cup for writing the items from his community. If anyone else ever was awarded a silver loving cup for writing items in the world, trot out your item writer.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit among the colored Methodists of Winston-Salem, as described by a correspondent of the *Christian Index*:

We have just closed a wonderful revival conducted by the Rev. Mrs. Ethel S. Byron. She is the most talented young lady preacher that has ever come to this part of the country. Her sermons are peaceful, soothing, instructive, and spiritual. They will always be remembered; preachers from far and near sat under her voice in our meeting and said, "She is wonderful, never a woman spake as she spake." The news started from Reynold's Temple, where she was with Rev. J. A. Hunter for one week, and Mr. Editor, you'd be surprised, some people followed her from one place to the other and never missed a night. We had a glorious feast. She is a fine pianist and singer. She tried to get folks to help her sing, but everyone was spell-bound and gazed in rapture.

OKLAHOMA

SOCIAL activities of the high-toned aborigines of Kingfisher, as reported by the *Times* thereof:

Robert White Eyes is preparing himself to win a few prizes in log rolling dance in the near future.

Sioux Tallmeat entertained a few guests at his place Tuesday evening and he appointed Elbert Red Nose as director of the hand game for the evening's event.

Robert White Eyes and his wife, Mrs. Crook

Nose were at the bedside of Mrs. Caddo Woman Wednesday.

Little Woman Cut Nose is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fighting Bull, who is sick in bed at the present time.

Big Nose and wife have returned to their home near Canton after an extended visit here.

Alonzo Lone Wolf Bushy has recovered from his cold or gripe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sore Head entertained a few guests Tuesday.

Rose Papaw is spending her vacation here in town.

Mrs. Wrinkle Foot is visiting her children near Watonga.

Orrin Turtle is enjoying eating his garden greens at the table, but he states that the bugs are eating the leaves off the potato stems.

John Turtle and his wife Mrs. Dog have returned to their home near Watonga.

Esther Red Nose is spending her vacation here with her father, Elbert Red Nose.

Elbert Red Nose, Jr., and Raymond White Crane of Hamon, Okla., motored here for a short visit.

Grandma Ghost Woman enjoyed the hand game last Friday at her home.

Chief Mohivod is planning to attend the green corn ceremony in the eastern part of the State with his son, Wild Cat.

THE trials of a Christian college president, as described by President W. W. Phelan of Oklahoma Baptist in the *Baptist Messenger* of Oklahoma City:

Occasionally a professor of English or of botany is a most potent Christian influence in the Christian college, but on the other hand the Christian influence of an institution may be undone by a single scoffing teacher. . . . A professor of physics or history should feel as much at home in the chapel as he does in the laboratory. Today the trouble arises largely in the departments of psychology and sociology. Out of the welter of viewpoints, those theories that are flatly contradictory to Christianity, and that deny implicitly and explicitly a God with whom we can have conscious relations, are inimical to Christian experience and should be openly denounced.

PENNSYLVANIA

DISCOURSE on the teaching of evolution in the schools, by a reader of the *Philadelphia Record*:

I have read with much disgust articles on evolution and would say the teaching to children that man appeared on this sphere by accident is a disgrace to civilization.

The school and the church in many respects do not harmonize. I do not mean to imply that all educators refer to the matter as a fact, but I do claim there are many who do.

If children are taught in school to believe they are descendants of apes and in Sunday-

school that God created Adam and Eve and blessed them, saying to be faithful and multiply and replenish the earth and have dominion over every living thing that moveth on the earth, such will grow up with a question mark before them having little or no belief in Christian doctrine and they cannot be censured for their unbelief but by circumstances pitied.

They feel of course that if their elders and the educated have no proof for what they teach after a period of 3000 years with about as many different denominations unable to decide on the contents of one book (the Bible), how can it be expected that they should know?

The Bible does not teach that God ever established an ape ranch and that they were told to increase and bring forth human beings or an Adam and Eve either, why should He when He is possessor of all power and life?

The fact of the matter is: The whole subject has been turned around, for humans produce more of the monkey type today than monkeys produce of human type.

So let the matter be reversed, it will fit in better with the word of God and at the same time not make more monkeys out of the human race.

It will also save many embarrassing questions that might be asked parents by their children concerning forefathers in future generations.

R. J. M.

TENNESSEE

EVANGELIST ELMER WOLFE, as reported by the Chattanooga *Daily Times*:

Christ is now judging the world, and when finished the world will come to an end. Since Oct. 22, 1844, an investigation court has been in progress before the throne of God in Heaven. Daniel was shown God as the Judge with the Son of Man and ten thousand times ten thousand of angels ministering before Him. This is a real court in which God is Judge, Christ is lawyer, the Devil is prosecutor, the angels are witnesses and the Ten Commandments are the code of law. Men will not be stood up in a row at the end of time as God appoints one to Heaven and one to Hell, but their destiny is decided before Christ comes. According to the prophecies of Daniel, we reach the time of court in Heaven and the last generation about the time of the falling of the stars. This generation should carry the gospel to all the world as outlined in Matt. xxiv:14 and then the end will come.

TEXAS

FROM the Thornton *Hustler*:

NOTICE AND WARNING!

To my bootlegger friends, by advice of a friend in one of the departments of Justice in Washington.

I am going to make it hard for any man to make or sell home brew or whiskey in Precinct 8.

Boys, don't let me or Mr. Nobles catch you, for we will bind you over to the grand jury with enough evidence to convict you. I'm not on the water wagon. My great grandfather took a drink or two in our war with England. Grandpa took one or two drinks in our war with Mexico. Pa and grandpa both had a drink or two in our Civil War. I was more or less drunk in three different armies. I will still take a drink. Boys, stay out of our way, we are your friends but have to do our duty.

NAT HUDSON and T. E. NOBLES.

(Pd. adv. by Nat Hudson.)

THE miraculous powers of Evangelist Raymond T. Richey, as revealed by a circular distributed in Houston:

A testimony out of hundreds on file in the office of Raymond T. Richey, Evangelist, from people who have been healed in his meetings.

DO HEALINGS LAST?

MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE

Mrs. Callie Combs, Bedias, Texas, witnesses today to one of the most miraculous healings of modern times. Before being prayed for she measured forty-four inches in the waist, having four large tumors. After being operated upon several times she was given up by the doctors and was only expected to live two weeks. In addition to this serious trouble she was deaf in one ear and nearly blind.

After being prayed for by Evangelist Raymond T. Richey in 1921 she was instantly healed. Tumors passed away, her hearing was restored and vision returned.

CANCER CURED BY PRAYER at RAYMOND T. RICHEY MEETING

(Taken from the Houston *Chronicle*)

Eleven persons testified to being cured of cancer at the Monday night meeting of the Raymond T. Richey Revival. They went upon the stage and told how they suffered and were given up by medical science only to be healed instantly through prayers to the Lord. The cancers left no scars, those who had been healed said. One woman had two cancers which disappeared after she had professed her faith in Jesus Christ and asked for relief, she said. Many said they had cancer for years; one man suffered seven years before he was prayed for and healed.

Daily testimonies are given in the meetings from people from all over the country and from outside States to healing from God in answer to the prayer of faith. Come and see! Come and hear! It is God's will to heal you. Give Him a chance!

THE HON. PITCHFORK SMITH of Dallas launches a new offensive against the Methodist Book of Discipline:

Women wouldn't hate to wash dishes so much if they would take a chew of tobacco before starting in at it.

THE MIND OF THE SOUTH

BY W. J. CASH

ONE hears much in these days of the New South. The land of the storied rebel becomes industrialized; it casts up a new aristocracy of money-bags which in turn spawns a new *noblesse*; scoriatic ferments spout and thunder toward an upheaval and overturn of all the old social, political, and intellectual values and an outgushing of divine fire in the arts—these are the things one hears about. There *is* a new South, to be sure. It is a chicken-pox of factories on the Watch-Us-Grow maps; it is a kaleidoscopic chromo of stacks and chimneys on the club-car window as the train rolls southward from Washington to New Orleans. But I question that it is much more. For the mind of that heroic region, I opine, is still basically and essentially the mind of the Old South. It is a mind, that is to say, of the soil rather than of the mills—a mind, indeed, which, as yet, is almost wholly unadjusted to the new industry.

Its salient characteristic is a magnificent incapacity for the real, a Brobdingnagian talent for the fantastic. The very legend of the Old South, for example, is warp and woof of the Southern mind. The “plantation” which prevailed outside the tide-water and delta regions was actually no more than a farm; its owner was, properly, neither a planter nor an aristocrat, but a backwoods farmer; yet the pretension to aristocracy was universal. Every farmhouse became a Big House, every farm a baronial estate, every master of scant red acres and a few mangy blacks a feudal lord. The haughty pride of these one-gallus squires of the uplands was scarcely matched by that of the F. F. V’s of the estuary of

the James. Their pride and their legend, handed down to their descendants, are today the basis of all social life in the South.

Such romancing was a natural outgrowth of the old Southern life. Harsh contact with toil was almost wholly lacking, as well for the poor whites as for the grand dukes. The growing of cotton involves only two or three months of labor a year, so even the slaves spent most of their lives on their backsides, as their progeny do to this day. The paternal care accorded the blacks and the white trash insured them against want. Leisure conspired with the languorous climate to the spinning of dreams. Unpleasant realities were singularly rare, and those which existed, as, for example, slavery, lent themselves to pleasant glorification. Thus fact gave way to amiable fiction.

It is not without a certain aptness, then, that the Southerner’s chosen drink is called moonshine. Everywhere he turns away from reality to a gaudy world of his own making. He declines to conceive of himself as the mad king’s “poor, bare, forked animal”; in his own eyes, he is eternally a noble and heroic fellow. He has always displayed a passion for going to war. He pants after Causes and ravening monsters—witness his perpetual sweat about the nigger. (No matter whether the black boy is or is not a menace, he serves admirably as a dragon for the Southerner to belabor with all the showiness of a paladin out of a novel by Dr. Thomas Dixon. The lyncher, in his own sight, is a Roland or an Oliver, magnificently hurling down the glove in behalf of embattled Chastity.)

Even Rotary flourishes primarily as a

Cause, as another opportunity for the Southerner to puff and prance and be a noble hotspur. His political heroes are, typically, florid magnificoes, with great manes and clownish ways—the Bleases and the Heflins. (It is said sometimes, I know, that they are exalted only by the rascals and the dolts, but, on a basis of observation, I make bold to believe that, while all decent Southerners vote against them, most do so with secret regret and only for the same reason that they condemn lynching, to wit: that they are self-conscious before the frown of the world, that they are patriots to the South.)

When the Southerner has read at all, he has read only Scott or Dumas or Dickens. His own books have been completely divorced from the real. He bawls loudly for Law Enforcement in the teeth of his own ingenious flouting of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. He boasts of the purity of his Anglo-Saxon blood—and, *sub rosa*, winks at miscegenation. Yet, he is never—consciously, at least—a hypocrite. He is a Tartarin, not a Tartuffe. Whatever pleases him he counts as real. Whatever does not please him he holds as non-existent.

II

How this characteristic reacts with industrialism is strikingly shown by the case of the cotton-mill strikes in the Carolinas. Of the dozen-odd strikes which flared up a few months ago, not one now remains. All failed. New ones, to be sure, are springing up as a result of the unionization campaign which Thomas F. McMahon, president of the United Textile Workers of America, is waging in the region. But the U. T. W. A. failed in similar campaigns in 1920 and in 1923 and, in the light of recent history, I see no reason to believe that the present drive is likely to be any more successful.

Yet the peons of the mills unquestionably have genuine grievances, *in the absolute*. Wages rarely top \$20. The average is from \$11 to \$14, with the minimum as low as

\$6. The ten-hour or eleven-hour day reigns. It is true that, as most of the mills own their own villages, houses are furnished the workers at nominal rentals. But, save in the cases of Cramerton, N. C., the Cone villages at Greensboro, and a few other such model communities, the houses afforded are hardly more than pig-sties. The squalid, the ugly, and the drab are the hallmarks of the Southern mill town. Emaciated men and women and stunted children are everywhere in evidence.

But the Southerner sees and understands nothing of this. Force his attention to the facts and he will, to be sure, appear for the nonce to take cognizance of them, will even be troubled, for he is not inhumane. But seek to remind him tomorrow of the things you have shown him today and you will discover no evidence that he recalls them at all; his talk will be entirely of the Cone villages and Cramerton and he will assume in all discussions of the merits of the case that these model kraals are typical of the estate of the mill-billy. The whole cast of his mind inhibits retention and contemplation of the hard facts, and he honestly believes that Cramerton is typical, that the top wage is the average wage. That is to say, he can honestly see only the pleasant thing. That is why, quite apart from antinomian considerations, the Southern newspapers almost unanimously denounced the accurate stories of the strikes printed by the New York *World* and the Baltimore *Sun* as baseless fabrications, inspired purely by sectional malice.

North Carolina furnished an interesting case study in this phase of the Southern mind when, at Gastonia, thugs, combed from the ruffians of two States and made sheriff's deputies, were loosed on a parade of inoffensive strikers, and dotards and women were mercilessly clubbed. A rumbling of protest shook the State. The Greensboro *Daily News* and the Raleigh *News and Observer* went so far as to denounce the business editorially. Whereupon—but that was all. Confronted by the damned facts, North Carolina gaped for a moment,

then hastily brushed the offensive object into the ashcan, poured itself an extra-long drink, and went back to the pleasant business of golf-gab or mule-swapping.

If I have made incidental mention of violence, let it not be inferred that, in general, the strikes have been crushed by the blackjack. It is a significant fact that only at mills owned and operated by Yankees, or, in the case of Elizabethton, Tenn., by Germans, has violence been in evidence. The native baron simply closes his mill and sits back to wait for nature to take its course. He understands, that is, that the strikes may be trusted to go to pieces in the mind of the striker himself.

That mind is, in every essential respect, merely the ancient mind of the South. It is distinctly of the soil. For the peon, in origin, is usually a mountain-peasant, a hill-billy of the valleys and coves of the Appalachian ridge. He is leisured, lazy, shiftless. He is moony, sharing the common Southern passion for the lush and the baroque. He yammers his head off for Heflin and Blease, not because they promise him better working and living conditions—they don't—but because Heflin is his captain in the War Against the Pope, because Blease led him in that grand gesture for Human Freedom, that Storming of the Bastille—the flinging open of the gates of the South Carolina penitentiary. He crowds such swashbuckling and witless brotherhoods as the Klan, the Junior Order, the Patriotic Order Sons of America, and the American Legion. He is passionately interested in the shouting of souls "coming through" at a tent-revival, in the thrilling of his spine to "Washed in the Blood" at the Baptist synagogue, in a passing medicine show, and in the next installment of "Tiger Love" at the Little Gem. But in such hypothetical propositions as his need of a bathtub, in such prosaic problems as his economic status, he is interested but vaguely if at all.

In brief, he is totally blind to the realities of his condition. Though for a quarter of a century he has been in contact with in-

dustry, and has daily rubbed elbows with a standard of living higher than his own, his standards remain precisely those of a hill-billy. He holds it to be against God to take a bath at any other time than Saturday night. Often enough, indeed, he sews himself into his underwear at Hallowe'en, not to emerge again until the robin wings the northern way. Scorning the efforts of Y. M. C. A. secretaries to lure him into shower-baths, he continues, with a fine loyalty to tradition, to perform his ablutions in the tin tub which does duty on Monday as the family laundry.

So with everything. He is not displeased with his mill-shanty—for the reason that it is, at its worst, a far better house than the cabins of his original mountain home. And he has little real understanding that his wages are meagre. In his native hill society, money was an almost unknown commodity and the possession of ten dollars stamped a man as hog-rich; hence, privately and in the sub-conscious depths of him, he is inclined to regard a wage of that much a week as affluence. He is still at heart a mountain lout, lolling among his hounds or puttering about a moonshine-still while his women hoe the corn. He has no genuine conviction of wrong. His grievances exist only in the absolute. There is not one among them for which he is really willing to fight. And that is the prime reason why all Southern strikes fail.

III

Moreover, the mind of the Southerner is an intensely individualistic mind. There again, it strikes back to the Old South, to the soil. The South is the historic champion of States' Rights. It holds Locke's "indefeasibility of private rights" as axiomatic. Its economic philosophy is that of Adam Smith, recognizing no limitations on the pursuit of self-interest by the individual, and counting unbridled private enterprise as not only the natural order but also the source of all public good. *Laissez-faire* is its watchword.

The Southerner is without inkling of the fact that, admirably adapted as such a philosophy was to the simple, agricultural society of the Jeffersonian era, it is inadequate for dealing with the industrial problems of today. He has never heard of the doctrine of the social function of industry and would not understand it if he had. He cannot see that industrialism inevitably consolidates power into the hands of a steadily decreasing few, and enables them, if unchecked, to grab the lion's share of the product of other men's labor; he cannot see that the worker in a machine age is not an individual at all but an atom among atoms—that he is no longer, and cannot possibly be, a free agent. Under the Southern view, even a cotton-mill is an individual. If a peon cares to work for the wage it chooses to pay, very well; if he doesn't, let him exercise a freeman's privilege and quit. But for him to combine with his fellows and seek to tie up the operation of the mill until his wages are raised—that, as the South sees it, is exactly as if a lone farm-hand, displeased with his pay, took post with a shotgun to bar his employer from tilling his fields.

The lint-head of the mills, indeed, is the best individualist of them all, and for this there is excellent reason. Often enough he owns a farm, his ancestral portion in the hills—rocks, pinebrush, and abrupt slopes, but still a farm, well adapted to moon-shining. If he is landless, there are hundreds of proprietors eager to secure him as a tenant, an estate in which he will not have to work more than three months out of twelve. As a result, there is a constant flow back and forth between the soil and the mills. Thus the Southern peon is not, in fact, and *as an individual*, as irrevocably bound to the wheel of industry as his Northern brother, since he may always escape to churldom. The equally valid fact that, because only a handful can escape at any given time, the mass of his fellows are held irretrievably in bondage is lost upon him. He is always, in his own eyes, a man apart. He exhibits the grasping jealousy

for petty personal advantage, the refusal to yield one jot or tittle for the common good, characteristic of the peasant. If, by a miracle, he is ambitious, his aspirations run, not to improving his own status by improving that of the class to which, in reality, he is bound, but to gaudy visions of himself as a member of the master class, as superintendent or even president of the mills. His fellows may be damned.

Another excellent reason, then, for the failure of Southern strikes is the impossibility of holding in organization the individualized yokel mind. The peon, to be sure, will join the union, but that is only because he is a romantic loon. He will join anything, be it a passing circus, a lynching-bee, or the Church of Latter Day Saints. He will even join the Bolsheviks (as at Gastonia, where the strikers were organized by the National Textile Workers' Union), though he is congenitally incapable of comprehending the basic notion of communism. The labor-organizers, with their sniffing pictures of his dismal estate, furnish him with a Cause for which he can strut and pose and, generally, be a magnificent galoot. And the prospect of striking invokes visions of Hell popping, the militia, parades, fist-fights and boozy harangues—just such a Roman holiday as he dotes on. By all means, he'll join the union!

But when flour runs low in the barrel, when monotonous waiting succeeds the opening Ku Klux festivities, when fresh clodhoppers, lured by the delights of movie-houses and ice-cream joints, begin to pour in and seize the vacant jobs in the mills, and when a strike-breaker drops around to the back door to say that, while the boss is god-dam sore, he is willing to give everybody just one more chance, well, the lint-head, who has no deep-seated sense of wrong, who all along has rather suspected that the business he is embarked on is indistinguishable from road-agentry, and who decidedly likes the ego-warming backslap of the boss, does the natural thing for a romantic and sidesteps reality—does the natural thing for an individualist and goes back to work.

IV

Finally, the mind of the South begins and ends with God, John Calvin's God—the anthropomorphic Jehovah of the Old Testament. It is the *a priori* mind which reigned everywhere before the advent of Darwin and Wallace. The earth is God's stage. Life is God's drama, with every man cast for his rôle by the Omnipotent Hand. All exists for a Purpose—that set forth in the Shorter Catechism. The Southerner, without, of course, having looked within the damned pages of Voltaire, is an ardent disciple of the Preceptor Pangloss: "It is demonstrable . . . that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for all being created for an end, all is necessary for the best end. Observe that the nose has been formed to bear spectacles—thus we have spectacles." Whatever exists is ordered. Even Satan, who is forever thrusting a spoke into the rhythm of things, is, in reality, ordained for the Purpose. But that in nowise relieves those who accept his counsels or serve his ends; their damnation is also necessary to the greater glory of God.

Under this view of things, it plainly becomes blasphemy for the mill-billy to complain. Did God desire him to live in a house with plumbing, did He wish him to have better wages, it is quite clear that He would have arranged it. With that doctrine, the peon is in thorough accord. He literally holds it to be a violation of God's Plan for him to have a bath save on Saturday night. Could he have a clear-seeing conviction of his wrongs, could he strip himself of his petty individualism, he would, nevertheless, I believe, hesitate under the sorrowing eyes of his pastor, wilt, and, borne up by the promised joys of the poor and torments of the rich in the Life to Come, go humbly back to his post in the mills. If you doubt it, consider the authentic case of the mill-billy parents who refused to let a North Carolina surgeon remove cataracts from the eyes of their blind daughter on the ground that if

God had wanted her to see He would have given her good eyes at birth. The peon is always a Christian.

The South does not maintain, of course, that, even in a closed, ordered world, change is impossible, but such change must always proceed from God. In the case of the lint-head, for example, it could come about in two ways. God could directly instruct the barons, who are such consecrated men that they pay the salaries not only of their uptown pastors but of the peon's shepherds as well, to give the peon better wages and a bathtub, in which case He, of course, would be promptly obeyed. It is clear that He has not yet resorted to this method, which, indeed, must be described as somewhat extraordinary. The more usual way would be for Him to communicate His wishes to His immediate servants, the holy men. These holy men hold audience with Him several times daily, so that the South is in constant touch with His plans. At this writing, the uptown pastors seem agreed that God is insistent that there must be less raging after vain things like porcelain baths and more concern with the Higher Life. With this report that of the peon's shepherds coincides perfectly.

The liaison thus maintained between God and the South through His intelligence men is the explanation of many things—for instance, the paradox that our States' Rights, individualistic, *laissez-faire* hero is the chief champion of Prohibition. Many explanations for that have been offered, but it seems to me to be pretty evident that the Noble Experiment arose in the South primarily from the fact that the college of canons went into a huddle with God and emerged with the news that He wanted a Law. The gallant Confederate, of course, was and is not, in fact, dry. But if God wanted a Law—well, He got it. That is why the South will tolerate no monkey-business with the Volstead Act. It is God's Law. And therein, indeed, is stated the South's whole attitude toward morals. Adultery, thievery, horse-racing, cock-

fighting, whatnot, are wrong not because they react unfavorably on human society but because they are forbidden by God, either in the Bible or in the dictums of the chosen vessels of His Will. Individual transgressions of most of these laws may, to be sure, be glossed over by an extra dollar on the collection plate on Sunday, but to oppose the laws themselves is to oppose God. Blasphemy is the first crime in the Southern calendar.

It follows, from both his romanticism and his theology, that the Southerner is ungiven to reflection. Thinking involves unpleasant realities, unsavory conclusions; and, happily, there is no need for it, since, as everything is arranged by God, there is nothing to think about. The South, with more leisure than New England, has yet produced no Emerson nor even a Thoreau. Though the British friars shrieked and tore their garments as lustily when Darwin advanced the doctrine of evolution in 1859 as did their Southern brethren when such Catalines as Dr. W. L. Poteat, of North Carolina, bore it below the Potomac forty years afterward, yet all England accepted it within two decades, while the South, in significant contrast, is no more reconciled to it today than in 1900. All that matter of the origin of man was settled very long ago—set down in Genesis by God Himself. To question it is to blaspheme. All ideas not approved by the Bible and the *shamans* are both despised and ignored. And, indeed, a thinker in the South is regarded quite logically as an enemy of the people, who, for the common weal, ought to be put down summarily—for, to think at all, it is necessary to repudiate the whole Southern scheme of things, to go outside God's ordered drama and contrive with Satan for the overthrow of Heaven.

All problems are settled categorically. Maxim and rule are enough. Precedent is inviolable. And nice distinctions are, of course, impossible. A nigger, for example, is either a vile clown or an amiable Uncle Tom. If he insists on upsetting things by being something else, he passes, like

Elijah, in a chariot of fire, and is wafted to his reward on wings of kerosene. (The Southerner, faced with any reality which refuses to fit into his rose-colored, pigeon-holed world, quietly abolishes it. Lynching is not only a romantic gesture but a protective one as well.) The more serious and intelligent of the cotton-mill operatives, unlike their peers in most industrial hives, are never found pondering Prince Kropotkin, Karl Marx, or even Upton Sinclair. Their minds run rather to the problem of convincing sinful souls of the merits of total immersion. Their own case is disposed of by maxims: "The poor we have with us always," "Servants, obey your masters" and "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world."

It is this lack of thoughtfulness which accounts for the fact that the mind of the South is almost impervious to change, that, for a quarter of a century, it has successfully resisted the steadily increasing pressure of industrialism, blithely adopting the Kiwanis moonshine—all those frothy things it found compatible—but continuing, in the main, to move through the old rhythms. I have paid much attention herein to the cotton-mill peon because it seems obvious to me that if change is to come about in the Southern mind, it must arise from him, for he is in most direct contact with industry and it is in his status that the inadequacy of the old formulæ is most clearly evident. Everywhere revision of values and adjustment of the agricultural mind to industrialism have been brought about by the revolts of the laboring classes, since it is the natural tendency of the upper classes to assume that *quand le Roi avait bu, la Pologne était ivre*, and to ask: "When all goes so well, why trouble to change?"

But the Southern peon is scarcely touched by industrialism. He accepts; he does not question and challenge. His desultory revolts have not arisen from his own convictions but from the urging of professional agitators. Even the recent spontaneous walkouts in South Carolina were inspired,

not by protest against wages and living conditions, but by collision between the peon's native shiftlessness and so-called efficiency system introduced in Yankee-owned mills; they prove nothing save that he declines to become industrialized

V

But if the much-proclaimed industrialization of the South is merely a matter of externals, the remaining ingredients of the New South formula are scarcely more than wind. The money-bags do exist, certainly—a handful of parvenus. But they have begotten no new cultural *noblesse*, nor are they likely to. Sworn enemies of the arts, of all ideas dating after 1400, and of common decency, they have imported the senseless Yankee dogma of work for work's sake, and seek rather to destroy than to increase that leisure which must be the basis of any culture. All their contributions to educational institutions, of which the Duke gift is the outstanding example, have been motivated by a desire to perpetuate the old order, not to create an enlightened new one. As for the prognostications of social, political, and intellectual revolution, the prophecies of the outpouring of heavenly fire—they, like the great Woof-Woof in Kansas, arise from nowhere; like the earth, they are hung upon nothing—unless, indeed, it be the cabalistic imaginations of those occult professors who write books called “The New South” or “The Rising South” or “The Advancing South.”

There, to be sure, is the breaking of the Solid South, the swinging of traditionally Democratic States into the Republican column last Fall. But that was proof, not that the mind of the South had changed, but that it was unchanged. Satan had seized the Democratic party, and the oriflamme of God, as was witnessed by all the holy men, had passed to the keeping of the Republicans. The Southerner merely chose to remain loyal to the All Highest. The sadly moth-eaten Cause of White Supremacy was laid aside for two shiny and extraordinarily

juicy new ones—the plot of the Pope (Satan's cousin) and the scarcely less electric plot of the Rum Ring. Save among cotton-mill barons and a few Babbitts, the Hoover *élan* and Republican principles—whatever, and if, they may be—had nothing to do with the matter. As I write, the De Priest incident seems to have miraculously refurbished and revived the bogey of the Ethiop—and the Southern Democratic bosses are engaged in identifying themselves with the War on the Pope by bellowing for Raskob's scalp and openly threatening to repudiate the national party if Great Moral Ideas are again defied. Whichever party best combines causes and monsters and clinches its claim to the banner of God will win. Party labels may or may not be changed. In any case, I believe, the mind of the South will remain the same.

There are, too, of course, Mr. James Branch Cabell, Mr. DuBose Heyward, Mrs. Julia Peterkin—a little group of capable craftsmen who have abandoned the pistols and coffee-lilacs and roses-sweetness and light formulæ of Southern *littérateurs* to cope with reality. It is true also that the South swells with pride in them. But—I have myself watched a lone copy of “The Cream of the Jest” gather flyspecks for two years in a bookshop not two hundred miles south of Monument avenue. For, gloss it over as one will, it is undeniably true that Mr. Cabell's persons do things forbidden by the Bible, that Poictesme, as compared with the satrapies of Bishops Cannon, Mouzon, *et al.*, is in sin, and that (O base infidelity!) he fails to view these matters with becoming indignation. Of late days, I have heard often the plaint that “Mamba's Daughters” is both pointless and untrue to the Southern Negro, which last is to say that Mr. Heyward's portrayals fit neither the Uncle Tom formula nor that of the vaudeville buffoon. And Mrs. Peterkin's “Scarlet Sister Mary” is barred from the library at Gaffney, in her native State of South Carolina, as an immoral book. The gloomy fact is that, however much

patriotic pride the Southerner may take in the fame of these people, he is bewildered and infuriated by their works.

Lastly, there are such diverse factors—to mention a few out of many—as Odum's *Social Forces* and Koch's *Playmakers* at the University of North Carolina, Poteat's teaching of evolution in face of the stake, to young Baptists at Wake Forest College for the past thirty years, and the Commission for Inter-racial Coöperation, which aims to foster a more reasonable attitude toward the Negro. It would be foolish to say that they have had no civilizing influence. But it is insanity to claim that they have had any definite effect on the mass of Southerners, to assert that there is any prospect of their engendering, at an early date, a revolution of thought in the South. The men who are responsible for these things, like the artists I have discussed, are not, in any true sense, of the Southern mind. All of them are of that level of intelligence which is above and outside any group mind. They are isolated phenomena, thrown up, not because of conditions in the South, but in spite of them.

Eventually, of course, must come change.

Perhaps, indeed, the beginning of it is already at hand. For, undeniably, there is a stir, a rustling upon the land, a vague, formless, intangible thing which may or may not be the adumbration of coming upheaval. Tomorrow—the day after—eventually—the cotton-mill peon will acquire the labor outlook and explosion will follow. In the long run the mind of the South will be remade. Will that bring on the millennium which the prophets profess to see as already in the offing? Will Atlanta become another Periclean Athens, Richmond a new Augustan Rome? I don't know, certainly, but I glance at the cotton-mill barons, the only product of readjustment yet in evidence, and take the liberty of doubting it. I suspect that the South will merely repeat the dismal history of Yankeedom, that we shall have the hog apotheosized—and nothing else. I suspect that we shall merely exchange the Confederate for that dreadful fellow, the go-getter, Colonel Carter for Mr. Lowell Schmaltz, the Hon. John LaFarge Beauregard for George F. Babbitt. I suspect, in other words, that the last case will be infinitely worse than the first.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Hygiene

SCHOOL VENTILATION

BY ERNEST W. STEEL

IF THE ventilation of school buildings is to come to any dignity as an applied science it will be necessary for designers to abandon the exploded theories which have so long served them. This statement applies particularly to those massive and imposing public schools, to which boards of education point with pride. They usually include the most elaborate mechanical ventilation systems in spite of the fact that observation and experiment have proved that simpler methods are more conducive to the health of the children and far less expensive to the taxpayer.

The practice in question had its beginning many years ago with the erroneous notion that expired air contained poisonous matter, which, if allowed to accumulate in sufficient quantities in rooms, would cause nausea, headache, collapse, and even the death of the occupants. Some historical instances of deaths due to insufficient ventilation undoubtedly had much to do with the genesis of the "crowd poison" idea. The Black Hole of Calcutta is one of the classic examples. In 1756, at the command of Siraj-ud-Daula, a rebellious Indian potentate, 146 British prisoners were crowded into a cell designed to hold not more than one or two men, and were there confined during a hot Summer night. Only twenty-three of them survived.

The development of chemical science has established the fact that the only important difference between inspired and expired air is the greater amount of carbon dioxide in the latter. Naturally, it was first supposed that excessive amounts of carbon dioxide were responsible for the effects noted at the Black Hole. In the

absence of proper scientific experiment this became a fixed idea. Observations made by de Chaumont in 1875 led him to believe that air of occupied rooms containing more than .06% of carbon dioxide was dangerous, and sanitarians of the time quite generally accepted his conclusions.

Investigators following de Chaumont, however, threw new light on the subject. They soon found that carbon dioxide is harmless. They pointed out that brewery workers often breathed air containing as much as 5% of the gas without apparent injury. The inert carbon dioxide, if present in sufficiently large amounts, dilutes the oxygen and an increased rate of breathing is the only effect. In spite of this new knowledge the limit set by de Chaumont has remained the dogma of the designer and seller of ventilation equipment.

About 1905 Heymann and others demonstrated the real cause of the distress resulting from poor ventilation. Their experiments were identical in procedure, and consisted of placing the subject in an airtight cabinet so arranged that temperature, humidity, and other conditions could be varied at will by the observer. The different investigators brought out the same facts. The subjects in the cabinet showed no distress even when the air breathed contained very high concentrations of carbon dioxide as long as the temperature was not allowed to rise. With high temperatures, however, the symptoms of "crowd poisoning" soon began to occur. At 80° F., with moderate humidity, and at 70°, with high humidity, the subjects complained of headache, nausea, and depression. Furthermore, allowing them to breathe fresh air from without gave no relief. Finally, persons on the outside breathing air from the cabinet were wholly unaffected. The con-

clusion is inescapable. The primary purpose of ventilation is to prevent injuriously high temperatures in occupied rooms rather than to furnish large volumes of "fresh" air.

The de Chaumont standard is responsible for the present mechanical ventilation methods in schools. A known and definite amount of carbon dioxide is produced in breathing. This, when added to the normal amount always present in the atmosphere, gives a total which must, according to the standard, always be less than .06%. Mathematical computation shows that at least thirty cubic feet of fresh air must be furnished each minute for each person in a room to keep the carbon dioxide below the prescribed limit. The majority of school ventilation systems are designed to supply this enormous volume of air. For example, a forty-pupil room would receive 1,200 cubic feet of air a minute. This can only be accomplished by using an elaborate system of fans, inlet ducts and exhaust ducts, combined with a central heating plant and sometimes with arrangements for washing and humidifying the air. Windows are not supposed to be opened while such a system is in operation.

The natural ventilation of school buildings discards the carbon dioxide standard, and is more concerned with maintaining the proper temperature. The air is obtained through the windows, which are opened at the bottom only. The heating units are radiators placed below the windows. A deflector at the window sill guides the incoming air upward. Being somewhat cooler than the room air, it sinks to the zone of occupancy, where it tends to become warm as a result of contact with the pupils. The overheated air then rises to escape through an exhaust duct in the wall opposite the windows, gravity being sufficient to conduct it through a stack in the roof. Shields are placed before the radiators to prevent the discomfort which would result from the direct radiation of heat toward nearby pupils.

While Heymann's experiments estab-

lished the effects of temperature in occupied rooms, it remained for later workers to discover the optimum temperatures for school-rooms. The New York State Commission on Ventilation, headed by C. E. A. Winslow, published its report in 1923 after five years of study. It made careful observations and experiments in a number of New York schools. The effects of various temperatures upon the health of the students, as shown by the incidence of respiratory diseases, were noted. The health records of the naturally ventilated schools were also compared with those of the mechanically ventilated ones.

It was found that in school-rooms where the average temperature was 68.5° there were 18% more absences due to respiratory diseases than where the average temperature was 68°. A temperature of 66.5° was observed to be even more effective in keeping illnesses down. Lower temperatures were neither better nor worse.

Comparison of the illness records of naturally and of mechanically ventilated schools showed that natural ventilation was more healthful. The explanation is that temperatures in the naturally ventilated schools were nearer the optimum values than where mechanical ventilation was applied. This is apparently a fault of mechanical ventilation which cannot be avoided. The large volume of air which must be furnished to supply thirty cubic feet a minute a person creates a considerable air movement, which, in turn, causes highly uncomfortable drafts, unless the room temperature is kept at or about 70°. This being above the optimum temperature, a higher incidence of colds and other respiratory disorders is favored.

The usual arrangement of windows and exhaust ducts in natural ventilation provides an air supply of about ten cubic feet a minute a person. Air interchange at this rate is not accompanied by noticeable drafts even at low temperatures. As a matter of fact, even less air might be furnished with safety except for the possible occurrence of disagreeable odors. The un-

pleasant, though harmless, exhalations from unwashed clothing and bodies and from victims of halitosis should be removed by a moderate air interchange.

Statistics from other sources uphold the conclusion of the New York State Commission, namely, that natural ventilation is more healthful than other methods. In Cleveland, during 1927-1928, of four schools studied the two which were mechanically ventilated had twice as many absences due to respiratory illnesses as the naturally ventilated group. In New Haven, in 1926-1927, absences amounted to 3% of the pupil sessions in mechanically ventilated schools as compared with 1.8% in the naturally ventilated ones. Other confirmatory data have been obtained in Chicago and Syracuse.

It is interesting to note that there is some evidence that temperature is not the only factor which keeps the illness rate lower in naturally ventilated schools. In some cases school-rooms so ventilated have had average temperatures somewhat higher than the fan-ventilated rooms with the same result: a better record as to respiratory illnesses. Several explanations have been offered as to the physiological benefits other than more favorable temperature. Humidity differences have been suggested and eliminated. Local drafts may be involved. Anyway, there is ample ground for preferring window ventilation. At the present time there is no other known means by which infections of the upper respiratory tract may be reduced among school children, a group, by the way, which is especially susceptible to them.

The hygienic and economic advantages of natural ventilation are so obvious that its use should be welcomed. Some opposition has developed, mainly on the part of those who are financially interested in mechanical ventilation. All of these objections except two are negligible. They are:

1. In natural ventilation the air must enter by the windows. It may, when schools are unfavorably located, be dusty, smoky, and odorous. On the other hand,

when mechanical ventilation is used, the air intake may be located at a point where purer air is obtainable, and, furthermore, the air can be heated, cooled, humidified, scrubbed and made equal to the zephyrs of the best Summer resorts.

2. The air temperature must be regulated by the teacher, who will be required to watch the thermometer, adjust windows and regulate radiators; whereas with mechanical ventilation the expert services of the janitor will relieve the teacher of such details.

Both objections are easily met. The possibility of dusty air entering by the windows does exist, but it is eliminated by mechanical ventilation only during a part of the year. When the heating of the schools is unnecessary, the ventilation system is invariably out of operation, and dependence has to be placed upon windows. Furthermore, but little investigation is necessary to establish the fact that the average janitor is not competent to operate the complicated apparatus of a mechanical ventilation plant. He shovels coal into the furnace with Olympian indifference to thermometers, thermostats and dampers. When, as frequently occurs, rooms become too warm, windows are opened by the teacher.

At present, mechanical ventilation has the sanction of most State laws. With regard to school ventilation twenty-two States require thirty cubic feet of air a minute a person. Only two have reduced the standard to ten to fifteen cubic feet. Wisconsin, in a recently passed statute, has set a reactionary standard that in effect calls for more than thirty cubic feet a minute. The other States have no standards at all, and leave the matter to be decided by the local school boards.

Apparently, the change to more healthful ventilation methods is going to be slow. Possibly the taxpayer, whose children are being unnecessarily exposed to health hazards and whose pocket-book is suffering under the old methods, may bestir himself to demand reforms.

Design

THE FINE ARTS vs. THE APPLIED
ARTS

By WARREN E. COX

EVERY great work of art is a great piece of craftsmanship and every great artist is at heart a great craftsman. As Leonardo da Vinci said, "Thou, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labor." In fact, the only line that can be drawn between fine art and applied art is that the one exists only for the pleasure it gives, while the other not only gives pleasure but has some definite use.

It is interesting to note that during the best periods of art this distinction was not well defined. In Egypt it was unknown. In Greece sculptors did as masterful works for the ornamentation of a pediment as for exhibition upon a pedestal. In the Far East the distinction has not existed for thousands of years, and in China a 2000-year-old bronze cooking vessel, a T'ang Dynasty mortuary vase, or a Kang Hsi porcelain flower vase is valued as highly as any painting or sculpture, while in Japan a lacquer box by Korin, a teacup by Kenzan, his brother, or a screen by Koyetsu again ranks as the finest of art. Persia, India and the other nations of Western Asia have long been celebrated for their beautiful rugs, pottery and metalwork, and there even the art of painting, through its application to mural decoration and the illumination of books (the writing and binding of which were executed by the same master), was often imbued with that spirit of pleasing for a definite purpose that reveals the mind of the craftsman.

In Europe this spirit, which forced the artist to devote himself not only to the development of his own inspiration but also to the surrounding factors which have to do with the final effect of his work, was sturdily maintained throughout the Renaissance, and Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini, along with many others, laid great stress upon the

necessity for craftsmanship and a consideration of the difficulties of application involved in their work. These artists were craftsmen such as few other groups have been, and it would be as difficult to conceive the possibility of Michelangelo following the present-day method of modelling a figure in clay and trusting it to stonecutters to carry out as it would to think of Cellini permitting one of his designs to be executed by some other goldsmith. It is true that the artists of the Renaissance maintained an apprentice system and allowed students working with them to lay the ground of a painting, or even at times to work upon some of the simple decoration to be used, but these apprentices served from childhood and were closely supervised by their masters, so that they too were excellent craftsmen.

However, during the Renaissance there was an element which worked strongly against this spirit of application: it was the new habit of collecting, started by the discovery of many ancient works of art. These works of art were purchased by princes of state and church and kept in collections, and it was not long before connoisseurs commenced to extend their interest in collecting so that it covered not only ancient works but also those executed by contemporary artists. Cellini as a goldsmith was employed by various royalties to do works of art which were to have no actual use, and so were many painters after the death of Leonardo da Vinci and of Raphael, though Tiepolo and Rubens were certainly decorators in the grand sense.

With the dimming of Italy's glory and, the commencement of painting in the north countries all chance for decoration and for direct application was lost. In France, Gothic architecture, because of its lack of wall space, prevented the development of a school of mural painting. In Holland, a country, at that time, of a republican people, there were no longer orders for the decoration of churches or palaces and the

painters tended toward the more intimate themes of *genre* painting. In these countries, however, stress was still laid upon technique, and as the technique of decoration had been denied the artists, their eager search for truth and beauty led them to devote their interest to realism, which was developed, as time went on, to an almost ridiculous degree. Even so great a painter as Rembrandt wasted the time and energies of a genius upon such subjects as the "Slaughtered Ox" and the "Lesson in Anatomy of Professor Van Culp," while in Spain, because of the strong Gothic tendencies there appeared the development of the grotesque, as may be seen in many of Goya's paintings of cripples, and in such pictures as "The Club Foot" by Ribera. Painters had been robbed of their right to an application of their art, and had to find some field in which they could develop further qualities of technique.

In 1589 the Bolognese Academy was formed by Ludivico, Agos ino and Carracci. They were responsible for the commencement of that system of painting by learned formula called academic and at the same time for the drawing apart of painters from other artists. Painting had until this time served the church and state and when denied this service it turned to fact—the almost photographic reproduction of things as they were. Later under Poussin, Watteau and Boucher in France it served what may possibly be termed poetry, but with the formation of the academies painters determined that they would serve no longer, and painted solely to please themselves.

Now, if one field of art is called fine the implication is that other fields are not fine, or not fine to the same degree, and thus it was that purposeless art, art created to please no one other than its creators, came to be appreciated more than that which had a legitimate reason for its being. Painters became so bigoted that they refused to let their works be hung on walls and resorted to showing them on gilded easels, feeling that they gained in importance thereby. Their brother artists, the sculp-

tors, who, through the opportunities offered by Gothic and by later developments in architecture, had kept a more reasonable viewpoint, followed the painters and retreated to their studios, where they did "classic" figures designed for no purpose other than the gracing of a marble pedestal in a mid-Victorian parlor. Their defense was in the argument: "Yes, it is true that that is a beautiful work of art for its purpose, but mine is finer for the reason that it has no purpose other than that of being beautiful." Obviously, this was false reasoning, but nevertheless purposeless art became the proudest possession of successful men. Painters were ashamed to be called craftsmen, as the great masters had been proud to call themselves, and the thing was carried so far that they felt themselves even superior to their brothers, the sculptors, so that one often heard in academic circles the term "artists and sculptors," as though painters were the only artists in the true sense of the word.

When this state of affairs was at its height the machine commenced to influence art. The young woman driving a new roadster realized that flounces and bustles were not in keeping, and after having attained to a clean-cut costume in keeping with her car she felt the necessity for a simplification of her home and swept many of the gewgaws and bibelots from the shelves of the whatnots. Craftsmen were forced to take another attitude, and simpler designs, derived from ancient models or created in a completely new spirit, were executed and used in great numbers by the public. Thus the necessity for application immediately put the craftsman in the way of creating a new and vital art or combination of arts, and it has resulted in the development of a new taste.

The painters, on the other hand, working in their studios, only vaguely sensed the change, and searching for some modern expression, adopted arbitrarily formula after formula of new tricks in style. In fact, most painters became so independent in their sense of fineness that each individual de-

veloped his own and argued with others that his was the finest, or, like Picasso, created from year to year five or six different formulæ. And so we have lived through the days of the futurists, the post-impressionists, the cubists, the dadaists, and the vorticists, among hundreds of other isms, until there exists an utter chaos and most men of reasonable intelligence are ready to admit frankly that they know nothing about art. One often witnesses the strange spectacle in the home of some well-to-do citizen of a perfect taste in the furnishings and decorations with the owner proudly exhibiting some incomprehensible painting in one of the modern manners which he himself does not understand but has bought on faith, from the exploiting dealer or the raving artist.

The sculptors did not as a rule follow in this nonsense, perhaps because they had already resumed the attitude of craftsmen and were not ashamed to work for the architects and landscape architects. They found no vorticist buildings, and cubist foliage was distinctly rare, but a few of them who were unable to master the difficulties of anatomy, structure, rhythmical form, and other elements of their technique, and who were therefore looking for short-cuts to fame, fell with the painters into the execution of tricky stunts which lacked meaning for anyone but themselves. Small groups of serious thinkers (who might

just as well have been Rosicrucianists or believers in the Millennial Dawn), aided by art dealers who argued seriously about the new art, convinced our honest well-to-do citizens that they ought to see something of deep meaning in the suave pretty form of a Brancusi, or in the blue outline of a Cézanne, instead of a simple and a very unimportant experiment in personal technique.

Think of the result upon the confidence of the man who knows little about art! Think of the result upon the aims and activities of our art students—the coming artists! Is it not necessary that we eliminate the cloud of mystical buncombe which the practicers of “fine” art have thrown about themselves? It seems evident that this chaos can be cleared up if the man in the street can be reassured that art is, and has always been, primarily designed to please him, and that “applied” art—art which makes something which we need about us beautiful—is just as fine and noble as anything which in the spirit of art for art’s sake emanates from the confines of a studio.

Let us get over this adolescent puppy-love of art which sets her upon a pedestal and surrounds her with a nimbus of mystery. Let us, if need be, bring her into our midst to dance the Charleston or the Black-bottom, if by so doing we can give her back the power to move men, for it is better that she live to be a wanton than die a pure and lonely maid.

THE UNITARIANS

BY MORTIMER SMITH

THE Unitarians, theologically, are the most liberal religious sect in the United States—and also the most insignificant numerically. The movement came into existence in this country more than a hundred years ago, but since that time it has succeeded in gaining but 60,000 adherents. Other sects with far shorter histories and far less reasonable theologies have done much better—Christian Science, for instance. The divine inspiration descended upon Mrs. Eddy in 1866, only sixty-three years ago, but today some of the more optimistic Christian Scientists estimate that no less than 10,000,000 disciples believe in the miraculous power of her gospel.

Perhaps Unitarianism would have become more widespread were it not for the fact that Unitarians seem to have no proselyting zeal whatsoever. Apart from the publishing of pamphlets describing their history and beliefs, which are distributed gratis to those who ask for them, they make no effort to spread their gospel and win converts. One of the favorite taunts of the orthodox is that they have never sent a single missionary to foreign lands to save the poor heathen. The fact that the movement had its origin in New England and has been, until recent years, almost exclusively a phenomenon of the State of Massachusetts, has no doubt had some bearing on the fact that its adherents lack the ardor that the evangelical churches have always displayed. A certain sense of intellectual superiority has been characteristic of Unitarians from the beginning, and it has caused them to hold aloof from the coarse methods employed by other sects

to swell their ranks. They have always been very exclusive, as befits Boston Brahmins. For if the masses have not embraced the faith, then every president of Harvard University has, from 1810 down to the present day. So have all the literary lions of the North—Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes—and many American statesmen, North and South—Webster, Sumner, Edward Everett, Calhoun, Hannibal Hamlin, John Marshall and Joseph Story. A host of other famous Americans have also been Unitarians—among them Margaret Fuller, Agassiz, Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, John Fiske, Francis Parkman, Horace Mann and Lucretia Mott. The church proudly claims the late Steinmetz and the late Luther Burbank, but there is some doubt if either of them, strictly speaking, could have been called a Unitarian, though the electrical wizard was a friend of the Rev. Ernest Caldecott of the Unitarian Church in Schenectady, and on occasion attended that church, and Burbank seems to have been at least spiritually if not officially a Unitarian. The late Senator Robert M. LaFollette was a Unitarian and so is Senator Duncan I. Fletcher of Florida. So is Mr. Hoover's new superintendent of Federal prisons, Sanford Bates. So are David Starr Jordan, Chief Justice Taft, Robert Millikan, Alice Foote MacDougall (the coffee queen) and A. Lawrence Lowell.

Thus the worldly élite if not the heavenly elect go to make up this little sect. If the fellowship is comprised of such as these, why bother about the rabble? This has always been the attitude of the Boston Unitarian. But now that centres of Uni-

tarianism are growing up in other cities and men of a less strictly academic type than the preachers of yesterday are entering the ministry, the church is losing some of its superior aloofness. It is, indeed, even venturing to conduct missions, not dissimilar to the Catholic mission for non-Catholics, in parts of the country that are strongholds of Fundamentalism. These missions are preaching services at which the uninitiate may hear the gospel of liberal Christianity expounded by the most adroit and attractive personalities of the denomination. In New York, especially, the Unitarians seem to be waking up, for in recent issues of the local papers are to be found advertisements paid for by the Metropolitan Conference of Unitarian Churches inviting the reader to investigate "a church for people who think." This break with the shy tradition seems to be a direct result of the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy in the evangelical churches. What the Modernist is declaring to be New Truth is to the Unitarian but a commonplace and has been part of his religion for a hundred years, and he is now determined to get some of the credit as its discoverer.

II

Unitarianism has proceeded on its way throughout the years so unpretentiously that many otherwise enlightened persons have but a vague idea of what it's all about. The general impression is that it is sort of second cousin to Episcopalianism, with the same rather elastic moral code for its constituents but without the ritualistic frumpiness of that church. The rigidly orthodox Protestant, although frequently frowning on what he considers the laxity of the Episcopalians in dealing with sin and the Devil, yet accepts their theology. But he anathematizes the Unitarians forever because Unitarian theology definitely rejects all the doctrines of revealed Christianity. This rejection is only implied; the Unitarians have no set creed of denial, as the Episcopalians and Presbyterians and

Methodists have creeds of affirmation. They have, indeed, no creed at all; the nearest approach to one is a statement accredited to James Freeman Clarke (it is still to be found in the Sunday-school rooms of some of the more old-fashioned churches, framed and hung upon the wall) which declares: "We believe in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus and the progress of mankind onward and upward forever." The General Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches meeting in 1894 also declared:

These Churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with His teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God, and love to men.

Unitarianism as a type of religious thought is thus as old as Jewish monotheism, and as an organized religion can be traced back to the Sixteenth Century. In the early Christian church the prevailing thought was monotheistic, and in so far as they were true sons of Israel even Jesus and Paul can be said to have been Unitarians. The view of God as a unity which was the position of Arius seems to have prevailed throughout Christendom until the Council of Nicæa in 325, where it was supplanted by the Trinitarianism of Athanasius, which placed Jesus and the Holy Ghost as coequal Persons with the Father in the God-head. After this Council Arianism was smothered, as was all free thinking in science and philosophy, and not until the Renaissance did Unitarianism again become an influence. As an organization it first appeared in Transylvania with the conversion of the church at Kolozsvár in 1568, under the leadership of Francis David. Churches also flourished in Poland during this century but were finally repressed. In England the first Unitarian church was organized in London in 1774. In America, King's Chapel, Boston, became Unitarian in 1787. Thus Unitarianism has a background extending much farther into the past than those of most other Protestant sects. Whatever other indictment may be

brought against it, it cannot be said to lack the dignity of age.

The historical reason for the founding of Unitarianism in America was the inability of certain New England Congregationalists to accept the doctrine of the Trinity. As a logical outcome of this doubt they denied also the deity of Jesus and the historic doctrines of the Church regarding His person, but they nevertheless accepted His teachings and called themselves Christians, to the scandal of the orthodox. The patron saint of the movement was William Ellery Channing, who in 1819 delivered his famous Baltimore sermon at the installation of the Rev. Jared Sparks, wherein he defined the chief points of Unitarian Christianity. This sermon was the direct cause of a split between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians within the Congregational Church, and led to the founding in 1825 of the American Unitarian Association, which has functioned ever since.

It conducts all the denominational business, such as building new churches, aiding weak ones, distributing literature, arranging pensions, etc., and is comprised of a president and a corps of officers representing districts all over the United States. The president of the association from 1900 to 1927 was Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, whose father, the late Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard, was looked upon as the lay pope of the movement. Urbane and imperturbable, the younger Eliot ruled the denomination with a strong hand during his term of office, serving as a foil to those radicals who would commit it to acts not in keeping with the Bostonian tradition. Upon the death of Dr. Paul Revere Frothingham, minister of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, Dr. Eliot relinquished the presidency to become his successor in what is generally considered to be the wealthiest and most distinguished Unitarian parish in America. His influence, however, is still a potent factor in the denomination, and his successor, Dr. Louis C. Cornish, carries on its affairs with admirable fidelity to the Eliot policies.

Among the subsidiary organizations of the American Unitarian Association are the Woman's Alliance, the Laymen's League, the Young People's Religious Union, the Unitarian Temperance Society and the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice. This last-named group, whose membership is made up of Unitarian ministers of decidedly radical social views, has long been a thorn in the side of the conservatives. Being a small sect, the Unitarians have but one denominational journal, the *Christian Register*, but this is one of the best edited and most interesting religious magazines in the country. Its editor is Dr. Albert C. Diefenbach, who assumed control in 1918 and since then has adroitly changed it from a typical church paper, with the traditional pastoral notes, Sunday-school stories, etc., into a journal of opinion with more emphasis on extra-religious problems, sociological, economic and political, than on purely church matters. He has succeeded in making it comparable to those other excellent journals, the *Churchman* and the *Christian Century*. He was one of the first liberal clergymen to take Fundamentalism seriously as a menace, and his vigorous editorials have done much to spur Unitarians and other liberals into a defense of the faith against the onslaughts of the orthodox. He is uncompromising in his demand for freedom of teaching and devotes much of his time to lecturing on behalf of religious liberty.

Unfortunately, the records do not show that he has always been so ardent. Although himself of German parentage, he was, during the late crusade for democracy, in the very forefront of the clerical patrioteers who assured us that God was on the American side and against the unspeakable Hun. His editorials, which were later to ring with passionate devotion to religious liberty, were at this time far less devoted to that ideal; on the contrary, he preached a strenuous militarism which denounced in no uncertain terms those few pastors who opposed America's entry into the war on the ground that the spirit of

Christ was not compatible with slaughter. But this inconsistency on the part of liberals, whether Unitarian or not, is characteristic. The liberties they defend are the ones in which they happen to be interested. Dr. Dieffenbach defends religious radicals and denounces pacifists just as the Rev. John Haynes Holmes works himself into a frenzy over violations of the right of free speech but openly approves Prohibition.

The association also maintains a book department known as the Beacon Press, which publishes data on the history and present status of the Unitarian church. The works of Channing and Parker and the other heroes of the movement are all available in special editions, ably edited by men of sound scholarship, and the writings of present-day Unitarian divines are either published or distributed by this organization. These books are not of the dull devotional type usually published by religious presses, but are very often valuable contributions to the religious thought of the day.

The home of the association is in Boston and that city has always been the Mecca of Unitarianism. Of the 422 Unitarian churches in the whole United States, at least two-thirds are in New England, and more than twenty in the city of Boston. The best people in Boston have always been Unitarians, as the best people always tend toward clannishness. No one could be prouder of his label than a Boston Unitarian; it stamps him at once as one of the élite, devoid of the vulgarities of the common man and shining with intellectual superiority. Not a little of that feeling is well justified, although of late, along with the general decay of Boston as the American Athens, Unitarianism seems also to be degenerating. But it is still respected in Boston as nowhere else in America, and its clergy are accepted as the full peers of the divines of more orthodox denominations.

Unitarians have always been clannish even among themselves, and many a pastor outside New England has been heard to complain of the aloofness of headquar-

ters. This aloofness has often been a handicap to Unitarians in other sections of the country, who in their naïve idealism have desired to make the church something more than a fashionable club. The case of the Rev. John Haynes Holmes offers an example. Back in 1907, when he was just graduated from Harvard, he was called to the ministry of the Church of the Messiah in New York, then a center of pious and wealthy Unitarianism. He succeeded Dr. Minot Savage, the most illustrious Unitarian preacher of the day, and the pastor emeritus of his church was the famous and venerable Robert Collyer. Mr. Holmes was and is a pulpit orator of extraordinary talent and he quickly attracted large audiences, but before long it was discovered, not without consternation, that he was not only a theological but also a social and political radical as well, preaching a polite but ardent Socialism. He championed, to the scandal of the denomination in general, all sorts of social heresies, but the unkindest cut of all was his attitude toward the World War. Like his famous colleagues in light and leading, Dr. Fossdick and Rabbi Wise, he was a pacifist before America entered the war, but unlike them he remained one all through it, declaring, "I am opposed to war in general and to this war in particular," and further,

Other pulpits may preach recruiting sermons; mine will not. Other parish houses may be turned into drill halls and rifle ranges; ours will not. Other clergymen may pray to God for victory for our arms; I will not. In this church, if nowhere else in America, the Germans will still be included in the family of God's children.

This was a courageous statement to make in wartime, but it raised a great hue and cry and was denounced on all sides as cowardly, blasphemous, and against God. The American Unitarian Association, no doubt with Mr. Holmes in mind, announced that no minister of a church chartered by it who opposed America's entry into the war would receive any aid from the association, nor would his church get any while he was its minister. Among the chief protestants was a professor of the

higher learning at Yale University, Benjamin Andrews Bacon, D.D., LL.D., who undertook to point out the fallaciousness of Mr. Holmes's contention that Jesus was opposed to force, and even suggested that the success of such books as Holmes's "New Wars for Old" was aided (unconsciously, of course, as far as Holmes was concerned) by the "gold of the Potsdam gang."

If Holmes had behaved himself in those trying days there seems no doubt that he would have attained to the same position of eminence and respectability within the denomination that was enjoyed by the late Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers and the late Dr. Paul Revere Frothingham and is still being enjoyed by Dr. Samuel Eliot and Dr. Francis Peabody. For despite his preoccupation with all the newest schemes for reconstructing society and his championing of every new prophet that comes along, from Rabindranath Tagore and Charles Rann Kennedy to Eugene V. Debs and Judge Ben B. Lindsey, he is an able man, one of the ablest in a profession that has few able men. But he was never given his just deserts during the time he was a Unitarian minister. His fellow clergymen, especially in Boston, always looked upon him a bit askance as a good man gone wrong. To this day he has not been given any honorary degrees, but remains plain Mr. Holmes, though practically all his more literate colleagues are doctors of divinity. When the war was over he still refused to settle down and so resigned from the American Unitarian Association in 1919, thereby ceasing to function as a Unitarian clergyman. Although his church remained legally Unitarian, he succeeded in changing its name to the Community Church of New York and announced that it was now "an institution of religion for all people, regardless of race, creed or color." All the apostate Jews not already Ethical Culturists, seeing in this a happy chance to desert Judaism without becoming Christians, flocked to the Community Church despite the warning of the Fifth

avenue rabbi, Dr. Samuel Schulman, that Holmes was trying to corrupt their faith. Not a few other Unitarian ministers have been forced to quit the church because of lack of encouragement from the association; most of these go into social service work, a happy hunting ground for all ex-Unitarians.

Boston, as I have hinted, is now losing its old prestige as a Unitarian stronghold, and the most vital influence of the movement is now felt in other parts of the country. Outside of Boston the Unitarians seem to have achieved a genuine freedom for their clergy, who comprise men of all shades and varieties of thought, all dwelling together in surprising harmony. The Rev. Dr. Preston Bradley of the People's Church in Chicago, who preaches to two thousand people every Sunday while staid old King's Chapel and the Arlington Street Church in Boston are two-thirds empty, is a former Presbyterian and retains many of the mannerisms of the old exhortive type of preacher; to him liberalism is not a cold intellectualism but a great cause which he proclaims with fiery zeal. Dr. William Sullivan, late minister of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis, is a former priest and teacher at the Catholic University who long since lost intellectual faith in the dogmas of Mother Church but seems to have retained the Catholic's mystic sense and feeling for beauty; he remains the only one of his kind, that strange anomaly, a Unitarian mystic. In Indianapolis there is another large Unitarian society whose minister is the Rev. John Dietrich, an extreme rationalist and leader of the humanists; about this group I shall have a word later.

The difference in types among the clergy is also well illustrated in New York. Manhattan Island has but three Unitarian parishes, the oldest of which is All Souls, founded in 1819. As befits such a venerable institution, All Souls has always been a citadel of Unitarian orthodoxy and its clergy respected exemplars of the Unitarian tradition. Its parishioners have been people

of solid worth in the community; Peter Cooper and Joseph H. Choate were both members and George P. Baker, the banker, has been a trustee for many years. The present pastor, Dr. Minot Simons, is a conservative Unitarian whose liberalism is indistinguishable from the evangelical liberalism of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick; he is also an ardent denominationalist and in general a perfect type of the Bostonian Unitarian. The Community Church is still a Unitarian body despite the fact that its minister, the aforementioned John Haynes Holmes, has himself resigned from that body. Mr. Holmes, religiously, is a sort of sentimental mystic, but politically he is a radical who vociferously and constantly declares his faith in the common man, birth control, the outlawry of war, Mahatma Ghandi, free speech, the Russian Soviet government and all the other pets of the radical clique. But Mr. Holmes's personal charm and undoubted talent attract even the respectable and conservative; one of the members of his board of trustees, recently dead, was a vice-president of the New York Central and the present treasurer of his church is the head of a large and fashionable Fifth avenue store. The other New York church is the West Side, formerly known as the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church. Its minister until recently was the Rev. A. Wakefield Slaten, a theological radical of the most advanced sort, who might almost be said to be spiritually more akin to the Freethinkers Society than to the Unitarian church.

Here are three men, each of whom differs radically from the others in his approach to religion and each with his own panacea for the reformation of man, mingling one with the others on the most amiable basis in the fellowship of the same organization. It is hard to imagine any other denomination in America, with the possible exception of the Episcopalians, wherein such men could dwell together without one protesting the other's heresy and demanding his expulsion from the body of the true faith.

III

The Unitarian church in its form of service is non-ritualistic, with hymns and extemporaneous prayers constituting the prelude to the sermon. The old accusation of its enemies that its service resembles a meeting of a literary society rather than a religious ceremony is in large part true. Being exponents of reason in religion, the Unitarians are extreme literalists and permit no phraseology in prayer, sermon, or song to which they cannot give intellectual assent. This makes the task of the minister, on whom the responsibility of devising a satisfactory ritual of worship falls, an exceedingly difficult one; perhaps his most pressing problem is to find hymns sufficiently unorthodox in sentiment to be sung by his flock without mental reservations. Many of the fine old Protestant hymns are taboo, and only too often the congregational singing, like that of the Ethical Culturists, degenerates into colorless praises of the Good Life. All of the churches, with the exception of the more radical ones, use the Lord's Prayer and most of them use the tune of the familiar Doxology, but the words have been changed to eliminate the bogey of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Unitarian Association publishes a hymnal which also contains responsive readings edited to remove any objectionable supernaturalism. It is inevitable that the Unitarian pastor should place his chief emphasis on his sermon, for in preaching he is, by ancient tradition, entitled to declare his mind on any and all subjects, whether they have any bearing on religion or not. Preaching rather than pastoral service is thus his forte, and in consequence the Unitarians have produced a disproportionate number of distinguished preachers. No list of the great pulpit orators of America during the last hundred years would be complete without mention of such Unitarians as Channing, Theodore Parker, Orville Dewey, Henry W. Bellows, Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer and Minot Savage. Looking back at this preaching,

much of it seems pompously moralistic or charmingly hollow, but it cannot be said to have been either dull scriptural exegesis or sensational revivalism, the two types of preaching most characteristic of orthodox Protestantism. Unitarians do not produce any so-called Biblical scholars, or any such fire-eating soul-savers as the late T. DeWitt Talmadge, but they do produce preachers whose orations are marked by dignity and a reasonable amount of sense.

One of the great Unitarian preachers and perhaps the greatest man the movement has produced was Theodore Parker. Parker was a product of New England and all his preaching days were spent in the vicinity of Boston but his temperament was totally different from that of the typical Boston liberal of his day; in fact, he incurred the active dislike, and even hatred, of most of the ministers of his own faith. He was the forerunner of all the liberal preachers of today, a heretic when heterodoxy was not fashionable, when unorthodox preaching meant social ostracism, persecution and failure. In reading over today the fiery and eloquent sermons which electrified Boston three-quarters of a century ago one is impressed by the variety of modern ideas in them. In a day when even the Unitarians accepted the miracles, Parker declared them to be myths, and scientifically ridiculous; he denounced the popular conception of God, derived from the Old Testament, as a bloody and jealous tribal deity; he preached the strict humanity of Jesus and denied His unique divinity; he smashed Hell and the traditional Heaven; and he anticipated Darwin and the theory of evolution.

He was not content to vent his wrath on the absurdities of orthodox religion but invaded the field of purely secular matters and with flaming gusto exposed the corruptness of the city government, the sad state of the Boston poor and the horrible conditions in the prisons, advocated the abolition of slavery, and denounced America for entering upon the Mexican War. He had on occasion a bitter tongue and

could be merciless when he knew the right was on his side; many a dignitary of church and state felt the force of his scathing denunciations and was a sorrier man therefor. But with all his capacity for devastating wrath he was at bottom a man of gentle spirit and more nearly approximated the spirit of Christ than any of his more orthodox and respectable brethren. He was scholarly and eloquent and pre-eminently the greatest preacher of his time, but he was doomed to an early death and what seemed abject failure. Sick in body and hounded by his enemies, he left America and died in Florence, where he is buried. His successors have unfortunately elected not to emulate his example but have followed more timid and safer teachers and today his influence seems to be definitely on the wane.

But on the whole, I suppose the Unitarian clergy are the most enlightened, dignified and best educated divines in the country, and by education I mean not theological but scientific education. Harvard Divinity School, although not officially Unitarian, has long been dominated by them and is their chief training school; their other schools, small but with excellent teaching personnel, are the Meadville Theological School, recently moved from Meadville, Pa., to Chicago, and the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry at Berkeley, Calif. Although the Unitarian church pays its ministers the highest salaries of any denomination in the country, it is becoming increasingly difficult to get the younger men to take up the vocation of preaching; the problem has become so acute in recent years that the Unitarian Association has appointed a committee to seek recruits. Not a few of the current pastors are former Modernists from more orthodox sects who have been forced to take refuge among the Unitarians. The Rev. Preston Bradley, for instance, is a former Presbyterian; Mr. Dietrich of Indianapolis was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, as was Dr. Dieffenbach of Boston; Dr. Sullivan, John Clarence

Petrie of Lynchburg, Va., and the Rev. Joseph Loughran of South Orange, N. J., were all Catholics; and Dr. Slaten and Mr. Potter, his predecessor in New York, were both Baptists.

To an ambitious young man with visions of some day ministering to a large and fashionable city flock the Unitarian ministry offers scant encouragement, for there are comparatively few large churches and the pastors outside Boston are rarely able to overcome the prejudice with which the leaders of heretical sects are regarded in America. Thus the number of ministers is kept low (there are but 505 in the whole United States), but the type of men remains of a decidedly higher caliber than in the other churches. The typical Unitarian pastor ministers to a small flock, an average congregation of two or three hundred being considered large, but usually the best if not the most solidly respectable members of the community are to be numbered among his parishioners. He has to overcome not only the hostility of the laity of the orthodox churches but that of their clergy as well, which is only too often simply professional jealousy in the presence of obvious superiority. As evidence of the general antagonism of the Protestant churches one has but to recall that the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, whose recent head was that noble advocate of Christian unity, the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, has never been willing to admit the Unitarian body to its membership.

The Unitarian pastors are generally to be found on the more rational side of any public controversy or social question. A few of them say they are Prohibitionists but I never heard of one who was an Anti-Saloon Leaguer; if any really believe in Prohibition it is because they believe in temperance and honestly think total Prohibition the only effective means of realizing it, not because they see in it, as the typical Methodist does, a chance to curb other people's pleasure. The most ardent Prohibitionist in all the liberal churches,

strange to say, is that fiery advocate of the people's liberties, John Haynes Holmes, a former president of the Unitarian Temperance Society. On the other hand, there are many Unitarian clergymen who do not approve of Prohibition and they do not hesitate to say so. For instance, the Rev. Vincent B. Silliman of the First Parish Church in Portland, Maine, recently declared from his pulpit that he believed the present Prohibition laws to be unjust and that a conscientious objector had every right to violate them. Just as no Unitarian pastor would belong to an Anti-Saloon League, neither would he belong to a Watch and Ward Society, or a Society for the Suppression of Vice, or a Purity League, or any of the other societies whose membership is composed chiefly of Protestant clergymen bent on controlling the private lives of individuals. He does not stand aloof from all organizations, but he does show a certain discrimination as a joiner; he may support Mrs. Sanger's Birth Control League or belong to the American Civil Liberties Union, but you will seldom if ever find him delivering speeches on the spirit of Service before the local Rotarians. In short, he tends to be dignified and civilized, and is the perfect antithesis of all the Elmer Gantrys.

The church is not, however, without its dramatists. Every once in a while reports come out of the hinterland regarding the doings of the Rev. L. M. Birkhead in Kansas City. The Rev. Mr. Birkhead is a close friend of the Haldeman-Juliuses and he it was who performed the ceremony for the companionate marriage of Miss Haldeman-Julius which brought so much publicity to her father. An even more active performer is the Rev. Charles Francis Potter. Mr. Potter is a gentleman with a flair for controversy and he has done a number of things calculated to arouse the interest of that portion of the public that is attracted by innovations among the rev. clergy. While minister of the West Side Unitarian Church in New York, he set aside a Sunday to be known as Evolution Sunday, and

before a crowded congregation and to the scandal of the Fundamentalists, unveiled in the presence of the sculptor, the late Carl Ackley, the statue, "Chrysalis," which depicts the form of man emerging from reptilian and bestial forms. He organized a Modernist Bible Class, with himself as teacher, to study the Bible in an objective manner as a great but not unique book, and announced that he was compiling a new "American" Bible which would have Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Jane Addams, among others, as its prophets. But this project apparently never came to fruition. He got himself appointed Bible expert for the defense at the Scopes trial and shocked the poor Tennesseans by his militant Modernism.

But his greatest feat was his debate with the Baptist Savonarola, Dr. John Roach Straton. Irked by some disparaging remarks Dr. Straton had made about Unitarians, he challenged him to debate the infallibility of the Bible, the theory of evolution, the Virgin Birth and the Second Coming. Dr. Straton accepted the invitation, and the debate, which ran for several nights, was held in Carnegie Hall and proved to be an hilarious show. The audiences were about equally divided between Fundamentalists and Modernists and both factions were very demonstrative. Heated arguments were started within the crowd itself, and swarms of elderly ladies of Fundamentalist persuasion would descend upon Mr. Potter at the close of each debate and call down the vengeance or mercy of God upon his head. All of which, of course, made Mr. Potter very happy; it meant that he was stirring people up, shaking them out of the lethargic indifference that the parson resents and hates more than anything else on earth. It meant that he who had been until then the obscure pastor of an insignificant church was coming into his own. But more than any personal advantages it meant that Unitarianism, never very strongly entrenched in New York, was being brought to public attention.

Unfortunately, Mr. Potter's zeal was short-lived and not very long after the debates he discovered that his mission was to teach, not preach. Departing for Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, he declared that education would soon take the place of religion. But after a year or so at Antioch he resigned to become a lecturer for the National Booksellers Association and then reappeared in New York as minister of the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity. He has recently resigned this pastorate, presumably because some of the trustees objected to his theology, and now announces that his next venture will be to establish a Humanist Society in New York which "will not be a church and will not hold services of worship" but will nevertheless have marriage and death services and, of course, a leader, who will no doubt be Charles Francis Potter. With characteristic enthusiasm he visualizes the society as having administrative offices, a bureau of information, a school of human relations for children, an adult class in comparative religion, a humanist magazine, affiliated societies in other cities in America and abroad, branch chapters in all the colleges, an associate membership for those in isolated communities, and correspondence reading courses.

IV

The Unitarian movement, until recently, went on its way complacently, undisturbed by any of the internal differences or controversies that have periodically aroused other Protestant sects in America. But now there has sprung up within the denomination a school of teachers and preachers who will probably be the cause of a serious split within the ranks in the next few years. I refer to the deadly movement known as Humanism. The religion of Channing, whose thought has colored and shaped Unitarianism from the beginning, may be said to have consisted of Kant's "moral law within and starry universe without," the latter interpreted as God the Father.

The Humanists are revolutionizing Unitarian thought by refusing to recognize the starry universe at all—that is, if it is to be mysteriously associated and made synonymous with a Supreme Being or Ruler. They declare that we cannot be sure about the existence of deity (the bolder ones declare we can: there is none), and that it does not matter anyway. Man is the only real and actual thing and religion must concern itself with him and the problems arising from his relations with other men and not with speculations about or worship, however intellectualized and sublimated, of some suppositious God. This new Humanism is really a revamping of the old Religion of Humanity with this difference: most of the Humanists take a belligerent attitude toward God, and like their forefathers in dealing with the Holy Ghost, consider any mention of Him almost a personal affront.

The late Dr. Frank Doan is known as the father of the Humanists within the church, but his Humanism was mild and pale compared to the militant brand of the leaders of the movement today. One of the most outspoken of these is the Rev. Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten, until recently minister of the West Side Unitarian Church in New York. Like those other outstanding Humanists, Dr. Curtis Reese and the Rev. John Dietrich, Dr. Slaten hails from the Middle West, and this matter of geographical origin probably has some bearing on the virile quality of his religious convictions. He was expelled from William Jewell College, a Baptist institution in Missouri, in 1922 on the ground that his book, "What Jesus Taught," contained heretical teachings. He took refuge among the Unitarians, succeeding the Rev. Mr. Potter as minister of the West Side Church in 1925. His evolution from a mildly unorthodox Baptist to an ultra-radical Unitarian seems to have been very rapid, reaching its culmination simultaneously with his arrival in New York. He at once changed and revolutionized the order of service at the West Side Church, the principal innovation

being the scraping of prayers for "words of aspiration," these being not petitions to God but admonitions to men in the form of platitudes about the Good Life.

In his first few sermons he expounded with admirable clarity his philosophy of life. He declared that we have outgrown the idea and need of God and termed supernaturalism a hindrance to progress. Along with God into the limbo of outworn superstitions he relegated the idea of immortality, and as if discarding these two cardinal principles of Unitarianism was not enough, he also demolished free will and declared his belief in the mechanistic theory of life. Before he had been in New York long he was addressing the Freethinkers Society and writing articles for the *Truth Seeker* and publicly endorsing the books of the atheist pontiff, Joseph Lewis. This sort of conduct in a minister seemed rather strange, even though he was a Unitarian, but it appeared to catch on and Dr. Slaten's services were well attended. He resigned, I understand, for reasons having nothing to do with his theological radicalism.

Such things have become rather common among the Unitarians in recent years and some of the largest congregations, notably that in Minneapolis, have ministers of distinctly humanistic views. The Theists, or conservatives, are awake to the fact that the Unitarianism being popularized by these men is not the traditional Unitarianism of the fathers, and they are quick to defend the old position and do so with vigor in their pulpit utterances and through the columns of the *Christian Register*. They argue that the Humanists misrepresent Unitarianism by preaching doctrines contrary to those traditionally associated with the church, and the Humanists defend themselves by declaring that the Unitarian church has always been a non-credal one, allowing its ministers the widest freedom of thought and expression. What effect this controversy is going to have on the future of the church it is difficult to say. As it is, Unitarians are no longer bound together by a common heterodoxy; men

within the ranks have themselves become heretics by dissenting from the accepted and traditional concepts. To say that one is a Unitarian today actually conveys very little until one explains that one is either a Theist, believing in a Supreme Being, or a Humanist, denying that Being. It seems rather absurd to try to reconcile the two groups; certainly it is impossible for them to worship together in a common service.

So the question arises, should not one of the parties withdraw from the church before its unity is destroyed by dissension? Many of the Theists advocate this and naturally choose themselves to stay. Their argument has a good deal of logic in its favor because they represent Unitarianism as it is commonly known and accepted, and Humanism is a strange and deformed offspring. It is a source of wonder to many why the Humanists wish to remain within the movement when they have lost faith in the validity of the religious instinct and

have ceased to regard the church as an institution of any social value. Certainly there are plenty of other places they can go. Dr. Slaten, for instance, should feel at home with the Freethinkers Society; his attitude toward the central affirmations of religion is identical with that of Mr. Joseph Lewis and his methods of attack are also strikingly similar. The naturalistic religion of Dr. Reese would fit in admirably in the Ethical Culture Society; in fact, this Society is the logical home for most of the Humanists. None of them, however, seem to be making any move toward leaving and so the controversy becomes a race for numerical strength. In the meantime, the Theists hold the advantage and best represent historic Unitarianism. But even when the situation becomes acute and actual warfare breaks out, we can be sure that it will be carried on with the dignity that has always been characteristic of the members of this little sect.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

THE Oxford University Press was founded in 1468. To the sober Pilgrims who came to America in the early Seventeenth Century, the Book of Common Prayer and the other works of chiefly ecclesiastical scholarship that it published were anathema. After the founding of Harvard in 1636 the first step taken to instruct American youth in the simon-pure Puritan doctrine was the setting up of a printing press at Cambridge: its function was to disseminate the joyous words of the professors and ministers throughout the colony. That was in 1639. A little later a law was passed prohibiting any printing except at Cambridge. Thus, under the watchful eye of Harvard, were printed the Bay Psalm Book, the New England Primer, "The Day of Doom," and other works which passed for either scholarship or literature in the barren America of that day.

From that time onward, the young American universities all engaged in more or less publishing. Today their presses issue about 300 volumes annually and their output is growing steadily. It more than doubled from 1920 to 1928. The catalogue of the University of Chicago Press lists 950 books, while the Columbia University Press is responsible for 800. These are the largest of the presses. Significant work is being done, however, by at least a dozen others, including Yale, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, North Carolina, Princeton, Stanford, Oregon, California, Clark, New York, Duke, and Fordham. And numerous lesser institutions maintain presses that produce an occasional work of importance or general interest.

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The present importance of university presses in the United States had its origin in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century and, like not a few other educational developments of that period, under President Daniel Coit Gilman of the Johns Hopkins. "It is one of the noblest duties of a university," said Dr. Gilman in one of his earliest reports, "to advance knowledge and to diffuse it not merely among those who can attend the daily lectures of the professors, . . . but far and wide." Thus in one sentence he laid the basis both for university publication and for university extension. With the business judgment which he possessed along with his scholarship, he encouraged the members of his faculty to publish through channels already established. But, these were not sufficient, and between 1878 (two years after the establishment of the university) and 1885 he founded the *American Journal of Mathematics*, the *American Chemical Journal*, the *American Journal of Philology*, the *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science*, and *Modern Language Notes*. All these are still published except the *American Chemical Journal*, which, after completing fifty volumes, was merged with the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*. The variety of these journals is astounding when one considers the condition and personnel of American education and research in the late '70's and early '80's. And not content with founding them, President Gilman brought the assistance of the Hopkins to several other periodicals not published at the university.

From 1878 to 1890 it published its own work under the imprint of the Publication

Agency of the Johns Hopkins University Press. In 1890 the name was changed to the Johns Hopkins Press. At present thirteen periodicals are published, in addition to those founded in the early days. They range from *Terrestrial Magnetism and Atmospheric Electricity* to the *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Education*, the latter embracing such tidbits as "A Revision of a Measuring Scale for Free-Hand Drawing" and "The Improvement of Speed and Accuracy in Typewriting." Professors of education are alike everywhere, and it may be hoped that Almighty God has the kindness to fix President Gilman's mind on heavenly bliss sufficiently to keep him from looking down sadly on his old institution.

In the early years of modern university presses, emphasis was laid on journals. Gradually, toward the beginning of the Twentieth Century, scholarly books, chiefly by professors, began to be published. In this field the University of Chicago and the University of the South were pioneers. The latter took a further step toward general publishing with the publication of a series of theological works inspired by the late Dr. DuBose, the well-known Anglican theologian. These works were sold to the clergy and to the more thoughtful of the laity. Also, the press began in 1892 the publication of the *Sewanee Review*, a quarterly intended to represent the literati of the South. It has never attained to much circulation, but it has helped to illuminate the darkness of the Total Immersion Belt.

The immediate impetus which caused the university presses to become of interest to non-specialist readers was given by George Parmly Day, brother of Clarence Day, the author, and grandson of Benjamin H. Day, founder of the *New York Sun*. Mr. Day, then a successful broker in New York, founded the Yale University Press in 1908, and has since then devoted a large proportion of his time to it. He is still its president, and his ideals have actuated it throughout. Under his direction the press has done two things that have gradually changed the character of the better uni-

versity presses throughout the country. In the first place, it has thrown open its facilities to scholars and authors regardless of their connection with Yale. In the second place, it has enlarged its field from the publication simply of works of scholarship to the publication of all kinds of serious books "of interest to lovers of the best in literature." On the one hand, it has published Petrunkevitch's "The Genus *Riccardia* in Chile"; on the other, Padraic Colum's "The Bright Islands" and "At the Gateways of the Day." It inaugurated the Yale Shakespeare, a forty-volume edition, and "The Chronicles of America," a fifty-volume historical series. It established the Yale Series of Younger Poets, which, though it has not brought forth any remarkable volumes, has given much encouragement to the reading and writing of verse. The *Yale Review*, published by the press, has a very high place among American reviews. Mr. Day's tastes run to well-printed and well-bound books of more than ordinary importance, unique in their fields, and of lasting value. While his ideal is not in every case realized, it is often approached, and its influence upon other university presses has been marked. President Arthur T. Hadley, shortly before his retirement from the university, referred to the press and the *Yale Review* as its best products during the preceding twenty years.

The University of North Carolina has followed similar ideals, more modestly but with distinct success. Founded in 1922, the press named as one of its objects, "to promote generally, by publishing deserving works, the advancement of arts and sciences and the development of literature." In its short existence it has published such works as Howard W. Odum's "The Negro and his Songs," Roscoe Pound's "Law and Morals," and Edward C. L. Adams's "Congaree Sketches." It is about to begin the Inter-American Historical Series, a fifteen-volume work to cover the Latin-American countries, on most of which dependable English historical works are unavailable.

II

The tendency to publish works of general interest has affected practically all the presses to some extent. For instance, the Duke Press has published Callcott's "Church and State in Mexico"; Princeton, Kemmerer's "The A B C of the Federal Reserve System," which by the way has gone through seven editions; Columbia, Cardozo's "Paradoxes of Legal Science"; New York University, Garner's "American Foreign Policies"; and Pennsylvania, Mead and Ostrolenk's "Harvey Baum: A Study of the Agricultural Revolution." The smaller and more provincial presses still confine their publications to work done by members of the faculties of their universities, but the more progressive presses draw as much as 75% of their titles from the outside. Few of them limit their publications to specified fields, but some of them are best known for works in certain directions; for instance, Princeton in art, North Carolina in the social sciences, and Pennsylvania in medieval subjects.

Some of the presses are simply departments of the universities. Others are organized as distinct corporations. The latter practice has often been stimulated by tax-paying citizens objecting to a tax-exempt university going into what they considered an enormously profitable business. No American university press, as a matter of fact, makes money on its publishing. A few presses, maintaining printing plants, get a profit out of commercial printing, but this profit is turned into the publishing side of the enterprise.

Some of the presses have grown out of printing establishments. The one at Stanford, for example, was founded on a small quantity of equipment purchased from a student. There is a tendency, indeed, to establish printing plants at all the university presses. The Princeton University Press has a fine printing and bookbinding plant given to it by Charles Scribner, the publisher, himself a Princeton alumnus. The press, in addition to its own books and

periodicals, does fine printing for outside agencies. The Yale University Press received a few years ago a building and an endowment in memory of Lieutenant Earl Trumbull Williams, a Yale graduate, and a printing plant is gradually being built up, though most of its books are still printed by an outside firm. The printing done at the press is of high quality. The University of Chicago Press maintains a large plant, comparable to commercial establishments. It does practically all its printing, but not its binding. In addition to issuing its own work, it acts as publishing agent for various periodicals, such as the *Biochemical Journal*, and for various organizations, such as the American Sociological Society.

Even in those institutions which do their own printing, the work is commonly segregated—and apologized for by the professors—as a commercial or semi-commercial enterprise. Printing as an art, although it grew out of the arts of lettering and illumination in the medieval monasteries, is considered somewhat unworthy by the universities that boast of being the successors of those monasteries. Even in the schools of journalism, where its value would presumably be recognized, the study of printing is commonly either omitted or else given no academic credit.

A notable exception is found at the University of Oregon, where the University Press is a part of the School of Journalism and where fine printing is as highly regarded as research in the Latin ablative. Its work in this field first came to general notice in 1921, when it issued "Paul Bunyan Comes West," the first collection of the Bunyan stories to appear in separate form. The book was written by Ida Virginia Turney, a professor in the university, with the collaboration of a class of students to whom the stories had come firsthand from lumbermen. The linoleum cuts that formed the illustrations were by students of Helen N. Rhodes, another professor. The little volume was printed on handmade paper by the University Press; issued in a small edition, it is now very scarce.

For this departure from the normal practices of university presses Eric W. Allen, dean of the School of Journalism, a former printer and engraver, was responsible. He established the press in 1917 on the basis of an abandoned newspaper plant which the owner turned over to him free for the purpose. Dean Allen used it as a laboratory for students in journalism and also gradually developed publishing for the university. Always he emphasized beautiful printing as well as useful publishing. In time he enlisted the coöperation of John Henry Nash, the San Francisco printer. In 1926 newspaper men and others in Oregon offered funds for the establishment of the John Henry Nash Fine Arts Press as a part of the University Press. In this institution each year advanced students design and print one book under the direction of Mr. Nash, who donates his services. An example of their work is "Education and the State," by Prince L. Campbell, the late and much beloved president of the university. This volume, a folio printed in two colors on laid paper and bound in three-quarters vellum, ranks high among American specimens of fine printing. The training obtained by students—most of whom expect to enter the publishing business—in the preparation of such a book is of so much value that one wonders why other educational institutions have not undertaken similar work.

"The Story of the Yale University Press" advocates a place where "undergraduates who are interested in pressrooms can come around and learn how to print a paper as well as how to publish it." "Why," the author goes on to ask, "should Yale's youthful editors and reporters have so much chance to practice, while the artist printers that Yale might be training have no chance at all? The right kind of printing helps as much to make the spoken word carry as the right kind of voice helps the spoken word. It would be a good thing if every man who writes knew a little of printing."

A distinctive characteristic of the modern American university press is its belief in

advertising. Despite the fact that a large number of university professors say they consider advertising an economic waste, their presses employ it constantly, and up to date no professor has refused the increased royalties it has brought him. Almost all the presses advertise at least occasionally in the literary reviews and scholarly journals, and some of them put on quite extensive campaigns, as did the Columbia University Press, for example, for Peter Odegard's study of the Anti-Saloon League, "Pressure Politics." This press has just begun publication of a promotion periodical, the *Critical Crown*, which is more elaborate than the similar journals issued by the large commercial houses. All the presses send out direct-by-mail material, such as announcements, catalogues and letters. In 1928 thirteen of them joined in a beautifully printed catalogue of their more popular works, entitled "Shelfward Ho." The most daring piece of academic copy was produced this year by the University of North Carolina Press in advertising George Bryan Logan's "Liberty in the Modern World." It begins in 60-point type, "He was afraid of shocking his father!" What would an old-time professor say to that? Several managers of university presses have confided to me that they would put salesmen on the road were it not for the heavy overhead that this would lay on a short list of books.

III

What are the university presses accomplishing? In the first place, they are stimulating fineprinting. While the total number of books issued by them is only about 3% of the volumes published each year in the United States, they furnish about 15% of the books chosen by the Institute of Graphic Arts for its annual exhibit of the fifty most attractive volumes. Nearly all the books published by the universities are well done from the standpoint of typography and binding. They will be even better when more of them train students

in the making and appreciation of fine books.

More important, the university presses are popularizing scholarship and broadening the public appreciation of literature. Not many years ago it used to be said, "A university press is an organization whose function is to publish works that no one will read." This is no longer the case. Even works of pure scholarship, intended for the reading of specialists, have been made more intelligible to the specialists who read them. The presses have editors, and these editors insist that erroneously used words, ambiguous sentences, and the other devices in which the traditional professor delighted, be eliminated. The ancient conviction that the profound must be complex and non-understandable has been upset by the university presses more than by any other agency. They have, further, convinced many that serious discussions may be not only clear but even interesting. A wider and wider range of subject matter is thus being offered to the non-technical reader, not a little of whose interest in

serious topics—especially in the sciences—has been stimulated by the university presses. These presses, not seeking to make a profit, pioneer in fields which commercial publishers will later cultivate in a more popular way. An example is the work of Dr. Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina in Negro folklore. His first studies were published by the university press; his later work has had a large sale through commercial publishers.

At the same time, the non-commercial character of the university press enables it to publish work for which the demand will be definitely limited. Of course, most publishers do this to some extent, but they cannot go as far as the universities. Most of the university presses receive support from endowments, from gifts, from appropriations, or from a combination of the three, though none of them, of course, has the income which the Oxford and Cambridge presses obtain through their monopoly on the printing of the English Book of Common Prayer and the Revised Version of the Bible.

PLUMED KNIGHT AND TURKEY-GOBBLER

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

IN THE House of Representatives which began its sessions in December, 1865, there sat three obscure, heavily bewhiskered saviors of the Republic, only one of whom had actually smelled blood on the Field of Glory. The other two had done their bits without musing a fold of their immaculate attire. The three were the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of the Utica district of New York, aged thirty-six; the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, aged thirty-five, and General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, aged thirty-four.

If the youthful General Garfield had cast his eyes in the direction of the gentleman from New York he would have observed a man handsome beyond the dreams of Lohengrin's Elsa: six feet two; "the head of a Norse war god," as one of his acolytes tells us; yellow wavy hair with Hyperion curls. If Garfield had looked then in the direction of the gentleman from Maine he would have observed another figure out of a tailor's pattern-plate: about the same height as the god from Utica, and as erect and as robust looking, with an Apollonian brow and delicately pink cheeks which peeped through a well-pruned hedge. They were both clad in undertaker's black, and had resonant and magnetic voices which rolled from vibrant larynges. Both attracted the immediate attention of the House and especially the attention of Garfield, who, although more unobtrusive than either Conkling or Blaine, was himself something handsome to look upon and also not without oratorical gifts. He, later on, was to pipe their praises on his pastoral flute.

About this time another bewhiskered

young man, dark-skinned, black-eyed, and of morose aspect, was engaged, in the up-and-coming burg of Chicago, in the then popular American pastime of seducing a young lady, a librarian in the Young Men's Christian Association. His name was Charles J. Guiteau. If young Garfield had had gifts of intuition as great as his gifts of rhetoric he would have forsworn, there and then, all contact with Blaine and Conkling, for he would have perceived the sinister-looking Chicago seducer standing in back of the gentleman from New York. Looking closer, he might have observed, also, that the figure behind Roscoe was about to empty the contents of a pistol in his direction. But one of the qualities that Garfield lacked entirely was clairvoyance, political or otherwise.

Thus, while the future Plumed Knight of Maine and the Hyperion from Utica were walking around each other, sizing up each other like two débutantes with nascent thoughts of "There is my enemy!" and the tow-path Demosthenes from Ohio lolled a-squat between them, there began the comedy-drama of the most curious, the most unexplainable, the most venomous and the longest-lived political feud in American politics. It was to envenom the latter years of the two main actors, cause the assassination of a President, and send the first Democrat to the White House since the Civil War.

None of the historians has ever got at the real origin of the Blaine-Conkling feud. The biographers of both men frankly give it up as a mystery. Blaine and Conkling themselves remained profoundly silent about it all their lives. While pursuing and

trailing one another like two rival bandit chiefs, each avoided mentioning the name of the other—except, as in Blaine's case, to lavish praise! Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," published in 1884, while Conkling was still alive, said: "The ablest and the most brilliant man of the New York delegation was Roscoe Conkling. . . . In affluent and exuberant diction Mr. Conkling was never surpassed in either branch of Congress, unless, perhaps, by Rufus Choate." Throughout the two volumes, a dry, unimaginative piece of hack work, he referred again and again to Conkling and his career in politics without a trace of feeling. There was even no mention of the General Fry matter in the session of '65, which marked the overt break between the two men. General Fry, in a book written in the early 90's, said:

I believe there would have been a rupture between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling had this [the debate over Fry] never occurred. . . . There was manifested [in this debate] bad feeling so intense, firmly rooted and so well grown as to be sure of fruit sooner or later.

"Bad feeling so intense, firmly rooted and so well grown." This from a man who knew them both intimately, and over whom, as Provost General of the Army, they had fought to a finish. There is no record that Blaine or Conkling had ever met, or had ever heard of one another, until the session of '65. There was no question of Swag—toward which all hands pointed and all noses were set after Appomattox—for the two were from different States. *Cherchez la femme?* Tush, tush—were they not both American gentlemen? Money? Out of the question, even over the gaming table—though it was a time when gambling was recognized as one of the cardinal virtues of a gentleman. No, nothing as banal as any of these things was the cause of the tragi-comedy which lasted from '65 until Conkling's death in 1888.

I lay the whole conflict to a purely romantic motive, the Narcissus complex. It was a War of Adonises, a combat to the death between rival Pretty Fellows. Nei-

ther Blaine nor Conkling, I am convinced, would ever have been heard of in the political arena if he had been scant of stature, lantern-jawed and intellectual.

II

But before I go further into this pleasant matter I must outline how the predestined war took on concrete form. It began with an almost imperceptible slap on the wrist and mutual poutings. A bill was up to limit the power of the President in appointing cadets to West Point. Conkling, his god-like head thrust back at an impressive angle and his Hyperion curls quietly a-quiver, directed Blaine's attention to certain provisions of the bill which, so Conkling averred, the former had not understood. At once the big brown eyes of Handsome Jim flashed a Maine earthquake at the Curls. Did the gentleman from Utica insinuate there was *anything* he did not understand? Light satiric fencing between the two. Poutings. No decision is recorded in the *chronique imbecilis* known as the *Congressional Record*. Nor do I know what became of the bill.

A few nights afterward our two Superbas met at dinner. Now, it seems that one of the results of the War to Disfranchise the Negro was a revival of taste for classical allusion. When the coffee and wine were running strong and the dreadful condition of the South and the embarrassing question of bounty-jumpers and substitutes had been quietly coughed away, some profound wag, looking at Blaine and Conkling, innocently enough asked who was the author of:

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

Utica, the home of Hyperion! What was this roguish fellow up to?, thought Blaine. Was this the beginning of a sly boom for the Presidency? The first thing to do was to squash the pent-up Utican's pretension to culture before it went any further. Blaine said that he'd bet Conkling did not know who was the author of the verses. Conkling, rage-swollen to Wodenesque propor-

tions, offered to bet a basket of champagne that Addison wrote them. But Handsome Jim had gone to three colleges to Conkling's one. He proved that the lines were in Sewall's "Epilogue to Cato." Conkling paid the bet, but only after intimating that Blaine had been reading up and had framed the whole thing. He felt so certain about it, in fact, that he refused to go to Blaine's dinner celebrating the triumph of Pennsylvania (Blaine was born in Pennsylvania) over New York learning.

But these were merely whiffs, preliminary psychic feelers in the coming War of the Adonises. Festering and simmering for months in the emotional vats of these rival Malvolios, the great explosion came when, in connection with the Army bill of 1866, Conkling moved, at the instance of General Grant, to strike out the appropriation for the office of Provost Marshal General, at that time held by General Fry, thus abolishing the office. Conkling in the course of his speech made a vitriolic attack on Fry, scored him as "an undeserving public servant" and otherwise laid it on as Grant had dictated. Blaine came back with a lecture on ethics and manners. (*Ethics and manners*, the Malvolio motive, with the famous Mulligan letters not far away!). Conkling then challenged Blaine to a duel. (What a sight that would have been, O Clio: a sword-combat between Handsome Jim and Hyperion in back of the White House at dawn, with Pig Iron Kelley as referee!). Blaine stiffened up and spurned such "cheap swagger," "Southern manners," etc.

When the first round closed Conkling was a morose but dignified Norse god, and Blaine, his whole magnificent form palpitant with and sweating righteousness, after a pause to let the House survey him, began to read a document which, instead of being a defence of General Fry and his office, was a letter from Fry himself, charging that Conkling, while Judge Advocate during the war, had accepted illegal fees during his prosecution of a Major Haddock. A committee vindicated Conkling and con-

demned Blaine for reading the letter. Conkling then finally refused to have anything further to do with Blaine, even declining to yield the floor to him. This brought from Blaine a blast which in a day lifted both of the warriors out of the trough of obscurity into the bull-light of nationwide fame. Said Blaine of Conkling (and here, I think, the beans of the matter are spilled):

The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, *turkey-gobbler strut* has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House that I know it was an act of greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him!

Turkey-gobbler! The label stuck to poor Conkling for the rest of his life. To George Boutwell he wrote: "That attack was made without any provocation by me as against Mr. Blaine and when I was suffering more from other causes than I ever suffered at any other time, and I shall never overlook it." Nevertheless, Blaine had told the truth. Conkling had all the pomposity of a turkey-gobbler and little else. He possessed, like nineteen-twentieths of all American statesmen, as little originality, real brains or independence as it is possible to conceive. His pig-headed stubbornness and extreme partisanship ("I do not know how to belong to a party a little," he once said) was mistaken for character. "He had the pose of great statues," said Ingersoll, in the most gushing of all funeral orations. This statuesque pose passed for wisdom. There was, in fact, nothing behind it but arrested mental development. From his earliest years he had heard himself referred to as Jove-like, proud, Hyperion-like, a Coriolanus, as everything lofty and gaudy—except a turkey-gobbler. He was a man of great physical strength; he actually partly got his first nomination for Congress because of it. After Brooks of South Carolina had caned Sumner the word went forth that the Republican party should send physically strong men to Congress. Only a few days after his election he, as the House Hercules, threw himself in front of

Thaddeus Stevens to protect the latter from an onslaught of Southern fire-eaters.

This, then, was Conkling—the Adonis-Dempsey of the House of Representatives. In politics he was a gangster, a factionist. He allied himself with, was the breath and brains of, the corruptest elements in the Republican party—the Camerons of Pennsylvania, Tom Platt, Bill Mahone of Virginia, and the thieves and pork-barrel nuzzlers who worked Grant. Conkling himself always used Grant's back to climb on. "The higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor," he said with a Coriolanic gesture. This meant, "I never sign on the dotted line," for what could the "higher obligations" have to do with men like Grant, Platt, the Camerons and Mahone? He was the shrewdest politician of his time in this respect; his brown-stone front and shuttered face conveyed an air of ultra-respectability. Nobody ever had the goods on Roscoe. He was a super-spoilsman without a trace of statesmanship.

Blaine was of the more tricky, volatile, prehensile type. He is described as a young man of "distinguished presence, a social favorite, genial, fascinating, fixing upon himself the admiring gaze of both young and old." The future Plumed Knight was already sparking around Pennsylvania at the time when Conkling's Hyperion curls and Jovian frame were first upsetting Utica. Blaine then went to Maine and became the editor of the *Kennebec Journal*. He was weaker in character than Conkling. He loved money more than anything in life. He had the art of making friends, as Conkling had the art of repelling them. He knew how well spread-eagle patriotism pays. As Conkling was the Gang, Blaine was the Fourth of July. He once wrote to his son: "There is no success in this life that is not founded on virtue and purity and a religious consecration of all we have to God." No man, in fact, knew so little about virtue, purity and God—and no man knew better how well it paid to exploit all three.

He was the perfect American of his time, bombastic, demagogic, jingoistic, oozing from every pore that babbittarian magnetism that was to descend to Roosevelt, who succeeded him as the great American Harangueoutang. Being more unscrupulous and more of an opportunist than Conkling, he came nearer being what is known in children's text-books as a statesman. But, like Conkling, he was first, last and all the time, a show-off. All the evidence thus tends to prove that the whole Blaine-Conkling-Grant-Garfield-Guiteau mess began in the instinctive and instantaneous hatred of two prize turkey-gobblers in the same barnyard.

III

The comedy now moves to higher levels, if one can speak of higher and lower levels in an epoch when all offices were put up at public auction, when a large faction of the Republican party was for treating the South as a conquered province with military Governors who were to carry away millions of loot in the shape of "war indemnities," and when for many years to come the national conventions of both parties were to be, in the words of the New York *Herald*, "mobs of drunken adventurers." Conkling was elected to the Senate in 1867 and Blaine was chosen Speaker of the House in 1869. Both thus had blue ribbons tied around their necks by their party, which only made matters worse in the barnyard. Conkling, with Grant in back of him, now became absolute boss of New York State and of all the spoils thereof, while Blaine, with one eye on the New York Senator and the other on the back country, heard the first faint buzz and hum of the Presidential bee in his whiskers.

It was agreed that Grant was to have two terms, so Blaine and Conkling set 1876 for their trial of strength. The latter was the leader of the Senatorial cabal that during Grant's administration formulated most of the policies of the President—one

of the most incompetent we have ever had. But Grant, as weak as he was, had a private hunch about Conkling and his gang, for in 1873 he tried to get rid of Blaine's turkey-gobbler forever by offering him the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court. But Conkling had no intention of being buried alive in that sad office while Blaine had his eye on the White House. The election of Blaine would have meant his own downfall as head of the New York machine. They came to grips in the Republican convention of 1876, when Blaine came within twenty-eight votes of obtaining the nomination. He was defeated by a coalition led by Conkling, who had nominated Governor Hayes of Ohio. First blood for the turkey-gobbler! It was in this convention that Blaine was crowned the Henry of Navarre of the Republican party—its Plumed Knight—by Robert G. Ingersoll in one of Bob's most famous perfumed belches:

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country and every malinger of its fair reputation.

But the turkey-gobbler's bill having proved more powerful than the shining lance, Blaine's party could do no less than send its Plumed Knight to the Senate, where once again the two rival Adonises eyed one another, Conkling morosely and Blaine cynically defiant.

Meanwhile, General Jimmy Garfield, who had, as a devout Christian, advocated the confiscation of Confederate property and denounced Lincoln for his forbearance to the South, and who was covered all over with *Crédit Mobilier* mud, as Blaine was charged in the Mulligan letters with having taken bribes from a Western railway—Garfield, eel-like and bland, continued down in the House to tootle on his pastoral pipe melodious airs on bonds, taxation, specie payments and the public debt. He was totally oblivious, of course, of the fact that the swarthy Guiteau from the West, who had been worrying Grant for a

consulship, and who incidentally—between jail-terms for welching on debts—had proclaimed, on Ingersoll's heels, the Second Coming of Christ (whom he had personally met, he said, in the year '70), had gone into the Conkling camp as a Stalwart with a pistol in his pocket. The Blaine-Conkling comedy began to veer toward its tragic *dénouement* with the appearance of Guiteau in the East, with Garfield as the hand-picked goat of Destiny.

In the Republican convention of 1880 the bosses of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois (the Stalwarts) had decided to nominate Conkling's man Grant for a third term ("Anything to beat Blaine!"). They mustered 306 votes. The opposition rallied around Blaine and John Sherman of Ohio, with the rallying cry of "Anything to beat Grant!," which, so far as Blaine was concerned, meant "Anything to beat the turkey-gobbler." Conkling himself put Grant in nomination. He passed down the hall to present his name, his Hyperion curls in gala dress, his Coriolanic disdain bristling in every whisker-hair, his uncrinkled Jovian brow hurling forked defis at what he called the "man-milliners of politics," "the diletantes and carpet-knights" (*knights!*—hear! hear!), and—alas! and alack!—his turkey-gobbler strut on full parade. It settled down to a prolonged fight between the Plumed Knight and Conkling. There was a flat deadlock, and then, on the thirty-sixth ballot, the Blaine-Sherman forces suddenly reached down into the pit of the House of Representatives and presto! picked up the bucolic essayist from Ohio, who, like Br'er Rabbit, lay low and say nothin'. Garfield was nominated. Blaine had done it. Conkling was in the dust. Guiteau, Stalwart of the Stalwarts, whom Conkling had never heard of, silently took his place at the side of the New York Senator with a pistol pointed squarely at Garfield's heart.

Conkling stumped for Garfield, but never once mentioned his name. He was really stumping for the New York swag

in case of Garfield's election. He knew that Blaine was slated to be Secretary of State, which meant he could begin to knit his own shroud. As a few of us middle-aged ones know (the rising generation, I find, knows nothing of American history prior to 1914), Garfield was elected and Blaine was made Secretary of State. Guiteau, following the lead of Conkling, had also stumped for Garfield, hoping for the consulship that Grant and Hayes had refused him. If Garfield had only thrown it to him this tale would have continued as a comedy to the end.

Blaine took over Garfield and his administration bag and baggage. The pastoral flutist was completely lost in the feathers of the Plumed Knight. Gail Hamilton records that "Mr. Blaine adopted the administration with absorbing ardor." Blaine patted General Jimmy on the cheek and said: "You are to have a second term or to be overthrown . . . by the Grant crowd. . . . The Grant forces were never more busy than at this hour. . . . They must not be knocked down with a bludgeon; they must have their throats cut with a feather." Henry of Navarre had now become Iago. But Garfield had a grandiose idea—to put Conkling in the Cabinet with Blaine. Kiss and make up (for my second term), he tootled on his flute. "No Cabinet could get along with him!" thundered Blaine. So a beautiful idea curdled in the creaming.

But it wasn't with a feather that the throats of the Grant crowd were to be cut. (Whenever Blaine said Grant he meant Conkling.) What Blaine slipped into Garfield's hand was a butcher-knife. Before using the knife, however, gentle James still had it in his mind to bring Conkling out of his megrims. But the Coriolanic soul of the New Yorker refused to stoop to lunch with the President to discuss the New York appointments. Then came the deed. (Guiteau, Second Adventist, a Conkling Stalwart of the Stalwarts, is now actually circling around the White House with a loaded gun.) On March 23, 1881, Garfield

threw out General Merritt, a Conkling man, as Collector of the Port of New York and put into that crib William H. Robertson, Conkling's worst political enemy and the leader of the bolt in the convention that nominated Garfield. Conkling said Garfield had lied to him, that he had promised him he would not appoint Robertson. The Plumed Knight wiped the blood off of the butcher-knife and made another notch with it in his score against his rival.

Conkling resigned from the Senate. "Me, too!" cooed Tom Platt, who from that day became Me-Too Platt. They both hoped that the New York Legislature would vindicate them by instantly reelecting them. But Blaine was boss, and in spite of the fact that Vice-President Arthur himself (Ingalls' prize political ox) went up to Albany to lobby for Conkling and Platt, the Legislature refused to reelect either of them. The New York trough had changed hands, and the Albany boys were with the new pig-feeders. Grant was politically dead anyhow, so the turkey-gobbler now had no perch from which to crow.

Conkling took up the law and Guiteau took up his pen. He sent this letter to Garfield:

I regret the trouble you are having with Senator Conkling. You are right and should maintain your position. You have my support and that of all patriotic citizens. I should like an audience for a few moments.

The italics are mine. Garfield refused to see him, thus prolonging his life until July 2, when Guiteau, emerging at last as the tragic core of the long battle of the two Adonises, shot him while he and Blaine were standing on the platform of the Baltimore and Ohio station in Washington waiting for a train. When they grabbed Guiteau he said, "I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts, a Conkling man." He said that he had murdered the President as a political necessity to make Arthur President and to reunite the Republican party.

Curious documents were found on this crackpot follower of Conkling. He had undoubtedly intended to kill Blaine also,

although he said he was going to kill Mrs. Garfield with the next bullet. Here is his most remarkable letter:

To the White House:

The President's tragic death was a sad necessity. . . . to save the Republic. . . . Life is a flimsy dream. . . . A human life is of small value. . . . I presume that the President was a Christian and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. . . . I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts.

Another letter was to General Sherman, asking him to "order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once." He had also engaged a hackman for \$2 before he fired the shot to take him to jail afterward. Guiteau is of no importance except to show how a high comedy may evolve into a low tragedy.

But the next day the storm broke in all its fury in the newspapers. The New York *Times* said: "Certainly we are far from holding any party or section of a party responsible for this murderous act . . . , but it is not inexplicable." The *Tribune* headed its editorial "Factions's Latest Crime," and said: "A Stalwart of the Stalwarts, his passion was intense enough to do the thing which other reckless men had *wished* were done. . . . The spirit of faction which fired the shots of yesterday. . . ." The *Tribune* denied that Guiteau was insane and in line after line aimed directly at Conkling. The Baltimore *American* came out flatly with: "His monomania

is identical, except as to its practical result, with that of Conkling and Cameron and Logan and Grant. . . . It is unhappily but too certain that the assassination of President Garfield is the logical outcome of the third-term conspiracy. The Stalwarts have indeed destroyed the President at last."

Of course, Conkling had personally nothing to do with the shooting of Garfield, who died in the following September. He disappeared out of the picture and took to the practice of law in New York. But his haughty ghost haunted Blaine again in the presidential contest of 1884 and was unquestionably a big factor in the thumbs down of the voters. In the blizzard of '88 he was buried for twenty minutes in a snowdrift in Madison square and died shortly afterward. Blaine lived on, toying with Pan-American policies and pursuing what is known in the encyclopædias as "a vigorous foreign policy" as Secretary of State under Harrison. He died in 1893, the most idolized man of his time—whom everybody distrusted.

With Blaine, Conkling, Grant and Garfield dead and Guiteau hanged, the Republican party hurriedly threw a sheet over the mess and passed on to the greater glory of Quay, McKinley and Hanna. The little spat between two political débutantes, begun in 1866 and ended in a pool of blood in 1881, seems to me, who can still dimly remember the tragic ending of it, just a curious proof of the stupidity of four utterly superfluous human beings.

THE TALKIES COME TO TOWN

BY MAURICE S. SULLIVAN

THE floor of the eating-house was wet. Water slithered down the tent-pole, or dripped where the canvas touched wood.

One by one the patrons of the establishment pushed open the screen door and stooped to enter, each receiving on the back of his neck an untidy rill of water from the canvas overhead. The conventional greeting, "Good morning, gentlemen! You too, Horace," was forgotten. There was either silence, or a harsh word for the weather.

Breakfast was late. The cook was having trouble with an oil-stove.

Horace the Bolshevik took the Milwaukee *Leader* from his overall pocket. The wrapper was torn.

"Somebody at the postoffice is readin' my paper before I see it," he grumbled, hinting of Federal spies.

"That must be the reason why there's nothin' in it when it gets down here." Tut, the colored cook, remained unaffected by the Bergerian message.

"You tend to your oatmeal," warned Horace. "And don't make it like soup the way it was yestiddy mornin'. A man can't work with mush like soup inside of him. Put some stiff in it, so it will stay with a man."

"You won't need stiff oatmeal today, Horace," Tut reminded him, amiably. "You ain't a-goin' to be able to work none today."

"Looks like nobody's ever goin' to be able to work again, the way this rain keeps up," complained Wisley. Much of Wisley's time was spent in cowboy attire, riding a horse, and the weather nullified

him. He demanded in irritation: "What does anybody want to come out to a place like this for?"

"Right, boy!" the frizzy-haired youth nodded. He was on the road. "I'm pullin' outa here soon's this rain stops—if it stops."

A couple of Indian horses, harried by yelping dogs, galloped and splashed by the tent. The racket was smothered by the almost indefinable roar of a flood, rushing down off the mountain, through the outskirts of the village and across the reservation. The cook wiped away a little pool of water dripping from the edge of the table.

"If you fellas would study up on these matters," advised Horace, "you would see that it's the System that's wrong. Word-elizin' won't get us anythin'. Nothin' can be gained except by force."

He put his paper away as Tut poured out cups of steaming coffee.

The warm liquid revived the spirits of a horse wrangler from stables where ponies were kept for the use of tourists and other hotel guests. Currycomb Rice, tall and bony, had a face singularly equine.

"I hear the movies are comin' to town when the rain stops," he volunteered.

For most of those present the announcement renewed interest in life. These picture people spent money like water. And pictures require sunshine. It was almost a promise of fair weather.

"Tom Mix?" queried Shorty Cramm, the teamster.

"No," said Currycomb. "He's quit account of them talkin' pitchers. Some other Western outfit, though. They're goin' to

run up a tent for their stock over near the corral. Bringin' about thirty head, what I hear."

The wrangler was pressed for details. He didn't know much, for sure. It was going to be a picture with a caravan, something like that in "The Covered Wagon," only old automobiles would be used. A good many extras would be needed.

Horace was amused at the eagerness of the others. With his lower lip he drained the coffee marshes of his mustache.

"You fellas make me laugh," he said. "Here you are, glad of a chance to play these people's game. They'll use you and then they'll charge you and the other workers money to see the pitcher. Not a one of them's a perducer, but they get profits outa the perducers.

"Y'understand," he continued, "they couldn't pull off anythin' like that under the Right System." He smiled into his oatmeal as he considered the preposterous state of affairs in the Republic. "Well," he consoled himself, "things'll be run different pretty soon. We'll see that these fellas is *put* to perducin'; or else," he added ominously, "outa the way."

"Who will?" asked Tut.

"*We* will!" said Horace, banging the table with his fist. "The thinkin' people of the United States."

Frizzy-Hair made an unfortunate error. "I believe . . ." he began to say. What he believed was never disclosed, because Horace interrupted him.

"Believe! *Believe!* Get away from the word believe. Never say you believe. Never believe anythin'. Tell only what you *know!*"

"Well," muttered the youth darkly, "if some people talked only about what they knowed they wouldn't get to talk much."

"Still," affirmed Currycomb, "you got to admit that these pitcher people leave a lot of money in town."

"Money! *Money!*" exclaimed Horace. "The bait the capitalist uses to ketch you on the hook! Say, what've you fellas been doin' with your time, anyway? Do you ever read anythin' at all?"

"You say there's goin' to be a string of old cars?" Shorty Cramm asked the wrangler. "Maybe," he reflected, "they'll want to hire my team."

Horace shook his head in mock despair and devoted himself to bacon and eggs.

While the news Currycomb had heard was thus under consideration in the eating-house, it was a topic of conversation also in the shacks and tent-houses of the Indians. Not only is the reservation land positively not for sale for \$24 in glass beads: the Indians knew they could get more than that for the privilege of filming one of their domiciles.

In the lobbies of the hotels the bored guests looked forward to the thrill of rubbing elbows with genuine movie actors.

That afternoon, as if a giant hand had sealed the sky, the rain suddenly stopped. The sun shone for a few minutes in practice for a full day's work on the morrow. Less than a week later a dust devil—a miniature cyclone laden with dry sand—plagued the dwellers in the tents.

II

From the winds of the north and the south they gathered—drivers of flivvers with flat tires flop-flopping on the roads, and of ghosts of cars the commercial failure of which long years ago had caused their makers to consider the relative merits of hot buttered rum and arsenic.

Envoys of the film company had left word in auto camps and garages at Indio, Banning, Beaumont, Cabazon and other settlements that persons wishing work as extras should assemble at 6:30 A.M.

Five dollars for yourself and five for your car. The alluring promise had spread over the desert like the latest story about Aimée.

On each side of the road of hard-packed sand, for half a mile, was a line of most dismal wrecks. Tin-can tourists and fruit tramps, and hotel guests from the nearest village, trying to look like cow-country Westerners, huddled around burning greasewood bushes.

Mammoth bright blue omnibuses from Hollywood were parked in the sagebrush. Trucks loaded with horses, or with a brand of cactus made of wood, plaster and canvas, much superior to the desert product, were arriving. Here and there a dummy, intended to do the work of a film actor, protruded from piles of other props.

Men sawed and hammered busily. Assistants of the director were engaged in cutting out cars too elegant for their purpose; eliminating wearers of knickers and celluloid-rimmed glasses.

Cattle herded by riders from Hollywood bawled at the confusion. Goats dodged in and out among the cars, trying to escape. Sheep with nothing to graze upon baaed their uneasiness.

The gossip ran that the extra folk were to be desert homesteaders, evicted from their holdings by capitalists who were virtually certain to pop on a griddle in the next world, but who now, unfortunately, were enjoying the best of health and abundant currency. These crooks had cunningly bought the only legal title to the land. A caravan, freighted with the heavy bosoms, the lares and penates, and other impedimenta of the evicted, was to be filmed as it wound its way over the desert to God-knows-we-don't.

Mounted Indians looked on in silence. A Hollywoodite approached one who sat in a saddle of curious workmanship.

"Some saddle there, Chief," he said, patronizingly. In Hollywood all Indians are named Chief.

The Indian stared straight ahead.

"Make it yourself?" inquired the pale-face.

The Indian spoke to his horse. The inquiring reporter faded away.

The sun broke through the clouds. Cameras flashed. Drivers hustled to their cars. The artistic among them for the last time changed the positions of the family washboard and the framed "What Is Home Without a Mother?" so that they would appear to better advantage in the film.

Patrons of the village boarding-tent

stood just behind the cameras, among the be-caned and spatted wealthy from the inns.

"They're foolin' the people," complained Horace. "Why, this is all a fake. It's got up to pull the wool over the eyes of the workers and keep them contented."

He snorted with indignation. "Look at that fella on the horse, pretendin' to be a tough umbry! He couldn't get on the platform with that outfit. I wisht the boys back in the old days of Cripple Crick could of saw him."

"They got to come to me if they want me in this pitcher," said Wisley. "I'm too independent to go soupin' around like some of these other guys did." He adjusted the silver ring which, in lieu of a knot, held the ends of his yellow kerchief on his bosom.

An official eye fell upon Horace. The director called to him a little bandy-legged assistant who carried a megaphone on which was stencilled his name in letters of white. He caressed his chin significantly, pointed a thumb at Horace, and whispered something to Bandy-Legs. The assistant nodded.

He approached Horace.

"Want to get in the picture?" he asked, gazing at Horace's bristles with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Oh, I don't know that I do," said Horace, registering indifference.

"Well, if you do, stick around close to Mr. Pons, the director, so he can see you when he needs you." He turned away, then saw Wisley.

"You're in the picture, aren't you?" he asked.

"Uh-h, yes," said Wisley. "I guess so."

"Well, you'd better be getting over in the caravan where you belong," advised Bandy-Legs, hurrying away to attend to matters of great importance.

"Say, who do you think you're talkin' to?" demanded Wisley, although Bandy-Legs was far out of earshot. "I got half a mind to go after that rooster and show him where to get off at," he added.

Horace found that he couldn't see very well until he stood quite close to the director. Wisley edged his pony little by little over to the caravan and took a place among the outriders. Currycomb Rice was already there, keeping an eye on stock hired at his stables by the film company, and doubling as an extra. Scattered among the cars were other patrons of the eating-house.

After three hours' work by a couple of assistants two lines of satisfactorily unprepossessing cars and wagons were formed on the road. Between them was driven a truck from which were passed battered felt hats to those whose own property was too stylish for genuine desert rats. A second truck, loaded with tubs, framed pictures, mattresses and other household goods, dispensed these articles to the extras, although most of them had come well armed with such scenery.

A picturesque rancher coming up from Imperial Valley in a light car, dragging a trailer from which long tule mats drooped, was hailed and hired on the spot. A fruit tramp with a wife and four children, a tent and all their chattels in a limping car, was corralled and wedged into line. That morning the bairnies had had insufficient food, owing to a lack of cash. That day, and for several days thereafter, the family earned \$35 and six free meals, sitting in their chariot at the side of the road.

As the lads at the eating-house said, these pitcher people spent money like water.

III

It was noon. Nothing much had been accomplished toward filming Vane Gregg's gripping story of the Real West.

Carrying in one hand a paper plate heaped with food and in the other a tin-cup full of coffee, Frizzy-Hair, Shorty Cramm, Currycomb and Wisley threaded their way among the diners, most of whom sat demagogically on the sand.

"Where's Horace?" asked Shorty. "I seen him with you this mornin'."

"Don't know," said Wisley. "He must of got mad at the capitalists and left."

They approached a jerry-built wooden table on which was a warning sign: RESERVED FOR THE STAFF.

"Let's sit near that table," suggested Shorty. "Maybe the big bugs'll see us and give us better parts."

"If they want me they got to come to me," said Wisley. "They ast me to come in the pitcher. If they want anythin' else let them ask. I believe in bein' independent."

"Don't let Horace hear you usin' that word believe," said Frizzy-Hair. "You just as well talk about your income as say you believe anythin', when Horace is around. He doesn't believe in believin'."

"Let's sit on the ground here, anyway," he added. "We might learn somethin' from hearin' these guys talk."

The star and the young actress who played opposite him seated themselves at the table and were served without having to stand in line with the common herd. The director, Bandy-Legs and another assistant, the adapter and the script girl also took places, their distance from the star varying with their comparative magnitude. A player who was all worn out from dying at the hands of hired gunmen accepted a hearty invitation from the star and sat at the foot of the board.

The coffee mellowed the star to reminiscence. Nature, perhaps with a little help, had fashioned him a magnificent body.

"Maybe you think I wasn't plastered the other night," he volunteered. "Gad, I—was—cockeyed!"

"What I didn't like was that grin on Mabel's face," protested the hard-riding heroine of the picture. "What if she does double for me? I said to her, 'Well, Mabel, maybe I can't ride a horse, but I got other accomplishments.' Then she says: 'Such as . . . ?' raising her voice like that at the end. It wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it."

"You're getting the gravy, ain't you?" the star consoled her.

The adapter was nervous. A cup of coffee, a banana and a cigarette sufficed for his lunch. He arose and stared at the sky, taking deep draughts of smoke. A professional extra from Hollywood greeted him.

"Well, how's she stackin' up?"

"Pretty fair, thanks. Pretty fair," he acknowledged.

"Well," said the extra, between bites of cake, "it's like I tole the boys over there just now. I said: 'There's the one man in the business who can handle the Vane Gregg stories like they ought to be handled.'"

"It's very good of you to say so, I'm sure," thanked the adapter, coloring with pleasure. "I appreciate it."

"It's the truth," said the extra. "I always say it, and I always will say it." He tapped the adapter's chest with the fingers holding the cake. "The one man in the business, bar none."

"If I can do anything for you any time let me know, will you?" said the one man in the business.

The extra squatted on the ground beside the tired film player who sat at the end of the table.

"I sure lathered that boy," said the extra. "He'll go to the front for me now."

"That so?" said the other. "You know, I was just thinkin' of the difference in women." He looked suspiciously at the eating-house patrons to make certain no outsider should hear the secrets of the trade. The Philistines pretended to be engrossed in their food, but they had their ears at alert.

"I'm told that I should act a little rough with this blonde here; but when I gripped her she grabs her arm and makes a face like she was in agony and says: 'Don't you *dare-a* do that again!'

"Now you take Pickford. There's a trouper. That time I had to slap her I said: 'I don't like to do this, Mary,' and she says: 'You go right ahead, Joe. Whale away!'

"*There's* a trouper, I say. And some of these young whippersnappers wonder why they don't get anywheres in this business."

He glanced again at the inhabitants of the outside world, and lowered his voice.

"Another time Mary says to me, she says: 'Joe,——' "

The eating-house patrons were robbed of the chance of hearing more about a real trouper when Mr. Pons, the director, came out of a mood of abstraction. It had descended upon him after a dust cloud from the north had resolved itself into an imported car bearing a message from the town.

"A fine business!" he protested. "A *fine* business. You're two jumps ahead today and tomorrow a mile behind."

"Yeah?" the star inquired.

"We're going to have to give this thing a goat gland. The Lord High Check Executioner orders a talking sequence."

"It's O.K. with me," said the star. "I taught my horse all he knows and he's teaching me to whinny."

"How about me?" demanded the heroine. "How do I know how my voice'll test? I suppose Mabel will talk for me, too."

"Don't you worry about that, girlie," the star reassured. "You do the looking; they'll get somebody to do the talking. Twila Flennikin has a voice like a saw trying to rip through a loose nail in a board, but they found her one like Ethel Barrymore's."

"What gets me," complained the director, "is why these mammy singers don't stick to their own racket."

"I wrote a lyric once," the star confessed. "Name is 'Liluokalani from Kilarney'. I think I'll change the title and put it over as a theme song for the gabbies."

"They're sending out a couple of sound-proofed cameras mounted on trucks," the director grumbled. "We're to record all the noises we can make for art and posterity."

"Too bad I haven't got my piccolo with me," lamented the star. "Can't we send for it?"

"They tell me," said the director, "somebody saw a line of customers waiting to get into the Abyssinian Theatre and

see 'In Old New Mexico.' He threw fits all over Hollywood."

The adapter tossed away a cigarette he had just lighted and borrowed another.

"Personally," he proclaimed, "I sprained myself trying to put these Vane Gregg stories over, and now I've got to learn a new trade. Tonight I'm going to pour a libation to the twin goddesses, Hebe and Jebe. If you want a good sound effect get me making a noise like going down for the third time."

A cheer came from a crowd of extra people and hangers-on gathered around a camera stand a hundred yards away. Wisley and his companions hurried over there; those at the staff table went more leisurely.

On the platform was an unshaved, gleamy-eyed figure in soiled overalls, delivering an earnest oration and answering hecklers. Amateur and professional actors, munching cake, pie or bananas, listened good-humoredly, or took part in the badinage.

"We might of known," exclaimed Wisley. "It's Horace, makin' a speech!"

IV

Horace was standing with his thumbs thrust in the suspenders of his overalls. At intervals he hitched up the rigging in the manner of an actress who feels her shoulder straps slipping.

On his cocoa-mat countenance Horace wore his usual admixture of indulgent amusement and compassion for the ignorance of the audience.

He was being heckled on a point of the history of human achievement. A tourist, a stickler for accuracy, demanded:

"How about Shakespeare and we'll say, Rembrandt? Would you consider them producers?"

Years of rough-and-tumble oratory had taught Horace an effective manner of dismissing such cavil.

"Nobody quotes them fellas," he said.

"You talk about hist'ry," he added. "Hist'ry! There's no such a thing as his-

t'ry. Why it's ree-dicalous the things that're got up to pull the wool over the eyes of the workers.

"You take you fellas standin' around here satisfied to play these fellas' game just because they throw you five dollars and a piece of pie for dinner. It makes me think of the time I went on one of them excursions to the beaches. You know, bus rides they give the people: free trip, free lunch, free talkin'; everythin' free but the lots.

"There was me, another man, and three old ladies. The driver he kinder had a grouch on because it begun to rain and he knew if it kept up there wouldn't be no lots sold to this bunch and he wouldn't get no commissions. He wouldn't answer the old ladies' questions, hardly, only with yes and no.

"Well, this driver closes up the side curtains and it begun to get warm in there. I was feelin' comfy myself but the old ladies they started to pester the driver.

"One old lady says: 'Do you think there is any danger of this bus skiddin'?' The driver gives her a hard look and says: 'Lady, this bus *always* skids!' 'Oh!' says the ladies, and they begun to make that cluckin' noise ladies make, every time we past a machine or turned a corner.

"I leant back and got out my old pipe and rough cut for a smoke. I didn't care whether it rained or not—I wasn't goin' to buy no lot and I *was* goin' to get a free lunch or raise a holler.

"Well, after the first puff, the old lady who ast the most questions turns to me and says: 'Mister, I wish you'd stop smokin' that pipe. I'm gettin' dizzy!' This grouchy bus-driver turns part way around and says: 'Lady,' he says, 'I think you was dizzy before you started!' "

Horace chuckled to himself, forgetting for the moment that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer day by day.

"Well," a voice in the crowd inquired, "did you quit when the lady ast you to?"

"Funny thing," acknowledged Horace. "I took a couple more puffs and I begun to get dizzy myself!"

Frizzy-Hair ducked behind a big man on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Are you sure," he called out, "*you* wasn't dizzy before *you* started?"

V

Location was pleasantly a-buzz. Sound-recording apparatus had come on the scene soon after daylight.

The patrons of the boarding-tent were discussing the miraculous good fortune of Horace.

"He might get nervous and spoil it all," said Shorty.

"Him nervous!" the wrangler scoffed. "Don't you worry about Horace. He's been makin' speeches for the last forty years. A thing like this won't scare him none."

"Where *is* Horace?" asked Currycomb. "He must of had breakfast right late. He wasn't at the table when I come."

"Tut the cook said he was the first man there," said Wisley. "He was the only one seen him this mornin'. Horace rushed off without saying a single word to radicule the oatmeal or the govament, Tut says."

"You know," Wisley averred. "I could get a good part for me and my horse if I wanted to play up to them pitcher people. But that ain't me. They got to come to me if they want me."

Far to the northward, around a rocky promontory skirted by the sand road, a dust cloud appeared. Dust clouds usually meant life-or-death-to-the-picture tidings, borne in expensive Hollywood automobiles.

An interval, and it became apparent this dust-maker was a battered flivver. It chugged to the parking-place, where the eating-house patrons stood among the cars.

From it descended a white figure, who leisurely made his way to the group around Wisley's pony.

"Dam' if it ain't Horace!" exclaimed Shorty.

Demosthenes wore a pair of white overalls, obviously fresh from the pile in the

postoffice store. Under it showed a collarless taupe shirt, painfully new. A toxicant yellow gleamed through the dust on a pair of shoes.

It was not the additions, but the subtractions that caused the comrades to gape. The familiar Horatian stubble was gone. Bristles of a mustache which had intimidated many a supper-table debater were reduced so that Horace's upper lip was revealed in a manner startling to those who had known him before. His hair was rounded nattily in the back, leaving a pale area above the margin of sunburn. Plainly his face had been dusted with talcum powder. There was a scent of tonic about him.

Horace didn't wait for comments. As usual he carried the attack.

"Why ain't you fellas workin'?" he demanded.

"They're tryin' to get the hang of this sound business," said Wisley. "There's a lot of experts over there explainin' things. They don't act like they knowed much about it theirselves."

"What's this we hear about you makin' a speech for the talkin' pitchers?" Currycomb inquired.

Horace readjusted his overall suspenders, simulating unconcern.

"They ast me to climb up on a wagon and bawl out the capitalists that're stealin' the homesteaders' land," he imparted. "All the rest of you fellas're goin' to stand around while I try to get you to put up a fight for your rights."

"But you ain't had no experience," objected Frizzy-Hair.

"Experience!" exploded Horace. "*Experience!* Who said anythin' about experience? Can't I get up there and tell them what's the matter with the System we're livin' under?"

"Will they let you say whatever you want?" asked Shorty Cramm.

"Well," said Horace, "they had me write out on a piece of paper what I wanted to say and what they wanted me to say: then they cut out what they didn't want to hear and ast me to mem'ize it.

When I get goin' I'll put them things back in. It's a good chance to bring the facts before the *berjaysie*."

"I thought you wouldn't let them non-perducers use you?" said Frizzy-Hair. He still smarted under Horace's reproof for using the word believe.

Horace shriveled the presumptuous lad with scorn. "If you fellas'd read up on these matters you'd know that Bernard G. Shaw, the bigges' Socialist in England, is doin' just like I'm doin' here—speakin' for the talkin' pitchers."

"I bet you never knew nothin' about this Shaw until these Hollywood guys tole you," Currycomb guessed, shrewdly.

Horace cast a pitying eye on Rice the while he thought hastily of an irrelevant topic.

"You know," said Horace, "I believe these talkin' pitchers are goin' to amount to somethin' for wisin' up the workers. In the right hands——"

"Believe!" interrupted Frizzy-Hair triumphantly. "Never use that word believe! Tell only what you know!"

This was a facer. Before Horace had had time to recover and crush the critic, the bandy-legged assistant to the director bustled toward the group.

"Say," he called. "Where's that Bolshevik, Horace What's-his-name, who hangs around with you men? We're ready for him."

One or two indicated the wanted orator, with that indifference the men of the open spaces assumed in dealing with Hollywoodites.

Bandy-Legs stopped dead in his tracks. His jaw slipped down.

"What the hell have you gone and done to yourself?" he roared.

"Nothin'," said Horace. "Only I had to get a haircut and I got it."

"You—had—to—get—a—haircut!" repeated Bandy-Legs, nastily, wagging his head; "and you couldn't quit until you looked just like John Gilbert! Well, you ruined yourself with us; that's all I can say."

"Hey, you!" warned Shorty Cramm. "What're you gettin' so hostile about?"

Bandy-Legs surveyed Cramm: "How would you like to get laid off?"

"How would you like a punch in the snoot?" said Shorty.

"Yes," said Currycomb. "How would you like a punch in the snoot? Comin' around here and talkin' hostile thata-way!"

"Callin' people Bolsheviks," muttered Frizzy-Hair. "We're as good as any bow-legged chuckawalla from Hollywood any day. What d'ya mean," he demanded, "callin' us Bolsheviks?"

"You're all through!" yelled Bandy-Legs, tossing his arms over his head, and striding off precipitately. "The bunch of you! You might just as well go back to town. You're through!"

"For two cents," scowled Wisley, "I'd go after that rooster and sock him one. Talkin' like he owned the desert!"

"What was the matter with *you*, Horace?" inquired Frizzy-Hair. "Why didn't you pitch into him and tell him where to get off at? First time ever I heard you say nothin'."

"I was thinkin'," said Horace.

"Thinkin'!" snorted Frizzy-Hair. "What was you thinkin' about?"

"I was thinkin' that under the Right System we'd put that fella on a motor-sickle," Horace explained, darkly.

"What for?" asked Cramm.

"Nothin'," said Horace. "Only under the Right System all motorsickle riders'd be shot."

ESCAPE

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

IF PEARIE's existence had boasted of a theme song, it would have been "Oh for the Wings of a Dove, That I Might Fly Away and Cease to Be Pearie Blah!" For behind her manner of scatter-brained triviality she hid a dark philosophy of life, beside which David's in his gloomier moments, or even Job's, almost looked cheerful. Her days were spent in a never-ending conscious, semi-conscious, and entirely unconscious effort to escape from a personality that she detested and scorned, but lacked the ability to alter.

To begin with, there was no doubt that Pearie Blah was not a name that sounded reasonable to English-speaking people. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but if it heard itself called poison ivy long enough, even a rose's disposition, and ultimately its fragrance, might turn sour. So with Pearie Blah. Her name, announced loud and firm by the school-teacher, spelled out hesitatingly by the delivery boy, shouted sneeringly by the impeccable little Willy Browns and Grace Jacksons of the neighborhood gang, had so got on its owner's nerves by the time she ran away from the seventh grade for the last time, that her outlook on life was definitely colored by it.

"Blah! Blah!" she stormed to her father. "It sounds like a hog-calling contest." He, helpless with resentment that his daughter should criticize the family cognomen, would of course cuff her over the ear, and she would spend the night under the porch, blaspheming her Blah ancestors one and all for cursing her with such a label. Murmured in its original dialect, it doubtless fitted in well enough

with the syllables that came before and after it. But in an English setting it was one of the major grievances that started Pearie on her tortuous attempt to escape from reality. After her arguments with her father she would daydream herself as Gloria Gish, Suzanne Swanson, and Corinne Chaplin, peering quietly through the cracks in the porch as her father called for her in vain—determined to escape for one night at least the terrible onus of being a Blah.

Unfortunately, this was only a beginning. For Mr. Blah on a hilarious Saturday night, when he did not know where he was going, drove the old car off the edge of the bridge and killed her mother, escaping himself unhurt. "He *would*. Trust a Blah to kill the other guy and keep a whole skin himself," sneered his daughter. And when he married again without much delay, Pearie had not only a Blah but a step-mother to escape from. And one who did not much care whether she escaped or not.

Still another dominating factor in Pearie's life was the fact that she was not very pretty; not as pretty as most girls are, and not nearly as pretty as she felt that she had a right to be. Of course, few of us look as we wish that we did. But most of us manage to forget our disappointment at intervals, and think about something else. This Pearie seemed unable to do. She could not alter the tragedy of her mother's death. Her mother was dead, and the second Mrs. Blah was established, heavy and loud-voiced, in her place. The two exchanged little but hostile glances. So Pearie tried to escape from her by devoting her entire attention to improving all that

she felt competent to improve—her looks. It being an era in which hair occupies a position of dominating importance, and hair being easier to adapt than mouth or nose, Pearie spent literally hours fussing with her unpromising locks.

Finally, she conceived an idea that social distinction might be attained by means of curls hanging over each ear. She suffered tortures at night when she did them up on rags. She twisted them around her finger until the exasperated teachers sent her to the school nurse, to the principal, to the wash-room to comb the curls out, or do them up. They even threatened her with the shears. In short, they did everything the law allows to quench Pearie's attempt at self-expression, which, like Samson's, flourished only on her scalp. The teachers had no authority to shave her head, although they sighed for it. And Pearie, escaping from their clutches, and from her stepmother's angry shampoos, would parade up and down the block during school hours, her hat on the back of her head, her eyes staring, and her miserable little curls incessantly flopping around her cheeks. This weak but obstinate attempt to soar to something above the dead level of a Blah suddenly bore unexpected fruit. It seems that no girl, however dingy, can lounge for hours by a fence, twisting a curl and looking lonesome, without some amused male making remarks to her.

"What's the matter, girlie? Lost your boy friend? . . . Are they real or sewed in your hat? . . . Why not get a permanent? . . . Hello, Mary. Where's Doug?" and similar remarks, startling at first, began gradually to soothe Pearie's sense of hopeless inferiority, and she made feeble efforts to respond. "I ain't waiting for a boy friend. I'm waiting for the train to Hollywood. . . . I ain't Mary Pickford. She's cut her curls off. If I cut off mine, how much will you give me for 'em? . . . I got a name I ain't telling. But I'm willing to change it. . . . Can't I wait for my sweetie by this fence if I wantta? It ain't *your* fence." These were samples of her rejoinders. Not very

witty, to be sure, but at least as witty as the remarks which called them forth, and after an hour or so of such interchange, she felt vaguely stimulated. She had been smiled at. She was important enough for strangers to notice her. Her curls must be successful if three truckmen, two Western Union boys, a taxi-driver, a barber, and a policeman had commented on them.

The policeman, to be sure, had told her that she had better take her curls home off his beat. But he had smiled as he said it and pulled one of them to see if it would come off. She had made a coquettish attempt to slap him. He had flourished his stick, and altogether the day had been full of adventures to dream over. After six months of this sort of behavior, Pearie began to be referred to darkly as a "sex problem" by teachers and truant officers. And in a manner of speaking she was one, although the phrase hardly covered her case. The fact of the matter was that only in the presence of the chaffing men whom she met on the street when she ran away, could she escape from her nightmare of being Pearie Blah. To her family she was only a nuisance. To her intelligent friends and well-wishers, she was neither more nor less than a little idiot. She even felt like one to herself. But whereas the truck drivers and the messenger boys also knew her for an idiot, they found little idiots agreeable. And when they poked fun at her, either in front of her nose or behind her back, they did so with indulgence.

I once witnessed a play symbolic of women and their problems, in which there were frequent obscure references to "the jungle brute." Inquiring innocently as to what brute it was, and what jungle, I had patiently explained to me that the jungle was our world, and the jungle brutes the men in it waiting to pounce. In this sense, Pearie picked her way through a jungle peopled with pouncing brutes. There seems to be a strain in sailors, paper-hangers and barber-shop devotees (to say nothing of the other jungle inhabitants) which is helpless before a fifteen-year-old girl who

is trying hard to be attractive to them, no matter how poorly she succeeds. They see through the artifice, but they cannot help being flattered by it. They melt before the spectacle of anyone working so hard to please them. After one of her chronic truanancies and hours spent before a grimy glass, Pearie would emerge with a pains-taking imitation of Pickford curls, Garbo eyebrows, and Mae Murray simper. And then, although a titter echoed through the jungle, its brutes encouraged her with kidding, boxes of pop-corn, and furtive joy-rides. Pearie felt for these few moments like a queen. And her escorts, most of whom were suffering from inferiority complaints similar to hers, were so dumbly grateful that she found them absorbing that while they laughed at her they enjoyed her antics none the less.

II

By this time education had given Pearie up, and she had started on industry at thirteen dollars a week. Following the lead that she had found so promising, she now definitely angled for rides, and used to boast to the girls in her section that she never had to pay a carfare. One giggle and one flop of her stringy curls, and if one driver did not give her a lift another would. This meant the saving of fourteen cents a day, to say nothing of the soothing reputation of being a successful vamp. The conviction that she was becoming attractive undoubtedly made her somewhat more so. She belonged to the Coué school, and incessantly told her beads: "Every day in every way I am getting prettier, more fascinating, and have much more It." Even though the girls could not see much change for the better, the boys could. Her excessive makeup flashing by in the truck of a grocer's clerk lent him a certain class. It made him feel devilish, which was how he wanted to feel. The sallow boy with his load of bacon and breakfast food, and the painted silly girl at his side, tearing down the street, both of them trying to

escape at breakneck speed from being what they knew they were—it was a sight for the comic strip or the tragic muse, according to the way you looked at it.

And then one especially successful day Pearie escaped from being a Blah by becoming a Pieffer. Pearie Pieffer doesn't sound so badly and Pete was not such a bad fellow, although not much of a catch. He had a poor job, no prospect of a better one, and not much sense. He had never been a ladies' man because he had no money. And he felt most at home lounging about in the vicinity of a crap game. But Pearie had made it so easy for him to speak, had laughed so uproariously at his jokes, and had teased him so persistently to take her home from work, to take her to a show, and finally (with tears over her step-mother) to marry her, that in a daze he had done so. He had been born to such a destiny. So Pearie next day had a new excuse to get the spot-light when she told the girls about her wedding and how absolutely crazy about her Pete was.

As a matter of fact, he liked her well enough. But having taken her for a ride in his wagon, and made a few jokes, he hardly knew what next to do to entertain his wife. He hated to admit that his resources consisted of nothing more substantial than a few debts, so he pawned his watch. And being in work that required a watch, he promptly lost his job because he had none, and of course until he found something else to do, Pearie's thirteen had to do for both. Thirteen does not go very far for two who have no knack at budgets, especially if one shoots craps. So, as the bride acknowledged with giggles afterward (after she had left Pete), they used to piece out by prowling through the streets in the early morning stealing milk bottles. Pearie's only method through life had been to meet issues by avoiding them, and Pete's habits were similar. So when she got tired of a milk diet, she, as Pete said, just walked out on him. He mildly let her go, and sauntered back to his interminable crap game.

Having thus escaped from a husband with the definite asset of being no longer a Blah, Pearie devised a new method of escaping from herself. It was rather ingenious. She now aspired to a more ambitious vehicle than a truck. She therefore began to pick out the make of car that she most admired, as they were parked along the business district, and took a seat in the best looking one she could contrive to get into. If a woman owned it or the man put her out, she was out of luck. But she was used to that. If she tried it often enough, some young fellow was sure to laugh when he found her seated in his car, and ask her where she was going. To this question, she would giggle the name of some nearby street, and say that she did not know the way. The young man would thereupon reply that the street was only around the corner and that she could easily walk. Her response would be that if it was so near, he could easily take her there; she was a stranger in town; she was looking for work; she could never find her way; she invariably got lost; she knew he was a good guy, . . . in the meantime firmly seated, and quite obviously with no idea of moving.

The driver usually made up his mind that it was easier to take her where she wanted to go than to put her out, and many of them took her farther still. Poor jungle brutes, indeed! If they pounced, Pearie cracked her whip over them until they wished that they hadn't. After a few rides extorted from yellow, green, or red roadsters, with a meal thrown in to get rid of her, she not only forgot that she had been a Blah, but she even escaped from the memory of being a Pieffer. Once again Pearie was considered, and even more explicitly, a "sex problem." But once again the phrase hardly covered her case. The false gaiety of her joyrides drugged her self-contempt. It filled the awful vacuum of her opinion of herself. But if the veriest spinsters could have spared the time to listen to her endless chatter, if they would have pulled her hair, and kidded her in-

cessantly, she would have been as well satisfied as with her dubious beaux. Women, however, fatigued easier than men when it came to bolstering Pearie's self-esteem. And the boys she picked up were the only ones on whom she could depend to make a twenty-four hour job of helping her forget herself.

The curious fact about her was that despite her behavior, she was not a fool, and occasionally she even wanted to escape from acting like one. When this variation of the flight instinct was upon her, she would drop in to talk it over. She came of her own accord, and began to talk so very fast that it was obvious that she wished to avoid being asked any questions.

"For goodness sake, Pearie, take a breath!" I would implore her. "You are just talking against time. What trouble are you in now?"

Then she would slow down a little, tell of some new scrape, and ask why we didn't shoot her. She depended so abjectly on personalities that we had to begin with her appearance. "You are thinner, and it's more becoming." Or, "Your permanent certainly has lasted well this time." From this pleasant footing, Pearie would gradually work around to the job she had lost because she overslept, the terrible time she had had with the fresh fireman, the bad luck with the eye-brow specialist, and the way she danced through her last slippers.

III

The major difficulty, of course, was that she was still prevented by Pete from marrying anyone else, unless she had the money to pay for a divorce, which she did not, nor did he. Even if he could, he said he wouldn't. He had other uses for his money if he ever saved that much. Pearie was, as usual, trying to dodge the issue, but as she complained, someone always tipped off any new boy friend that she was a married woman, and to avoid trouble he disappeared. It looked very much as if her various escorts were clutching at straws to get

rid of her, and were grateful for the subterfuge that she was legally, if not otherwise, attached to Pete.

"He ain't no gentleman," she stormed. "If he was, he'd pay for the divorce as long as I paid for the wedding."

But he did not. So Pearie ran away, got and lost another job, tried a boyish bob, didn't like it, and took poison. The next time we heard from her she was in a hospital, from which she had frantically sent word as soon as she was extricated from the stomach-pump. It is always hard to tell just how honest is anyone's desire to escape by suicide, when she doesn't succeed. Pearie could easily enough have been successful at it, if she had not swallowed her poison just outside the poolroom where she was having a disconsolate rendezvous with a boy friend. Of course he rushed her to a doctor at once. He was scared out of his wits and could do no less. And Pearie, true to form, had planned a moment and a method by which she could instantly shift from a flight from Life to an escape from Death.

A mild poison swallowed with due warning, in easy reach of a hospital, affords a quick and ideal relief for a chronic shuffler between fact and fancy. The ambulance, the bell, the scurry and scramble, the illness and the recovery—all serve to kill time, to postpone decision, to gain attention, pity, and a respite from having to make up one's mind to anything in particular. Of course Pearie, ere this, had sought surcease through nicotine and alcohol. What we feared was that she would progress to opium—that tragic escape from everything that life or death has to offer. But instead of that, she acquired a car. Just how she got it was like most of her transactions, obscure. Very likely she got into it and refused to get out. And for some reason its owner was in no position to argue the point just then. At any rate, it was the ideal aid to one who sought to escape reality, and hunt romance, disaster, thrills, fanciful destinations and unexpected obstacles.

Pearie learned to drive it with considerable speed. She learned to avoid traffic signals and kid the traffic officers. She sometimes escaped arrest, often avoided a fine, and though she could not always escape the officer who chased her, she could generally talk him into letting her off by means of the incessant flow of language by which she had learned to avoid saying anything. Finally, the man who owned the car came to—or at least his wife did—and wanted it back. Pearie said he couldn't have it, and ran off with it herself, its owner being inside it at the time. His wife didn't want him without the car, and Pearie was determined to keep the car with or without him. He, not being able to decide what else to do, stayed in it, and together they disappeared until they became involved in something really serious.

Pearie's companion was distinctly worse than she was. By this time, the men that she went with generally were. He had been a gunman and undertook to be one again while he was having dinner with her in a restaurant. A former associate sat at another table. They had words, and Pearie's mate thrust a gun into her hand. "Shoot!" he ordered. And she, always ready for something new and distracting, shot. By an unlucky chance, she hit her target, and he died with a promptness that may have been foreseen by her partner, but was completely unexpected by Pearie. It is usual for anyone committing any breach of the law, from a misdemeanor to a crime, to insist that he does not know why he did it. In Pearie's case it was absolutely true. She had no ill-will against her victim whatever. She did not know him. She had no respect for her companion and seldom even considered following his advice on minor matters.

Yet in a crisis of vital importance she did exactly as he told her. Not because it was he, but because the idea of escape had become such a settled habit that, for the moment, shooting a man seemed a good way to get out of a restaurant. It offered an

immediate excuse to cut and run—a form of exercise for which she was permanently geared. So she ran.

But she did not get very far. And then she had to sit in jail, unable to get away from herself, and nearly lost her mind. For Pearie had a mind. She had it as one might have a dubious bequest sealed in a massive vault to which there was no key. Much good it would do its owner unless he was willing to blast it out, on a chance that it was worth the trouble. And Pearie had long ago decided that nothing about herself was worth the trouble that the cultivation of the mind required. So she and her collaborator got life sentences. He did not get any more because he had not fired the shot. And she did not because she so obviously had not known whom she was shooting at, nor why she was shooting.

It was not long before the morning papers told us that Pearie, pretending to be sick and sleeping heavily, had fixed up a stuffed dummy in her bed, and while the dummy slept on, had once more escaped.

Years of practise made it a foregone conclusion that if anyone was to escape, Pearie would be that person. The same restless urge that got her into prison had sharpened her wits and got her out again. My imagination easily pictured her sliding down the drain pipe, performing a careful toilet in the underbrush, adjusting her spit curls over one eye, and then with her most open smile beguiling a ride to town from some bewitched milkman. I suppose that she will not dare turn up again. For us of

the court staff that is the end, and I am not sorry. Poor Pearie! And poor Society that must endure her in prison or out, and furnish her a living!

Perhaps she is a manic-depressive; a constitutional psychopathic inferior; a sufferer from endocrine imbalance, or from an infantile personality, or from an inferiority complex. It may be any one or all of these—or something more. But somewhere she still loiters and simpers, she is working and quitting, getting arrested, fined, and fixing her hair a new way. Somewhere, by incessant silliness, her hunted soul is still trying to dodge the majestic act of thought. Eventually reality will hunt her down. Sometime she will take too strong a dose, or drive a bit too fast, or the other girl will have the gun, and Pearie will escape from life, only to be securely grasped in the arms of death. When this happens, we shall all be better off. And she knows it as well as we.

Is personal immortality a fact, a possibility, or merely an august and mystical dream? In any case, what would it hold for Pearie? The indefinite continuance of a personality she has tried so consistently to avoid through life would be no reward. Perhaps that is to be her Hell. If continue she must after she passes the final door, let her be an angel, an imp, a flame, a member of a choir, a nameless ghost. But if there is to be any peace in the wide universe for her or for us, and if there is any pity for souls in endless flight, let her not be doomed to live on forever—as Pearie Blah!

KEEP IT EXCLUSIVE!

BY MILDRED GILMAN

“WELL, that camera is certainly a handicap to you, ain't it?” Mr. Finley Williamson, the assistant city editor, indulged himself in heavy sarcasm at the expense of the quaking photographer. “I suppose the high-school wouldn't pose either, or the house where the bigamist kept the two women and all the kids. Get the hell out of here!”

The photographer vanished and Mr. Williamson turned to another member of his staff.

“Oh, Miss Ray,” he called, “come here a minute. Here's a great one, right up your alley.”

Jane Ray looked up from the book she was reading and crossed the dirty city room.

“Nobody's seen this dame, see?” Mr. Williamson explained. “She's just been waiting for you. Jonas Clements' widow, you know—the Harrison Trust Company fellow who just bumped himself off. His widow is supposed to be at this address in Brooklyn, with a Mrs. Agassiz, her sister. We got a tip the body was taken there after dark last night. She's tough to get at.”

Mr. Williamson paused to see if Miss Ray was showing due interest. Then he went on.

“They say a couple of Clements' old girls made a scene at the undertaker's, trying to bawl over his body, so she had it taken to her sister's. Try to verify it—about the women, especially that Freeman dame from Philadelphia. He switched a million dollar insurance policy from his wife to this girl shortly before his death. And get pictures! She ought to have

some old ones of her husband. Get her and the two kids. You know, be subtle, tell her we're going to fight for her. But be sure to bring back pictures.”

“Sure,” said Miss Ray. “I'll bring you the Woolworth building too, and a signed editorial from J. P. Morgan.”

“Keep it exclusive!” Mr. Williamson shouted after her.

Twenty minutes later Jane asked the hall man at the fashionable Brooklyn apartment house if Mrs. Philip Agassiz was in.

“Shall I call her apartment?” he answered politely.

Jane looked at her wrist-watch and said, “No, I'll return in a few minutes. I must meet my brother on the corner. I think this is the Mrs. Agassiz I am looking for—she lives in Seven C, doesn't she?”

“No, in Ten D,” said the hall man, solemnly looking over his cards.

A few moments later Jane entered the servants' entrance of the apartment house and climbed to Ten D.

The heavy door opened a crack in response to her knock. A voice asked if she was from a newspaper.

“No, I have something of importance to tell Mrs. Agassiz' sister.”

“Well, she's too sick to hear it now. Her doctor won't let her see anyone until after the funeral. The doorman had orders not to let anyone up unannounced.”

The door slammed.

At once Jane went to the corner drug-store and had a half dollar changed into nickels. In the telephone booth she called the Agassiz number.

“This is Miss Ray of the *Evening Courier*,”

she said. "May I speak to Mrs. Clements? Oh, I see, I didn't realize that she had left the city. Did she leave any message for the press? Well, we thought a straightforward message from her——"

Jane waited a few moments and dropped another nickel into the telephone. This time she spoke in a deep voice. "This is Mr. Saunders of the Brooklyn *Forward*. Can you tell me if Mrs. Clements knew before the death of her husband that the Harrison Trust Company was on the verge of collapse? We want to clear her entirely so far as her personal assets are concerned. Hello!—hello!——"

Jane dropped a third nickel into the telephone, and said, "This is Miss Fisher, secretary to Mr. Flannigan of the Board of Estimate. I've been assigned to the investigation of the Harrison Trust Company and instructed to call upon Mrs. Clements for a statement. We aren't inquiring at this time into any assets she may possess. I'm sorry to intrude on her, but it's a legal necessity. I'll take only a moment. Yes, I appreciate that you must be bothered very much by reporters. I think I can offer a suggestion to stop that. I was at your home once this morning. Of course, I understand. It was natural for you to think I was a reporter. I'm at my office, but I'll take a cab and get right over. Well, I'm sorry, but this must be attended to immediately for the records. You see, it is very important. It will prevent the courts bothering Mrs. Clements later on."

II

The late Jonas Clements lay in a black suit and a white necktie, serenely sphinx-like in his silver-plated coffin, between lighted candles. On his right temple and on his right cheek were the marks of the two bullets with which he had killed himself. In his bosom was locked the secret of the missing five million dollars for which ten thousand hard-working depositors were wailing all over the city.

Mrs. Clements reclined on a couch in a

dimly lighted anteroom, a towel across her forehead.

"Couldn't I have been left in peace for these few days?" she demanded querulously. "Maisie," she called to the stout woman who had brought Jane Ray to her, "keep the children in the front room. What is there to say?"

She turned almost savagely toward Jane. Her thin nervous features twitched. One of her white hands clutched at the edge of the couch.

"He's dead," she went on dismally. "He was used as a catspaw to cover others higher up. They drove him to do it. Oh, my poor Jonas!" She groaned wearily.

"It's terrible," agreed Jane. "He's had to pay the penalty for the others."

She felt ill at ease. The woman before her seemed beyond hope, almost beyond feeling.

"I have only a few things that I must ask you," Jane continued. "First of all, do you know anything about the assets of the bank? Did your husband ever talk business to you?"

"Never. I knew nothing about them." Mrs. Clements glanced about the apartment. "This is a palace compared to our own home. We lived very simply. The children go to ordinary schools. We didn't squander any money. They'll find it all somewhere, and know that Jonas was innocent. But what does it matter now? He's dead—they've killed him, all of them, bringing down shame on his head!"

"Please, Mrs. Clements," Jane Ray laid a soothing hand on the thin one of the widow. Mrs. Clements instantly withdrew her hand.

"About the children," Jane continued.

"Can't they be left out of it? God knows they know nothing of it."

"We need their names and ages for the records."

"Catherine, aged fourteen, and John, aged eleven," said Mrs. Clements dully. "What did you say this information is for?"

"Why," Jane hesitated, "it's for the

County Board of Control. We need information for the records. One other thing I wanted to ask you, but I hate to. It's rather delicate, but I was ordered to do it. Is there, to your knowledge, any truth in the report that—well, that Helen Freeman of Philadelphia is the beneficiary of your husband's million-dollar insurance policy and has been living in Philadelphia as his common-law wife?"

Mrs. Clements gasped and fainted.

Jane was efficient. She used a newspaper as a fan and rested the poor woman's head in the crook of her arm.

"What is it?" demanded Maisie, waddling heavily into the room. "Oh, what have you done?"

"I didn't do anything, I'm merely helping her," answered Jane. "The heat is pretty terrible here. She was thinking of her husband, how lifelike he looks. How innocent he is."

Mrs. Clements was recovering and moaning. "Helen Freeman, that woman! She tried to get to him last night, at the undertaker's! She went in screaming. I was just going in then. I wouldn't let her see him. She's a liar. It's a mistake about that insurance. It was made out to me—Jonas told me again the very day before he died. He wouldn't forget his own wife and children. She's looking for publicity. Ask the other men she's been living with if it isn't a lie! Ask——"

"There, there, sister," soothed Maisie, looking unpleasantly at Jane. "Don't think about it."

The telephone rang. Maisie told a reporter curtly that Mrs. Clements was not in.

"Why don't you have your 'phone disconnected for incoming calls?" Jane suggested sympathetically. "You're going to be bothered with them. Another thing. I could save you a lot of trouble, if you—well, if you let me give out a general statement to the papers. You're going to be awfully bothered until you do."

Mrs. Clements suddenly looked relieved. "I think it would be an excellent idea,"

she told her sister. "Then will they leave me alone?"

She looked imploringly at Jane.

"Yes, of course," said Jane.

"You'll see that they all get it, so that none of them will bother me any more?"

"Why, yes indeed," Jane answered, somewhat absently. "Let me see, you said the funeral will be tomorrow at two-thirty at Evergreen, didn't you? Your husband, to your knowledge, had nothing to do with this Freeman woman or any of the others claiming to have known him? You are confident she is mistaken about the million dollar policy, that she's merely seeking publicity? He was home at night always, wasn't he?"

"Always—except, of course, when his business took him out of town. Be sure to give the papers just the bare facts. I don't want anything sensational. Don't mention about my meeting Helen Freeman at the funeral parlors. And don't let any of them know about the funeral. I don't want them there, with their awful cameras."

"You don't think that Freeman woman will be there, do you?" Mrs. Clements continued. "It would be ghastly. I've told the funeral parlors not to tell her when the funeral is being held. They say she's staying right here in Brooklyn, right at the Florentine, waiting—Maisie, give me that letter she sent."

Mrs. Clements handed the note to Jane Ray. It said—

Dear Mrs. Clements—If you don't let me see Jonas Clements once more before he is lowered into the earth, you will regret it forever. I know more than I'm telling. He belonged to me more than to you. I was the only woman he ever loved. You have no right to keep me from him now—

HELEN FREEMAN.

"Isn't it terrible?" said Mrs. Clements. Her hand trembled as she reached for the slip of paper. "Do you think she'll do anything? She's trying to take the bread away from my babies. She's trying to dishonor the dead."

"It doesn't seem possible that any human being, especially a woman, could be so heartless," said Jane fervently. "It's too

cruel at a time like this, when you are suffering so much anyway. There's one more thing I must have, Mrs. Clements, and then I won't bother you any more—just an old picture of your husband, for the official records. Any picture. That one on the mantel with you and the children would answer. Of course, we would just use Mr. Clements' picture, and block out you and the children."

"Why do you need a picture of him at all? It seems to me——"

"The artist can copy the head and shoulders of Mr. Clements without hurting the picture at all. He was a very handsome man, wasn't he? The children are adorable. But I don't think it does you justice."

"It isn't so good of Jonas, either. He never took a good picture, especially after he began to worry and fall away. Buster looks terrible, too. He wouldn't get a hair cut. But I can't let you have that picture. It's the only one I have left of Jonas."

"Oh, I'd just borrow it, of course, and mail it right back to you."

"I don't understand why you need a picture anyway, not with the children and me on——"

"I'll tell you what. I'll have it copied and return it to you within an hour by messenger. I really wouldn't bother you about it if it weren't absolutely necessary."

"What's the telephone number of this bureau you work for in case I want you?" asked Mrs. Clements.

"Why—Cumberland 2916. I'm very rarely in, though. I get sent around a lot, for statistics. Of course, if you ever need me for anything, just 'phone me and leave a message. You might get one of the new girls who doesn't know my name, but insist on leaving a message."

"Write your name on this piece of paper," said Mrs. Clements rather coldly.

Jane wrote, "Florence Fisher, Bureau of Records."

"Mercy, is that clock right?" she asked suddenly. "I didn't realize it was so late.

Don't bother your sister, please. I can let myself out all right. I wish I could tell you how much I feel for you, Mrs. Clements. I wish there was something I could do to help you. You are a very courageous woman. Don't worry about this Freeman person. Her claims are outrageous. They probably don't mean a thing. You and your kiddies will certainly have the first consideration. You must brace up now and have courage, for the sake of the little ones. Your husband would have wanted you to. Call me if you ever need me. Goodbye, dear. I'll have this picture back to you within an hour."

III

Jane telephoned to the assistant city editor from the corner drugstore, and told him Mrs. Clements' story.

"And I've got a picture of the whole outfit," she added.

"Great stuff," he said. "Wait a minute. Tell every word to a re-write man. Don't leave out anything. Write the caption for the picture and send it in by Western Union. Then beat it over to the Florentine and see the Freeman woman. I don't think anyone else has her address. Keep it exclusive, kid! Make arrangements for pictures if you can and 'phone in for a photographer. Hold on, here's Leo Furthly. Give him the story."

Jane told all of it, not omitting the letter from Helen Freeman, which she had memorized, and the time of the funeral.

But Miss Helen Freeman didn't return to the Florentine Hotel until seven o'clock, so Jane was kept waiting in the lobby exactly five hours and thirty-five minutes.

Then Miss Freeman was tired and irritable, and had to change her clothes in a hurry for a dinner engagement.

"You can have five minutes while I'm beginning to dress, if you hurry," she told Jane testily over the house telephone.

Jane went upstairs, so tired she could scarcely walk out of the elevator.

Helen Freeman had been in the chorus

before Jonas Clements raised her to a more comfortable station in life. She trailed a soft fur off a chair and told Jane to sit down, and then daubed cold cream over her prettily pointed little face. Her hair was henna red.

"What's on your mind?" she demanded brusquely.

"I'm from the *Evening Courier*," said Jane straightforwardly. "And we want to help you get what we feel is justly yours."

"You mean Jonas Clements' money?"

"Well, yes, that, and a certain amount of prestige. It isn't right for his widow to say the things she is saying about you."

"What has she been saying?" The red-haired woman turned around suddenly, her fingers that had been busily rubbing in the cold cream arrested. "Has she been blabbing to the newspapers?"

"Well, she told me quite a story this morning, and showed me a letter from you."

"Oh, she did, did she? Well, young lady, I can tell you a story that *is* a story. Nobody knew Jonas Clements better than little Helen Freeman. So she's been talking about me, has she? Well, she'd better watch her step. She doesn't know where that five million dollars went to? Listen—oh well! Who kept pushing Jonas along, pushing him along, running him into debt? How many houses has she got around the country, under phoney names? How many cars? Look at that farm of hers in Pennsylvania. Has she got it all well salted? She has. Sore, isn't she, because he switched his insurance policy to me? It's the only thing the poor man had any right to. But she figured on it as a parting gift."

Miss Freeman paused dramatically and then went on.

"What about all the high-priced operations she had? Jonas didn't have a moment's peace with her and her ailments. And would she divorce him and let him live with me honestly—even after she'd run him on the rocks? Not her! For the kiddies' sake! Weeps crocodile tears over his dead body! Won't let me near him!"

The red-haired lady was weeping now, from anger.

"So, she's talking about me, is she? Well, we'll see. I'm not down here on a pleasure trip, not by a damned sight. I loved that man, and I'm not afraid to tell everyone in the world I loved him. I didn't love his money—I loved *him*. I didn't gimme him to death the way she did. I never threatened him and tried to get things on him. I was going to keep my mouth shut about her and give her a break—but now!——"

"Listen!" Jane had an inspiration. "Why don't you write his real story, and yours—write it for our paper? You owe it to him to tell the public the truth, and you owe it to yourself. Our paper's very sympathetic with you anyway. They'll make you a good offer for the story and that will help you out until you get his insurance. And the publicity will be swell—if you decide to go back on the stage. Think of the satisfaction of writing just what you feel, what you know ought to be told, to clear him."

Helen Freeman looked at the sob sister quizzically for a moment.

"Would they pay decently for it?" she asked. "I sure need the dough till I get that insurance. It's kind of a dirty trick in a way, for the kids. He did love the kids."

"They pay very well. I'll 'phone them right now and ask about it. May I use your 'phone?"

"Well—yes. Call them, anyway. That can't do any harm."

Jane spoke to Mr. Williamson—told him distantly that Miss Freeman was considering selling her story to the *Evening Courier*.

"My God, bring her down," roared Mr. Williamson. "Don't let her go till we sew her up with a contract. This bank probe is turning into a whale of a story. Eastern Standard News has turned up a couple of other women. There's a rumor this Helen Freeman has a child by Clements in Philadelphia: that's why she's ready to fight. And they think Clements is the fellow who

pulled that big St. Louis bank swindle in 1906 and left a wife and a couple of kids out there. He was a financial wizard and a marrying fool, and he probably went goofy over this Freeman dame and told her plenty.

"He may have murdered that St. Louis woman. She disappeared mysteriously. And it's beginning to look as if his present wife knows a lot more than she is telling about his own kicking off. They're going to haul her down for another questioning tomorrow if she is well enough. She was the first one to find him after he bumped himself off and some of his relatives aren't satisfied that he could have shot two bullets into his own head. Neighbors heard her threaten him. Bring the Freeman gal down, kid, and step on it! Don't let her out of your sight!"

"Well, all right then, Mr. Williamson," said Jane in a coolly polite tone. "I will ask Miss Freeman if she'll drop around to the office for a moment on her way to her dinner engagement."

"Gee, I wonder if I ought to go," said Helen Freeman. "I wonder if he would have liked it."

"He loved you," said Jane. "Think how he would feel if he could know what people are saying about you now. It won't take a minute for you to drop around at our office. It's right on your way to the Commodore."

IV

At seven forty-five Helen Freeman had her name signed to a contract and the *Evening Courier* was preparing an announcement for its next edition to the effect that the exclusive story of Jonas Clements' life would begin on Monday:

STARTLING REVELATIONS OF DEAD MILLIONAIRE'S LOVE LIFE.

WERE THE FIVE MILLION DOLLAR LIFE SAVINGS OF TEN THOUSAND WIDOWS

AND ORPHANS RECKLESSLY SQUANDERED BY THE PLAYBOY BANKER?

WHY DID JONAS CLEMENTS IGNORE HIS WIFE AND KIDDIES AND MAKE PRETTY HELEN FREEMAN BENEFICIARY OF HIS MILLION DOLLAR INSURANCE POLICY?

READ THE BLONDE SHOW GIRL'S FRANK STORY OF THE PHILANDERING FINANCIER OF THE HARRISON TRUST COMPANY—WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE *EVENING COURIER*.

Jane introduced Helen Freeman to Leo Furthly, who was going to ghost her story. Leo started right off calling her Helen and persuaded her in five minutes to cut her dinner date.

"We've got to get started on this story," he argued. "They serve pretty good meals up at my hotel. I've got a typewriter there, too."

They went off arm in arm to the studio to pose for the pictures that were to run with the story.

"Leo knows two fellows I used to know out in Ashtabula, Ohio," Helen called back over her shoulder to Jane. "Can you tie that?"

"Well, kid, you're there," Mr. Williamson told Jane. "Tomorrow you want to move this dame to another hotel where nobody can find her and keep her covered, you and Furthly. Arrange to take her to Clements' funeral tomorrow too. I'm going to send three camera-men out with you. Maybe one of them will get a picture. I've got to hand it to you, Miss Ray. You get to be a better reporter every day. You've got a heart as big as humanity."

"When do I get that raise?"

"Next Friday, sure!"

"That was what you said two months ago, after the furnace murder."

"This time I really mean it. That's straight."

"So is a corkscrew," said the sob sister as she left the city room for the night, fishing in her pocketbook for a subway nickel.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Expatriates At Home.—More and more it becomes plain that in the United States there is coming into being a steadily augmented body of Americans who have been deprived of the America that they were born into and that once they came to know and love and who, bewildered and lost in a new, strange nation, find themselves in the position of expatriates in their own country. That country, long their happy home, has in later years taken on the aspect of an alien land and in it they find themselves dislocated, suspect, at sea and uncomfortable. Its people and their ways are not those they used to know; its conduct is a conduct that they cannot understand; its laws and the administration of those laws are offensive to them; and their United States, the United States of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and even of Roosevelt, is a United States now only by pseudonym.

These expatriates in their own country are neither professional radicals nor soap-box indignantos, neither alarmists nor adult college-boy dissenters, neither superficial dilettantes nor philosophical reds. They are, by the old American standards, the better and more intelligent and more dignified class of Americans, Americans of standing in the professions, the arts, the sciences, finance and society. They are Americans of understanding and poise, with a sound and sober sense of fairness and justice, and of decency and honor. Against this new, strange nation that they have suddenly discovered themselves in, against its new mob and its mob's new chieftains, against its tide of commonness, cheapness, vicious dishonesty and un-Americanism, they stand aghast, helpless as men without passports and barred by

their very Americanism—the Americanism of their youth—from sympathy and assimilation, and from life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The America of today is a gigantic Left Bank whereon, far from their old home and homesick, they are driven to cower before the persistent and galling forces of spiritual extradition.

It isn't that these expatriates wish to be expatriates; they simply can't help being what they are. To be other than they are would be to confess themselves un-American by the precepts of Americanism that they were brought up according to and in which they were educated and trained. They still believe in the old Constitution of the United States, now debilitated and emaciated by political disease. They still believe in the old American Bill of Rights, now indistinguishable from a Chinese laundry bill. They still believe in American justice, not in the Sacco-Vanzetti brand; and they still believe in American fair play, not in the Mooney kind of play. They still believe in free speech for Americans and not in the Wilsonian doctrines that have survived their sponsor. They still believe in the decency of American women and not in the prosecution and conviction of an honorable and intelligent mother who tells her children how to order their lives, whether sexually or otherwise. They still believe that the relations of a doctor and his patients are confidential and not open to any raiding policeman with an excessive itch for promotion. They still believe that censorship motivated by corruption, political or individual, is not to be tolerated, and they still believe that a man's house is his castle—as his boyhood house was—and not liable to invasion by any black-guard in a blue suit. They still believe that

an American House of Representatives that loudly applauds the murder of a boy as justified by the circumstance that the boy was driving a Ford alleged to contain a couple of cases of beer is not a House of Representatives that represents them. They still believe in gentlemanliness and in chivalry and not in shunting off to Ellis Island any Englishwoman, with or without a title, who once has sinned against convention.

They believe, these expatriates, that the great-grandson of Gouverneur Morris speaks for them when he says that this is no longer the America of his great-grandfather and that, more, it is no longer his as he was taught to know it: that he finds himself a strange and lonely man in a strange and lonely land. They oppose, after Article VIII of the old Constitution, the imposition of excessive fines and the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments; they cannot persuade themselves to regard as just a ten thousand dollar fine and five years in jail for selling a glass of sherry; and they still believe that, by Article IV, no one has a right to paddle their persons after they have said goodbye to friends sailing for Europe. They still believe, with the fathers of their erstwhile country, that their nation should avoid entangling alliances with foreign nations, and that the Monroe Doctrine is a policy of self-defense rather than one of aggression and that it should not infringe upon the independence and sovereignty of other American states. They still believe that the ambassadorial domains of ministers from friendly powers should be inviolate, that the private morals of visitors from foreign lands should be their own affair, and that true idealism and the demand for promissory notes for services rendered in the cause of idealism are hardly compatible.

They believe, too, these isolated American expatriates, that the Daughters of the American Revolution should hardly constitute themselves a censorship body and that the American Legion should hardly constitute itself in turn an adjunct to the

Ku Klux Klan. They prefer the old principles of the Grand Army of the Republic, soldiers first and last. They still believe in the preservation of the integrity of the courts and of their officers, and in the simplicity and lack of snobbery of a nation whose secession from monarchy was urged and whose independence was authenticated by farmers, merchants, shoemakers, printers, planters, sailors and soldiers. They still believe in the democracy of Jefferson and in the humanity of Lincoln and in the brave forthrightness of Cleveland, now no longer existent. They still are opposed to secret treaties, and they still believe that in time of war the interned enemy should be treated after the established principles of war, not like wolves and hyenas. They still believe that the American people, under their Constitution, shall be secure in their papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, that no State shall make or enforce any law which abridges the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, and that the rights of the citizens of the United States shall not be denied or abridged on account of race or color.

These men in a country and yet without one no longer have even their flag. Its once proud stars are now so many policemen's shields, and its once proud stripes the insignia of convicts.

Culture in the United States.—Periodically there arises in our midst a valiant defender of American culture against such ignoble critical Huns as entertain some skepticism on the subject. One such offended champion has recently mounted the platform with an editorial in the Omaha, Nebraska, *World-Herald*, beginning thus:

Table talk indicates what folks are thinking about, or whether they think at all. People say the art of conversation is dead, killed by the radio and the movie. They say that the trouble with America (someone always seems to be seeking to define the trouble with America) is that no one thinks of anything any more, except the making of money and various devices for spending it. Our rabble-rousers love to list the imbecilities of the Americano.

The other night there was a dinner party in Omaha where were to be found a newspaper man, a banker, a real-estate man, and their wives. They were ordinary folks in the sense that none of them had a million dollars or anything near it. The men work hard and the women look after their homes and children. The dinner might have been expected to provide such a scene as perfectly suits the reportorial venom of Sinclair Lewis when he views the American scene. There was, however, a complete absence of all that might be classed as Babbittry.

If this group were representative of Omaha citizenship, and of the country at large, then a report of its conversation should be reassuring.

The nature of the *conversazione* is then set forth. It appears that it was the conviction of the ladies present that "Sinclair Lewis has a blind spot as to their good qualities." The conversationalists "were entertained during their colloquy by music from a radio in an adjoining room." "A pleasant tolerance and honest appreciation of the homespun glories of the friendly farmer stations in Shenandoah," proceeds the *Kultur* defender, was manifest among the wits present. "There was also some desultory speculation as to the proper place in a symphony orchestra of the musical saw that one of the dance bands utilizes so effectively." This led "to the arresting report that one of Sandor Harmati's numbers was in a modernist group that had been hissed at in a symphony programme in New York." Several of the scholars assembled thereupon "expressed regret that . . . we do not have the courage to hiss . . . the bad in classical music."

"The cult of hero-worship surrounding the youthful Lindbergh had a few adherents, it was made plain, at this dinner," observes the arbiter. Then "the satisfying fact that not a few dishonest State bankers had found lodgement in Nebraska's penitentiary was not stressed too much, out of deference to the banker guest." Following this, "all expressed a genuine pride in Nebraska's capitol, and confidence that it would not tumble down."

Now, it appears, "the women were interested in learning that Elinor Glyn, whom one of those present had recently met, was

charmingly gowned, but the men were not surprised to learn that she is not beautiful, although her face has been lifted." Presently "someone mentioned the reds in Russia and not many at the table shuddered in fear of communism." "Bess Streeter Aldrich and her career interested all," the statistician goes on to report, "and the ladies seemed vaguely to fear and resent the growth of chain stores in Omaha's shopping districts, but admitted that they liked to shop where the utmost in value seemed to be assured for the dollar spent."

"Of such," concludes the champion of American culture, "was the talk. It doubtless could be duplicated in scores of homes every night, where people gather. There was honesty of opinion, kindness, a flash of wit and a lively interest in the things that make the day and its affairs pungent and interesting. It seemed to one who listened to it all, that here, in this table talk, was every necessary guaranty that Americans are not dull and sordid money-grabbers, but rather people with a keen sense of the rich happiness that can be had in living life to the full, in giving rather than in getting, in cultivating the mind rather than the pocketbook, in cherishing virtue rather than in pursuing vice."

The Unlucky Irish.—Any time you hear of an Irishman, he is in trouble. At once the most charming and most unlucky of men, he always seems to be in a stew of one kind or another. When he isn't fighting England's wars and getting kicked in the pants for his pains, he is fighting himself at home and getting fraternal black eyes. He is swindled by every other nation and race under the sun and, save in New York City, finds himself generally holding the dirty end of the stick under the momentary delusion that he has been handed the other end. Trustful, engaging, delightful and ingenuous, he is used as the cosmos' one big come-on. And he doesn't seem to mind it in the slightest.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Here and Elsewhere

LAYING eye in London to a number of plays imminently due for American presentation, I detected nothing that will add to the importance of the local season. John Galsworthy's latest, "Exiled," is a sorry disappointment, disclosing the otherwise highly meritorious author in a repetitious and echoful mood and bringing down its final curtain on the conviction that, so far as the theatre is concerned, he seems a very tired fellow. For the play, dealing with Englishmen driven by the post-war turn of events from their old England, Galsworthy borrows characters outright from such of his former plays as "The Pigeon," "The Skin Game," etc., borrows thematic devices as well, and falls back wearily at the finish upon such hokum whoopee as even our Mr. Cohan might hesitate at. England has been shown for three acts to be in a bad and even odious way. But—eleven o'clock and George M. Galsworthy to the colors! "We're not in Ireland. We're in England, and thank God for it!" says the innkeeper. "Good old England; and ain't she getting old?" observes the commercial traveler. "Not *she*," returns the other. "She's a two-year-old!" "And we love 'er; and we love 'er!" adds the traveler. Whereupon Sir Charles: "Love her! That *is* the little trouble. *And* the cure!" A chorus of miners' voices is heard in "John Brown's Body." "But *her* soul goes marching on!" proclaims Sir Charles.

As for humor, never Galsworthy's particular forte, the brand is several cuts below that of "Escape," which in turn was distinctly that of the vaudeville halls. I quote a few samples:

1. "I think I should be a success with lions. My canary feeds out of my mouth."

2. "I shall put my skirt on Flying Kite." "You won't lose much!"

3. "Quate! Ow culched! Hairs and grices! Why the 'ell can't she speak the King's English?"

4. "That picture of mine's fine; the mis-sus says she'd know it in the dark." "Does she know it in the light?"

5. Photographer: "I shall not want his legs." Sitter: "What's the matter with my legs?" Daughter: "He's thinking of your feet of clay, dear."

6. Photographer: "If I might suggest thinking of something pleasant." Sitter: "Well, what?" Secretary: "Oysters, Sir John. Oh! dear! It's May!"

7. Sir John (*indicating bust of Julius Caesar*): "That one of George Washington's good." Sir Charles: "What a queer likeness to Julius Caesar!"

As for clichés, we encounter such observations as "I like dogs. They're friendly things," with the rejoinder: "More friendly, I'm afraid, than human beings"; such dialogue as "I only thought—," interrupted by, "Well, don't!"; and such symbolism as naming the potential winning race-horse after the play's theme, Evolution.

The comedy, "By Candlelight," an adaptation from the German and a great London success, presents us with still another paraphrase of the "She Stoops to Conquer" theme. In this instance a butler masquerades as his employer in order to win his lady love. The material of a one-act play is laboriously stretched out to cover an entire evening, and there is little wit or humor to sustain the exhibit. The few comical passages only serve to heighten the impression of the fore and aft lethargy. "The Matriarch," a dramatization of a novel by G. B. Stern, is a sweetish Jewish treatment of a "Rutherford and Son" theme,

dully written and often so exaggerated as to be ridiculous. The dramatic devices are familiar and strained, and the characterizations are purely of the grease-paint species.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," by one of the innumerable Arts Theatre geniuses, is the worst kind of balderdash, calling for no comment "Rope," by a young man named Hamilton, is a workmanlike thriller that, for all its programme note as having been inspired by de Quincey, follows closely the local Leopold-Loeb affair. As popular melodramas go, it is a lively one: two and a half hours of expert Grand Guignolism. St. John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser," an enormous success at the Haymarket, I missed, due to a sudden return home. I hear good reports of it. "The Infinite Shoe-black," by Norman Macowan, amounts to nothing; Alfred Paumier's "The Face at the Window" is simply stale melodrama; and Edgar Wallace's "Persons Unknown" is the regulation Wallace flapdoodle.

Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter-Sweet," admirably mounted by Charles B. Cochran—Ernst Stern's setting and costumes for the second act are beautifully contrived—is an unimaginative revamping of the Edward Sheldon "Romance" sort of thing, with the negligible species of music that is habitually endorsed by unmusical play reviewers as "pleasant," "agreeable" and "tinkling."

II

The United States of the moment is amusement-mad to the point of insanity. In no other country in the world are a people so frantically engaged in the pursuit of diversion. The increased earnings of the masses following the late war have brought about a greater share of leisure and a greater urge and opportunity for play than have ever been enjoyed by the masses whether in America or elsewhere and, like sailors on a spree, the mob has gone on a wild pleasure drunk.

There are more theatres in the United States today than in all the rest of the

world combined. Tens upon tens of thousands of movie houses wind their unbroken chain from coast to coast. Jazz bands and dance halls overflow the cities and wash up into the smaller towns. Radios infest houses East and West, North and South. Cheap automobiles are found in almost every other back-yard. Circuses, carnivals and fairs crowd the countryside. Racetracks flourish in every part of the land. Pleasure parks grow steadily in number; where a few years ago there was one, there are now a dozen. There are more and more new and larger bathing beaches; more and more roadhouses; more and more public restaurants; more and more hotels for the increasing numbers of travel fiends. The boats to Europe are packed almost the whole year round and new boats are being rapidly built abroad to take care of the American crowds. Palm Beach, Havana, Nassau and the Winter resorts, once practically deserted, are now so jammed at the first sign of frost that the wide, open spaces of a sardine can are roomy in comparison. Wherever one used to see a Carter's Little Liver Pill or Castoria sign from a railway-car window, one now sees a golf links, and every other former vacant lot is now a tennis court. Professional baseball attracts bigger crowds than ever before and college football game tickets, even to stadiums holding seventy or eighty thousand people, sell at a substantial premium. There are twice as many speakeasies, beer flats and gin-sneaks in the country as there were saloons in the old days. Small fortunes are made by peddlers of hot-dogs on the motor highways, and the number of private swimming pools has grown to Hollywood proportions.

Detective novels and other cheap literature are gobbled up by the ton, and the sale of phonograph records mounts steadily. Dance marathons, talking derbys, six-day bicycle races, flag-pole-sitting contests, championship rocking-chair contests and other such imbecilities are put into motion to satisfy the mob's hunger for amusement of one kind or another. Bunion derbies

line the roadsides with diversion-seeking dolts. Hundreds of thousands of balls given by social and fraternal orders, to say nothing of picnics, outings, excursions, clam-bakes and corn-roasts, enliven the American night and day. Small traveling phonographs grind out their melodies on countless trains, and home movies are almost as common as musical cocktail shakers. Moonlight bathing, hayrides, hiking expeditions and flying planes add to the pleasure-pushing picture. Ping-pong has come back into tripled favor, and contract bridge has swept the country. Gum-chewing contests, pie-eating races, flea circuses and like diversissements of the lowly are more popular than ever, and where there used to be one street parade there are presently a dozen. Band concerts are a feature in every public square or park of any town of over 25,000 inhabitants. The statistics show that there are thirty times the number of small power craft in use that there were ten years ago. Excursion boats do a thriving business, and the pocket flask industry is now second only to the movie industry. Three times as many cheap magazines are being published today as were published six years ago. And the Summer resorts, when warm weather sets in, are packed to the roofs.

With the enormous increase in the number and character of the public's amusements, the theatre has naturally lost a share of its former patronage. It is always a characteristic of entertainment madness to distribute itself widely rather than to centre itself upon a single relaxation, or even two or three forms of relaxation. The variety of games and diversions provided the inmates of an insane asylum is always much greater than that indulged in by the same number of normal men and women.

III

One of the reasons for the present diminished interest in the theatre doubtless lies, however, in the circumstance that the drama of today is largely without what may be called heroine appeal. The heroine,

in the old sense of the word, has practically disappeared from the drama, her place taken by an assortment of women lacking in anything approaching glamour and completely unalluring to the great majority of the public. If music show producers were to put on shows made up of deformed and ugly women, they would not be surprised to find that the public stayed away from them. But the legitimate producers seem to be shocked to find the public deserting their theatres when they, in turn, present an endless succession of plays with similarly unappealing pictures of womanhood.

The larger portion of the public goes to the theatre in quest of what, according to its lights, it regards as beauty, romance, spiritual fillip and glamour and these it seeks, after the tradition of centuries, in the embodiments of girlhood and womanhood that the drama may provide. Such consoling and satisfying embodiments it used to get, but no more. In the place of the noble and lovely heroines of yesterday it now finds an uninterrupted series of gutter prostitutes, flip flappers, Freudian mouthpieces, pseudo-Shavian chatterboxes and he-women, brash, brazen, wholly without charm and infinitely drab. And it is the same, to a but slightly lesser degree, with the heroes. What the drama cries for is a return to spiritual swords and purple, to softness, fineness, gentle wonder and dignity. What the drama needs are men and women of some romantic warmth and beauty and not these common, swearing, wisecracking, bawdy rats that today clutter up its stage.

IV

Paradoxical as it may superficially seem, the considerable improvement in the standards of American journalistic dramatic criticism, widely observable, is doubtless also responsible for the alienation from the theatre of hitherto regular playgoers. Up to as recently as ten or twelve years ago, general newspaper theatrical reviewing was largely indistinguishable from the paid

theatrical advertising on the same page. Its apparent purpose was to boost almost everything indiscriminately, irrespective of its merits, to remain in the warm graces of managers, producers, playwrights and even actors, and to cotton to the old newspaper policy of saying something nice of all possible big advertisers and taking a chance in the other direction with everyone else except Catholic clergymen and Jewish bankers. The notion that this constant ballyhooing of inferior theatrical stuff drove people in disgust from the theatre—a theory advanced by sundry professors of the drama in the literary reviews—is hardly borne out by the facts. For the facts are that the theatre in the period under discussion was enormously prosperous and that, in the period that directly followed, it took the public so long to get over the salubrious effects of the ballyhooing that it was more prosperous still.

The newspaper reading public, which is the potential theatregoing public, wants and craves good notices of plays, however idiotic, and is disgruntled when it does not get them. It wants news, however unfounded, of plays to go to, not plays to stay away from. It reads the papers to find out what to do with its evenings, not to find out what not to do. And the latter is what, under the later and more intelligent and more honest critical dispensation, it pretty generally finds. Thus, as theatrical reviewing, with the newspapers' concurrence, has become more forthright, fair and above-board, it has more and more discouraged theatregoing as a public diversion. It is all very well to argue that bad plays still succeed and draw in the crowds despite bad notices, but for one "Abie's Irish Rose" or one "Shanghai Gesture" that does so you will find twenty or thirty like "Carnival," "Young Alexander," "All the King's Men" and "Vermont" that do not, and the theatre as an institution is surely helped no more by that brand of success than by such failures. The public, or at least a sufficiently paying share of it, likes bad plays and good notices of them

give it the necessary stimulus, encouragement and self-substantiation to go to them and thereafter gabble enthusiastically about the fine time that was had. The tripe called "Skidding" ran for more than a full year in New York, and on notices that were only so-so. With good notices it would probably have run on for at least another year. Outright bad notices kept the public away from thirty or forty plays every bit as good and as potentially successful, to wit, "The Song Writer," "Eva the Fifth," "Girl Trouble," "These Few Ashes," "Hotbed" and "The Guinea Pig," to name only a half dozen.

The standard of theatrical reviewing in the daily papers has become altogether too high for the public, and the public is being frightened away from the theatre as a consequence. Men of some taste and training and honesty have taken the place of such lardy fellows of the past as Alan Dale, Acton Davies and company, and, instead of the old whooping up of plays right and left, the public is now getting the low-down. It isn't ready for the low-down; it doesn't relish it; and it is scared. What it needs, wants and doubtless again longs for are not the present eulogies of Tchekov's oblique dramaturgy and denunciations of Samuel Shipman's somewhat more direct, but the old-time enthusiastic tributes to the genius of neo-Charles Kleins, the beauty of neo-Maxine Elliotts and the great thrills of neo-"Way Down East." To believe that the public wants no such thing is to believe that a public that is a sucker in every other direction suddenly and miraculously constitutes itself a compendium of wisdom in the presence of the theatre.

V

Nevertheless, with the relatively increased sophistication of theatre audiences, plainly apparent in several directions, it becomes contradictorily evident that the long-established and hitherto prosperous dramatic hokum is on its last legs and that playwrights will very soon have to concoct

new sure-fire devices if they wish to make certain of popular success. There is hardly a single one of the old hokum fetches that any longer gets its erstwhile sure reaction; instead, derision and laughter are the portion of the playwright who carelessly happens to indulge himself in them. Even the Cinderella story appears to have gone into the discard of popular theatre affection; once certain of success it today evokes inner hoots and open yawns. And the quondam hokum trinity, Mother, the Baby and the Flag, has been abandoned as futile and profitless even by such former shrewdly assiduous advocates as George M. Cohan. Mother love, long one of the best box-office bets, now save on rare occasions paves the way to Cain's storehouse and serves playwrights—as witness Sidney Howard's successful "The Silver Cord"—chiefly as a springboard whence to dive into irony. Babies, long good for sentimental sniffings, are now available only as material for low jest—as witness the successful "Little Accident"—and the playwright who would dare to try to distil an audience's tender tears with one of them would only suffer ridicule. As for the Flag, one wave of it is enough to drive an audience away to the nearest English comedy or Frenchy farce.

The pistol from which the hero has covertly removed the bullets and with which the threatening villain once worked the audience up to a high state of suspense is presently as dead as the last three matches, two of them blown out in a critical situation and the last one, tremblingly nurtured, coming to flame to the audience's erstwhile nervous relief. The mysterious hand stealing around the portières, the sudden dousing of the lights and the loud shriek now draw from an audience only a very impolite raspberry. The smashing of a glass or window-pane that for thirty years was sure of an audience startle no longer works, nor does the sudden pistol shot. The villain bathed in a green light, the little child in a nightdress, the high-minded crook with a penchant for the old

masters, the pulling of a handkerchief out of the hip pocket in lieu of a revolver, the sudden clap of thunder, the battering in of a door, the rattling of heavy chains off stage, the loud ticking of a clock, the dropped rose picked up wistfully by the hero, the blind orphan girl, the locket, the old and faithful darkey servant with lumbago, the playing of "Home, Sweet Home," the entrance of the Marines—such ancient hokums passed peacefully out of the theatre years ago. And, for all their greater and more stubborn persistence, dozens upon dozens of their kin are today rapidly following them into limbo.

The humorous hokum of the past is similarly dead wood so far as present-day audiences are concerned. The mere mention of a squirting dill-pickle or grapefruit is now enough to bring forth a jeering howl. Stepping on a character's sore foot, getting the hand stuck in a decanter, a dismaying whack on the back under the guise of hearty approval, the defiant husband who, upon hearing his spouse call him, meekly puts his tail between his legs, the throwing of an imaginary object into the wings, whereupon a bell rings—to offer any one of them to an audience is to woo disaster. The hokum of long years' standing, whether dramatic or comic, has gone to the grave. The dawn of a new body of hokum that will pop our children and grandchildren is on its way.

VI

It is one of the little tragedies of the American theatre that some of its finest dramatic scenes and episodes are forever lost to its history and to its records by virtue of the circumstance that they have appeared in generally inferior plays which have been quickly removed from the boards. The better plays, often without a single scene or episode so authentically vital, stimulating and moving, are preserved in book form, but the failures, with their occasional flash of fineness,^f are more often left to die forgotten and unmourned. Yet,

as I have noted, in these failures—failures because the authors have been unable to make a single brilliant scene's vivid gleam spread its illumination fore and aft—we sometimes encounter dramatic jewels. There is room for a volume which will dig among the forgotten plays and extract from them and preserve their moments of authentic dazzle.

In such a volume there should be included the scene in Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "Revolt," wherein the child evangelist, condescendingly patted on the head as a half-wit, suddenly turns upon her doubters and, with a world of innocent fervor, tears with her simple, ecstatic words into their hearts. There should also be the scene from Jim Tully's "Black Boy," one of the most dramatic ever shown on the stage, in which the nigger girl, tired of her black pugilistic lover and with the eyes of her heart already wandering to his black fighting rival, gradually hugs tighter and tighter to her breast the radio over which comes, round by round, the news of her erstwhile lover's slow but certain collapse under the blows of her heart's latest conqueror. There should be the laughing love scene from Harvey O'Higgins' and Harriet Ford's "Mr. Lazarus," one of the realest scenes of its kind in modern drama. And surely there should be the scene wherein the young girl, dreaming of the moon's wonder, takes leave of young Andrew Jackson on his way to fame and glory in the last act of Stallings' and Anderson's "First Flight."

Deserving of a place in the album of lost scenes is the one at the conclusion of Frederick Ballard's "Young America,"

wherein a run-over and wounded pet dog resolves, after everything else has failed, a family's acrimonious difficulties, to say nothing of the excellent comedy scene in Ben Hecht's "The Egotist" wherein the Lothario hero finds himself gradually bored to extinction by the elaborately seductive wiles of his latest potential passion. Included also must be the scene between the two women and the boulder lover in Vincent Lawrence's "A Distant Drum"; the episode of the little chargirl's dumb bravery in disaster in Bertram Bloch's and Thomas Mitchell's "Glory Hallelujah"; the scene between Victoria and Albert in the "Queen Victoria" of David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton; the scene of the young girl's defiance in Arthur Richman's "The Far Cry"; the scene between the two married couples in the second act of Lawrence's "Two Married Men," one of the most underestimated of American comedies; the scene between the degenerate youth Berchansky and the child Hagar in the last act of Dreiser's "The Hand of the Potter"; the scene between Edna, the prostitute fugitive from the law, and Little Red, the hobo, in Maxwell Anderson's dramatization of Tully's "Beggars of Life," known as "Outside Looking In"; and the scene between the woman and her maquereau in George Bronson Howard's and Wilson Mizner's "The Only Law." Also the scene of the theoretical hero's gradual self-betrayal in Gilbert Emery's "The Hero"; the scene at the piano in Hubert Osborne's dramatization of Julian Street's "Rita Coventry"; and the meeting of the old codgers in Edna Ferber's and George S. Kaufman's "Minick."

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Two Southern Novels

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow.
\$2.50. 7½ x 5; 351 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Double-day, Doran & Company*.

CORA POTTS, by Ward Greene. \$2.50. 7½ x 4¾;
270 pp. New York: *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*.

THE South, politically, is in almost as sad a state as it was in the days of Reconstruction. Here and there, to be sure, a statesman of a certain elemental dignity hangs on, but almost always it will be found, on examining him closely, that his ears have been cut off, his gluteus maximus well paddled, and his insides filled with BB shot. Such mutilated survivors of a gentler day cannot last much longer; they are going out as Methodism comes in. In a few years, I predict formally, Pat Harrison of Mississippi will find himself, relatively speaking, a publicist of lofty talents and sterling rectitude, no doubt to his own unaffected astonishment. For the morons are in the saddle down in that hot, lush, charming country, and they prepare to ride to Hell and back. The catastrophe that shamed and staggered the gentlemen of Virginia last November will be repeated often, and on a larger and larger scale. In more than one State it is already impossible for a self-respecting man to get his nose into politics: the business of statecraft becomes a monopoly of pliant Jenkines, with cotton-mill sweaters leading them by the nose and roaring ambassadors of Christ helping them with kicks *a posteriori*. Is Bishop Cannon destined to be crowned Emperor of the Confederacy? I doubt it, but only because too much decency lingers in him—a legacy of the days when, at ordination, he swore that he “groaned after perfection,” and was as yet unseduced by games of chance. He will be upset soon or late by a greater and worse,

combining all the gifts of Jonathan Edwards, Frank Hague, Anthony Comstock, Cole Blease, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Wayne B. Wheeler and Al Capone. I look for this marvel confidently, and have grabbed a good seat in the gallery. It will be the greatest show since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew’s.

Meanwhile, the intellectuals of the South take it out in satire, the immemorial refuge of the skeptic who has abandoned hope. It is a good sign, for the thing that the satire displaces is sentimentality, for years the dominant Southern curse. Even so recently as twenty years ago it was hard to imagine a Southerner (not obviously insane) poking fun at the South, but now, under the tutelage of Miss Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell, they are all doing it, and some of the imbecilities that they expose, it must be confessed, are really most amusing. In “They Stooped to Folly” Miss Glasgow herself shows how neatly and effectively the thing may be done. Her theme is nothing less than the Southern attitude toward fornication—certainly a ticklish enough subject, even today; in the old days the barest mention of it would have covered the James river with blue flames. The action swirls around the bewildered soul of Mr. Virginius Curle Littlepage, a human bridge between the old Virginia and the new. Brought up during the Civil War *Katzenjammer*, with the Victorian domestic ethic in full blast about him, he saw his Aunt Agatha, for a trivial slip, exiled to the third floor back, and there doomed to drag out her years in sombre atonement. The next generation, his own, took a bold step toward antinomianism. The voluptuous Amy Paget, caught in indiscretion, was incarcerated in no such hoosegow. To the contrary, she

went to Paris, acquired there the white-wash of a husband, buried him in Père Lachaise, and then came back to flaunt her sins and tempt poor Virginius himself. It is not Amy, however, who gives him the most painful cause to think, but his young stenographer, Milly Burden. She represents the new generation, wholly emancipated and completely appalling. She neither falls on the field, like Aunt Agatha, nor runs away, like Amy. Instead, she stands her ground, admits everything shamelessly, and defies anyone to do anything about it.

The fable, in its essence, is not Virginian; it might be laid in any State of this imperial realm, North, East, West or South. But Miss Glasgow is no mere story-teller. Her merit lies precisely in her skill at giving her tale a local investiture and a local significance. Her Virginius Littlepage is not simply an American staggered by a more or less familiar situation; he is a Virginian utterly demoralized and undone by a situation that, in the Virginia now dying so stertorously, remains unimaginable to a man of the right instincts. What makes the comedy is his effort to dispose of it in the traditional Southern manner—by encasing it in humane assumptions, by refusing to regard its more inconvenient facts, by waving it away with gallant and poetic gestures. The device used to work magnificently, but no more. We are in a new world. The Aunt Agathas of today, even in Virginia, refuse to climb the obliterating third-floor stair. They remain in the drawing-room, discussing the business as if it were a public question. Worse, they get a great deal of plausibility in what they say: it becomes increasingly difficult to think of effective answers to them. Thus poor Virginius swoons out of the picture, shocked and gasping. The human race, in its reproductive aspect, has become unintelligible to him. He has begun to distrust all women. He has even begun to fear for himself.

Miss Glasgow writes very skillfully. She knows how to manage situations and she has an eye for the trivialities which

differentiate one man or woman from another. Her humor is not robust, but it is sly and never-failing. If she has a salient defect, it is that she sometimes yields a bit too easily to the lure of pretty phrases. Her dialogue could be a great deal more realistic than it is; only too often her characters simply make speeches to one another. They are usually amusing speeches, but that fact doesn't dispose of their stiffness. Rather too much of the story, it seems to me, is devoted to Milly and her Greenwich rebellion. It is too typical of the age to need so much exposition. I'd like to have heard more about the discreet peccadilloes of Mrs. Dalrymple, *née* Paget, and a great deal more about the disaster of Aunt Agatha. In Aunt Agatha, indeed, there is plainly a whole book. It would be instructive to find out precisely how she got into her forlorn third-floor back, and what went on in her head during her long years of expiation there. That story would be worth the telling.

Mr. Greene's book is full of a hearty gusto, and makes capital reading, despite the fact that now and then it edges over the borders of the probable. The tale it has to tell is much like that told by the late W. L. George in "A Bed of Roses." Cora Potts, the daughter of a malariuous storekeeper in a shabby Georgia village, makes off to the county-seat, goes to work in a cotton-mill, yields her virtue lightly to a chance acquaintance, becomes the sweetie of a country banker, ruins him and heads him for prison, takes to public life, makes a fortune running a bordello, invests it in a patent-medicine business, augments it vastly, horns into charity and then into society, and passes from the scene a grand lady of Corinth, which is to say, of Atlanta, and the bride of a handsome, refined and high-toned young man. There is nothing new here, but into the narrative Mr. Greene has got a gorgeous panorama of the New South. Almost every detail is in it—the ghastly swinishness of the small villages, the dumb travail of the mill-towns, the monkey-shines of the emerging Bab-

bitts, the degradation of religion, the sordid corruption of politics, the struggle of the new plutocracy with the dying gentry. In the cast are all the chief characters of the Southern clown-show, from the crusading evangelist to the patent-medicine magnate turned philanthropist and gentleman. As in Miss Glasgow's book, the fable has a universal smack, but Mr. Greene, like Miss Glasgow, has given it a completely Confederate investiture. The humor never fails, and some of the *scènes à faire*—for example, the trial of Cora's protector, J. Duke Tedder, and the raid on her bordello—belong to farce in the grand manner. It is a first novel that goes a good deal beyond mere promise.

Ghostly Matters

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE, by Various Hands. \$6.50. 8¾ x 5¾; 780 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM, by Karl Adam. \$2. 8½ x 5¾; 237 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL, by Richard Muller Freienfels. \$5. 8¾ x 5½; 348 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TAMED CYNIC, by Reinhold Niebuhr. \$2. 7½ x 5¾; 198 pp. Chicago: *Willert, Clark & Colby*.

LABOR SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, edited by Jerome Davis. \$2. 7½ x 5¼; 265 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

RELIGION & THE MODERN WORLD, by John Herman Randall & John Herman Randall, Jr. \$1.50. 7¾ x 4¾; 249 pp. New York: *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*.

RELIGION IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE, by Edwin A. Burtt. \$1.50. 7¾ x 4¾; 153 pp. New York: *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*.

THE only author here who seems to be sure that Christianity is going to survive is Dr. Adam, a Catholic priest. His defense of the Romish theology and polity is one of the most effective that I have ever encountered. The gentle, ingratiating approach of Cardinal Gibbons in "The Faith of Our Fathers" is not in it; instead, there is a passionate, tumultuous eloquence that is obviously the offspring of a profound and immovable conviction. The book is made up of lectures originally delivered

in German at the University of Tübingen, where the author is professor of Catholic theology. It is lucky that he is not at large in the American Bible Belt, discharging the same stuff in English. The business of rebuttal would lie far beyond the talents of the indigenous Protestant theologians, and the only way to shut him off would be to burn him at the stake, which might imperil the Kellogg Peace Pact. Father Adam accepts it all, from the Virgin Birth to the infallibility of the Pope, and is full of confidence that it will be accepted by the whole human race on some not too distant tomorrow. He explains away indulgences in two burning pages, gets around exorcism without damage, disposes of the wicked Popes as easily, and then plunges into a blazing peroration. His last sentence shows him unterrified: "I believe in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church!"

The others, as I have said, are considerably less sure. Dr. Niebuhr gives over nearly two hundred pages to recounting the experiences which made him sad when he was a pastor in Detroit, and then appends two pages of assurance that he is still a true believer. How he reconciles this with his conviction that "it is almost impossible to be sane and a Christian at the same time" does not appear. Dr. Burtt apparently believes that the whole of Christianity is doomed, including even the belief in God: what he offers in place of it is a sort of universal goodwill and decency, a unanimous acceptance of the last command in Mark xii, 33. The Randalls go the same way, though perhaps not quite as far. Dr. Freienfels, in "Mysteries of the Soul" (a dreadful name for a very interesting book), sees God displaced by "the sense of creative energy, a spark of which is glowing in every creature." The labor leaders writing in "Labor Speaks For Itself" turn their backs upon the whole question. A few of the more conservative, such as the high-toned William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, profess to believe that religion is still the hope of

the toilers, but the majority set it down as an anachronism and hint that they have more important things to think of.

So we come to "The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge," the work of twenty-two collaborators, twenty of them Britons and two Americans. It is worth a whole shelf of books like the foregoing; nay, it is worth a whole library. For in it there is what is probably the best short account of the origin and development of Christianity ever got upon paper. It is well-informed, it is honest and straightforward, and it shows good manners. The most tender Christian may read it without smelling brimstone, and the skeptic may read it without stopping to relieve himself with goddams. In the face of so much excellence, it is difficult (and maybe ungenerous) to try to separate the better from the merely good, but certainly the chapter on the theological and philosophical sources of Christianity, by Professor Gilbert Murray, and that on the life of Jesus, by Professor F. C. Burkitt, deserve special notice. The former combines immense learning with infinite charm, and the latter is a little masterpiece. Into less than sixty pages Professor Burkitt has got a life of Jesus that stands as far above even that of Renan as Renan's stands above the puerile nonsense of Papini.

The Yankees of the East

JAPAN IN RECENT TIMES, 1912-1926 by A. Morgan Young. \$3.50. 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 347 pp. New York: William Morrow & Company.

MR. YOUNG writes in a suave and charming manner, and out of the depths of a knowledge that is manifestly immense. There are white men who know Japan longer, but not many who know it better. When he sat down to his book he had been in the country only fourteen years, but all of them had been devoted to active newspaper work, in daily contact with important men and salient events, and so they had filled him with a store of wisdom about things Japanese that no missionary

in his Little Bethel could hope to match, and no diplomat encapsulated in the punctilio, and no trader counting his dollars or lying drunk in his club. He pours his accumulations into his narrative, which bristles with unfamiliar facts and is full of an engaging shrewdness. He is obviously friendly to the Japs, but he is by no means taken in by them. They have, on his showing, many of the qualities that are now greatly admired in the world—a high degree of harsh practicality, a quick eye for useful novelties, a relentless tenacity of purpose, a disdain for sentimentality, a great capacity for work. But with these virtues go some traits that are not admired anywhere, and one of them seems to be an almost complete lack of ordinary honesty. Japan, in truth, reeks with corruption. Not only is business corrupt, but also the public services, including the judicial system. Are the celebrated *samurai*, with their tradition of patriotic devotion, above this universal muck? Mr. Young answers by telling of high naval officers sent to jail for taking bribes, and by hinting that more escaped than were ever brought to book, and that the Army, properly canvassed, would have produced some shining culprits too.

The reforms which took Japan out of the Asiatic Middle Ages and made it, almost overnight, a member of the Western family of nations—these reforms were too radical to be altogether workable. In many directions they remain undigested, so to speak, to this day. There is, for example, the field of law. The present Japanese code is theoretically based upon German and French models, but as a matter of fact Chinese ideas still permeate it, and so its operations are often irrational and ineffective. Mr. Young describes certain important cases at length, including the prosecution of a large group of alleged Korean conspirators. The tale he has to tell is one of extravagant humors; the cruel imbecility of the proceedings almost matches those in the Sacco-Vanzetti and Mooney cases. The concept of a fair trial seems to be as foreign to the mind of a Jap as it is to the mind of a

Boston Brahmin or a California Babbitt. The job of the judge is not to find out what really happened, but to get rid of someone who, by the mere fact of his presence in the dock, is assumed to be an evil fellow. Thus the chief burden of administering justice falls upon the police. If they play the game fairly, a reasonable amount of equity is astir; if they run amok there is scarcely any remedy against them. Mr. Young shows that, on occasion, they can be decent enough. But when their blood is up and they really spit on their hands, there ensues a juridic circus not unlike those that have been staged so frequently by our own Department of Justice.

One of the curiosities of the Japanese legal system is its lack of a curb upon libel. The newspapers have to be careful about discussing public affairs, and very often they are forbidden to print news of the first importance, but they seem to be free to say anything they please about an individual. As a result, most of them are simply scandal-sheets. The more gossip they can dig up, the larger their circulations, and they leap to the opportunity with all the ardor of the New York tabloids. This gossip goes to lengths that would land the editors in jail in England and get them shot in most parts of America. The protection that is thrown about official acts does not seem to extend to official persons. They may be denounced and reviled, either with or without reason, like anyone else. The Emperor, of course, is an exception. The theory is that he is not a man at all, but a sort of god, and so he cannot be discussed, save only in terms of gaudy adulation. The late Emperor was *mashuggah* for many years, but until he became so helpless that a regent had to be appointed, the official assumption was that he was a sage comparable to Pericles, Coolidge, Hoover or George V.

Aside from this cult of the Emperor, the Japs do not run to religion. The official Shintoism is a barbaric nonsense that no one believes in, save maybe the more inferior variety of peasants. Christianity has

apparently made little progress in the country, despite the millions that have been spent in propagating it. The government is not friendly to missionaries, and tried to get rid of them in Korea, where they have driven a fine trade for years, by accusing them of political conspiracies. Some of them were actually jailed, though they all got out in the end. Christian doctrine does not appeal to the Japanese. The Beatitudes seem to them to be mere poetry, and not of the kind they admire. The Trinity is too much for them, as it is for most Christians: to most of them it is incomprehensible, and the rest have doubts about it. Some time ago a leading Japanese statesman proposed gravely that the religious nuisance be got rid of by amalgamating Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity into a compromise faith, and then making it official. The proposal was debated for a while, but came to nothing. Of late there has been some atheistic murmuring against the cult of the Emperor, but so far it has not gone very far. If Communism ever inflames the Japanese proletariat, as seems not unlikely, His Majesty will probably lose both his divine character and his royal authority at one crack, to say nothing of his head. The country is boiling with discontent, for the vast majority of the people are very poor. If a demagogue ever arises with artfulness enough to organize that discontent, there will be an earthquake a great deal worse than the one of four or five years ago.

The fears of Japan that used to run up and down the American spine were probably without much ground. There is no reason to believe that the Japs would last long in a combat with a first-rate Power. They not only lack the money; they also lack the skill. The thought that they will never land on the Coast and burn Los Angeles fills me with inexpressible regret, but the facts are the facts. They will have all they can handle, during the next half century, in their own backyard. Once the Chinese really cut loose, they will have to fight for their lives.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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Editorial NOTES

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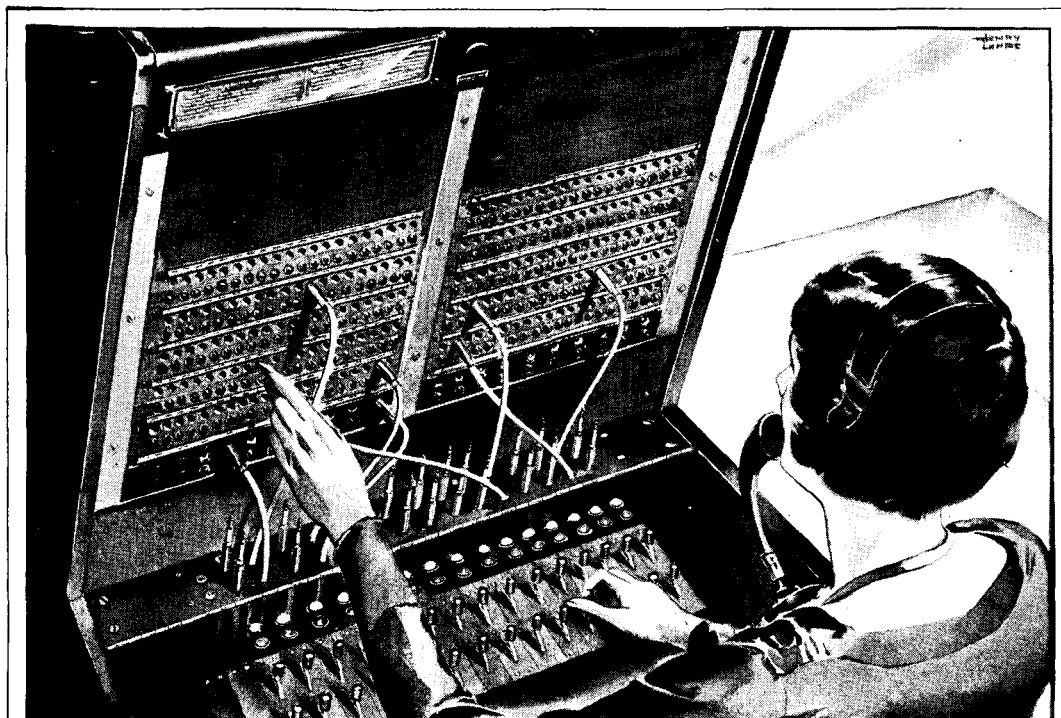
ARTHUR HANKO, author of "Deliverance," was born in Hungary forty-five years ago, of a distinguished family of German origin, long settled in that country. After studying at the University of Budapest he became an officer in the Austro-Hungarian Army. More than twenty years ago he resigned his commission and immigrated to Canada, where he became a member of the staff of the Austrian consulate-general at Montreal. Some time later he was transferred to the Philadelphia consulate, and has been in the United States ever since. For seven years he was employed by the Botany Worsted Mills at Passaic, N. J., a German concern. When the United States entered the World War and the company was seized he went to Akron, O., and went to work for the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company as supervisor of foreign and colored labor.



Arthur Hanko

Several years ago, in order to benefit the health of his daughter, a victim of infantile paralysis, he moved to Los Angeles, and there he has been ever since. At the start he went to work with pick and shovel in the oil-fields at Signal Hill. At present he is night watchman in a hospital. Along with his other occupations he has done a good deal of newspaper work, writing in English, German and Hungarian. Some time ago he sent "Deliverance" and several other sketches of immigrant life to Upton Sinclair, who was immediately impressed by their poignant vividness, and forwarded them to THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

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Editorial NOTES

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FROM DR. ANGEL MORALES, the minister of the Dominican Republic at Washington, comes a protest against certain statements made in an article entitled "The Gallant Dominicans," by Juan Gómez, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May. In particular, Dr. Morales objects to the following:

The Jimenistas were temporarily in power at the time and Horacio Vasquez was leading his army in rebellion against them. Horacio's war chest was low. The German cruiser *Panther* visited the Dominican shore, and her commander had a conference with Horacio at which a bulky, clinking canvas bag changed hands. It was agreed that when Horacio came into power he was to grant a ninety-nine year lease of Samana Bay to Germany. As the title would remain with the Dominicans the Monroe Doctrine was to be technically observed.

Says Dr. Morales:

The author then recounts that this "heavy bag of gold" was subsequently entrusted by General Vasquez to a supposed American war correspondent, who was, in reality, Lieutenant Walter Crosley of the American Navy. The end of this campaign took place, according to the author, when a neutral zone was fixed by Admiral Dillingham around the city of Puerto Plata, after which the commander of the Jimenista troops, General Demetrio Rodriguez, was slain, and General Vasquez seized the Presidency. It was the transaction involving the "heavy bag of gold" that was the true reason, the author alleges, for the undertaking by the United States of the supervision of the collection of Dominican customs...

There are but two references to actual occurrences here... These are the proclamation of the so-called neutral zone at Puerto Plata by Admiral Dillingham, and the death of General Demetrio Rodriguez in an attack upon that city. Señor Gómez makes these two occurrences coincident. As a matter of fact, the Dillingham Neutral Zone was fixed by the Admiral in the course of the revolutionary struggle which continued during the years 1903-1904, and General Demetrio Rodriguez was killed in a subsequent revolution, namely, on January 2, 1906. The visit of the German cruiser *Panther* to the Dominican Republic took place during the revolution of 1903-1904, when General Morales

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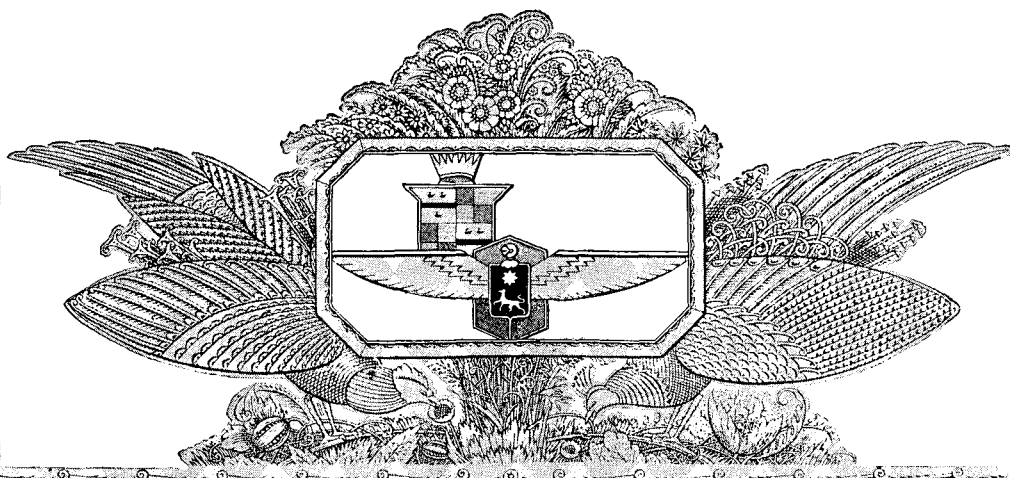
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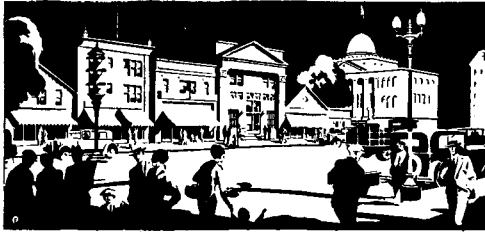
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overthrew the Government of President Woss y Gil.

Throughout this entire period, that is, from April, 1903, until the Spring of 1905, General Horacio Vasquez was residing in Camaguey, Cuba. At the time, therefore, that General Vasquez is alleged to have been "leading his army in rebellion," engaging in conference with the commander of the *Panther*, and entrusting the "heavy bag of gold" to the American lieutenant masquerading as an American war correspondent, he was . . . completely removed from any connection whatever with Dominican political affairs.

Finally, Señor Gómez, in relating his version of the reason for the creation by the United States of the Dominican Receivership General of Customs, states that General Vasquez, after the death of General Rodriguez, "was not hampered in his attempt to seize the Presidency, and in fact, he succeeded shortly after the bag of gold was entrusted to Lieutenant Crosley." As a matter of fact, General Vasquez resigned the Presidency in April, 1903, and did not again become President until he was elected to that office by an overwhelming majority of popular votes on March 15, 1924. As any well informed student of foreign affairs knows, the creation of the Dominican Receivership General of Customs came about as the result of the negotiation of a convention between the Government of the United States and the Government of the Dominican Republic in 1905. The actual reasons announced by the Government of the United States for the assumption of this responsibility are clearly set forth in detail in a message sent by President Roosevelt in 1905 to the Congress of the United States.

It is almost needless to go further, in view of the above, but it may be stated on the authority of President Vasquez himself that at no time in his life did he ever speak with, or have any correspondence with, the commander or any other officer of the German cruiser *Panther*, and that he never met, nor did he ever have any correspondence with, the American naval officer named Crosley. The patriotism, the high ideals, and the integrity of General Horacio Vasquez, the President of the Dominican Republic, are so well known and have been so often demonstrated through a public career covering a period of more than thirty years, that it is fantastic to imagine that any one, foreign or Dominican as the case might be, would ever even have dared to suggest to him a proposal for the cession of national territory. . . .



The SMALL TOWN TURNS a Corner

AMERICA in 1912 faced a critical problem. Her industrial progress, remarkable as it was, contained the threat of its own futility. It had the menacing defect of *concentration*. One far-sighted industrialist asked:

“Is American progress to be along the same lines followed during the past century? And if so, will the evils of our times continue to grow along with the good? Will our cities grow larger and larger? Our streets more congested? Our slums more crowded? Are workmen to become more and more dependent upon highly specialized jobs and increasingly at the mercy of trade conditions? Is the drain on our rural districts to grow more and more unsatisfactory?”

Looking back, it is evident that the suction of industry from the countryside into the crowded cities was largely the result of a concentrated power supply.

At the very time that the problem approached its crux the technique of electric power distribution was brought to a stage where widespread diffusion of power was feasible. The Middle West Utilities System was the first of the organizations formed to give effect

to this development. Its avowed purpose was to provide small town and countryside with the quality of electric power—and at a comparable cost—which up to that time had been available only in the larger cities. Its formation in 1912 was singularly opportune and in keeping with the needs of the time.

Today, the scattered communities of the countryside have a power supply comparable to that of the great metropolitan centers, brought by widespread transmission systems. Power and transportation are so widely distributed that industries are free to locate almost anywhere. Self-interest directs them to the small town. Hence the new industrial growth in America’s small communities today.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼
Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, “America’s New Frontier,” which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

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... find the cause of Tooth Decay

ONCE you understand the cause of tooth decay, you can more effectively prevent it.

The most common places where it occurs are in the tiny pits and fissures of the grinding surfaces of the teeth and at The Danger Line—where gums meet teeth.

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*The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the
honor and integrity of its maker*

lxiv



THE REDISCOUNT RATE

BY RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

THE title of the Federal Reserve Act declares that one of its purposes is to afford means of rediscounting commercial paper. Second only to the furnishing of an elastic currency, the debates in Congress and the studies of economists were concerned with the establishment of bankers' banks, which, under certain conditions, would extend accommodations to member banks. The process is a method of rendering more liquid the assets of individual banks. In the same way that the retailer, farmer, or manufacturer uses a bank to discount his note, the latter uses the reserve bank in the district in which it is located, first endorsing the note, draft, or bill of exchange.

To be eligible, the credit instrument must have arisen out of an actual commercial transaction; when presented, its maturity must not be more than ninety days, and in the case of agricultural or livestock paper, not more than nine months. United States government obligations and the notes of member banks are also eligible for discount. The classes of paper that have been made expressly ineligible are those the proceeds of which are to be used for fixed investments, for capital purposes generally, for speculation, or for the purpose of lending to other borrowers.

The principle is that the paper held by the Federal reserve banks shall be self-liquidating. The stock example of eligible paper is the note of the farmer who borrows to prepare his land, pay his labor and harvest the crop. Presumably, the note will

Continued on page lxvi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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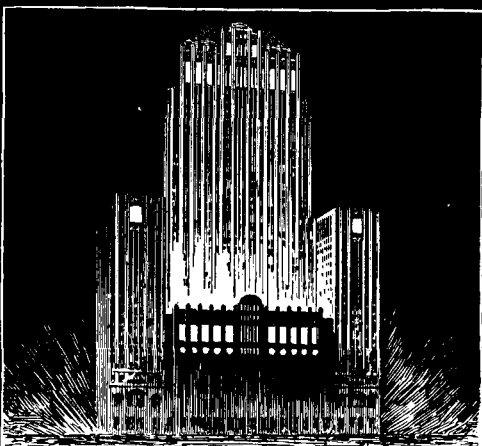
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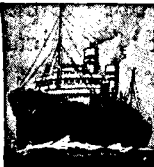
The comprehensive itinerary includes Madeira, Casablanca (the playground of Morocco and North Africa), Cadiz, Seville, (Granada) Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem (the Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Kotor and Dubrovnik (on the Dalmatian Coast), Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco, and the Riviera. **Added to these fascinating ports of call will be Malta, the romantic, Cyprus, the sunny isle, and Syracuse in Sicily.**

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxiv

be paid when the crop is marketed. A note, the proceeds of which are to be used to build a new barn, would be unacceptable. During the war, efforts were made to distinguish between essential and non-essential loans. Once the loan is made the proceeds are not subject to control.

The Federal Reserve Board, the supervisory body, leaves the details of the transactions to the reserve banks. The directors of a reserve bank have the power to limit the volume and character of the loans, since the act requires the extension to each member bank of such discounts, advances and accommodations as may be safely and reasonably made with due regard for the claims and demands of other member banks. Eligible paper may not always be acceptable, for the quality of the security is inspected. The reserve banks cannot, however, invest in ineligible paper under any circumstances. Since the member banks come into direct contact with their customers, and are familiar not only with the business of those customers, but also with local business needs and conditions in general, it is held that discrimination should be made at the source by the member banks themselves.

The paper supported by the collateral of United States government obligations is an exception to the theory that the Federal reserve system is one of productive credit, and does not come within the purview of "investments issued or drawn for the purposes of carrying or trading in stocks, bonds, or other investment securities." The proportion to the total, of discounts secured by government obligations, notably in 1918 and 1919, and in the last two years, has given this provision a significance unintended when the act was prepared. Through an amendment, designed to aid member banks when they need loans for a few days and do not have customers'

Continued on page lxviii



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CLEVELAND

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Philadelphia	Detroit
Kansas City	Cincinnati
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With the steady growth of industry, there has come, through public financing, a plethora of security offerings, so numerous and varied that the investor's problem becomes one of careful selection.

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The INVESTOR

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paper with corresponding maturities, they may rediscount their own notes.

In the language of the act, the rediscount rate, the rate of interest charged by the Federal reserve banks to the member banks, is to be fixed "with a view of accommodating commerce and business." The reserve banks are "to establish from time to time, subject to the review and determination of the Federal Reserve Board, rates of discount to be charged." A controversy arose in September, 1927, when the directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago refused to reduce the rate in conformity with the action taken in other reserve districts at the suggestion of the Federal Reserve Board. Finally, the board announced a reduction without the consent of the directors. Strict constructionists were dismayed, but in other respects too, the lines separating the twelve districts have been nearly obliterated.

The major considerations in determining rate changes are the movement of interest rates, changes in the volume of credit, the direction in which credit is flowing, and the domestic and international movement of funds. To some extent, these are all summarized in the reserve ratio, which, under normal conditions, is the best single index of changes in the banking position and in the credit situation. No mechanical or automatic device is possible. Sound credit administration helps check the extremes of industrial fluctuations and creates greater stability. However, reserve authorities reject the proposal that they be directed by legislation to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar. As stated by the present assistant Federal reserve agent of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Dr. W. Randolph Burgess, "the discount rate has become the symbol of Federal reserve policy." An increase indicates the belief that the credit situation is firmer;

Continued on page lxx



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\$1.25*

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Bottle*

DANGER **lurks in childhood hurts** *—keep Absorbine, Jr. handy*

MOTHERS have learned the danger of neglecting playtime hurts or considering them trivial. Today, they protect the children with Absorbine, Jr., kept within easy reach. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. Use it full strength to eliminate the danger of infection in a bruise or cut. Absorbine, Jr. is always safe and reliable to use. It will not harm tender tissue or skin. When little bodies become lame and stiff after a fall, Absorbine, Jr. will bring quick relief from pain and soreness. Keep a bottle in the medicine cabinet.

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*Relieves
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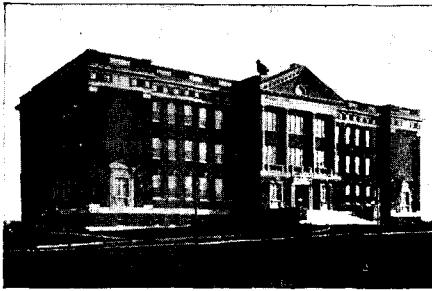
A season that is truly glorious here by the sea . . . a balmy, healthful climate . . . with plenty of sports and attractions . . . golf, horseback riding, swimming in the Ambassador sea-water pool.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxxviii

a reduction, that credit conditions are easier. Various interpretations of the effectiveness of a high rate, or of its propriety may exist, but to the business world at large it is like a monumental sign post, reading "Watch your step."

Central banking tradition is against the making of a profit by a member bank on its borrowings. Continued indebtedness is discouraged by the maintenance of a rate above the open market rate. Actually, effective control over the situation in this country has been weakened. The rates charged by the large city banks to their customers have been above the rediscount rate for long periods. On the plea that credit policies had to be subordinated to the needs of the Treasury in 1918 and 1919, rediscounts on paper secured by government bonds were given a preferential rate. In 1924 successive reductions were officially explained by the wish to aid in Europe's recovery. Three years later, after the speculative mania had assumed a serious form, rates were reduced on the hypothesis that the marketing of crops would be helped.

Open market operations, relating to acceptances and to securities of the United States government, complement the rediscount policy. Generally, an increase in the rate is followed by the sale of investments. This takes money out of the market, tends to increase the indebtedness of the member banks, and makes money firmer. Subsequent to the increase in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York in July, 1928, it began to buy acceptances. This dual policy was adhered to more strikingly the past Summer.

Making all due allowance for the difficulties of credit control, and the impossibility of adopting policies that will satisfy the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, and the speculator, the

Continued on page lxxii

“BEST IN
THE HOME”

IN THE days when unusually good tea was considered a luxury, long before Ridgways advertised Gold Label Tea, grocers would invariably produce a package of Ridgways Gold Label Tea to fill the order for the “best tea in the store”. Today Ridgways Gold Label Tea is acknowledged the best in many homes.

The secret of Gold Label’s uncommonly fine flavor is that it is one hundred percent genuine orange pekoe—the choicest leaf that, Ridgways, the world’s largest sellers of high grade tea, can gather.

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HOTEL GRAMATAN BRONXVILLE NEW YORK



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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxx

methods used since the inauguration of the Federal reserve system have been timid and tardy. The board was cognizant of undesirable tendencies long before it took action. Referring to the situation in 1925, Dr. Adolph C. Miller, its spokesman at the hearings on stabilization, said: "I have recently become alive to this fact, that member banks which have paper under rediscount with the Federal reserve bank, if there is a good active call market, instead of liquidating their loans at the Federal reserve bank promptly, would rather put money in the market to get the profit on the spread between the rate they pay for rediscounts and the rate they get on their call loans."

In the future, the reserve authorities, to win confidence, must always hew close to the line, let the chips fly where they will.

New Financial Books

THE FINANCING OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISES.

By Alvard Longley Bishop.

Harper & Brothers

\$5

8½ x 6; 616 pp.

New York

This text on corporation finance is a study along traditional lines, undistinguished, but generally sound. Unlike the volumes written after the collapse of 1920-21, it sloughs over the business cycle, and the chapter on failure, liquidation, and reorganization is superficial. In view of this, it is difficult to understand the inclusion of an entire chapter on equipment trust obligations, a form of security adapted peculiarly to the railroad industry. There is a good bibliography.

MARKETING: A FARMER'S PROBLEM.

By Benjamin F. Goldstein.

The Macmillan Company

\$3.50

8½ x 5¾; 330 pp.

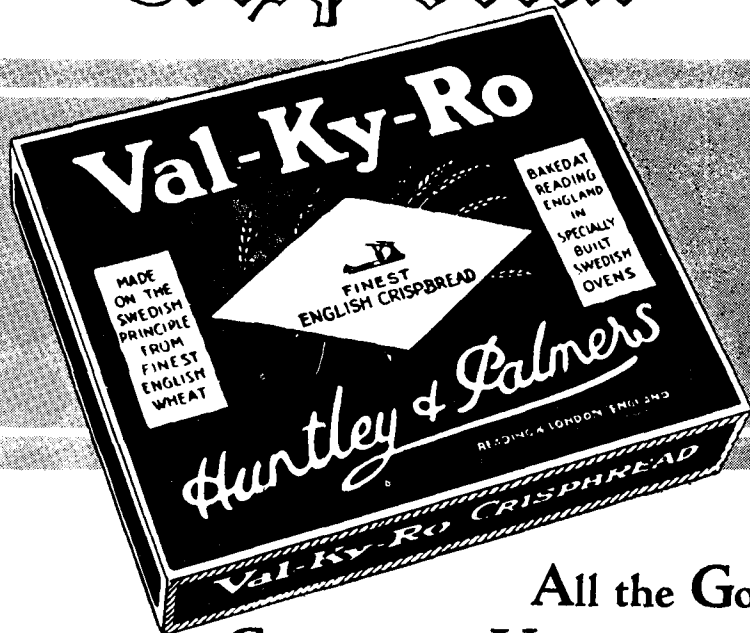
New York

"The history of marketing grain through the terminal markets of the United States reveals that machinery is being used therein which was established to meet conditions diametrically opposite to those now existing and which no longer prevail," concludes Mr. Goldstein in this survey of the marketing of grain from 1828 to the present time. "Through the operation of obsolete methods there has been built up a system of duplicated effort, involving a multiplicity of unnecessary charges and impeding the direct progress of the distribution of farm products to the consumer." The book contains a bibliography; an index is missing.

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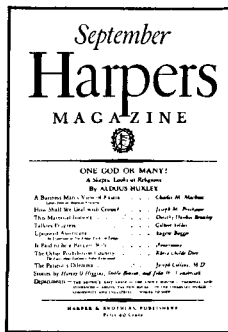
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A good deal more than you think, if you live in Chicago, New York, or certain other large cities. Indirectly, they exact tribute from you when you buy taxi rides or pounds of candy, quarts of milk or meat for your table. They have, in fact, as complete a taxation system as has the Federal Government itself.

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In the same issue you will find "Scientific Calvinism" a fascinating article on predestination by J. B. S. Haldane, of whom the *New York Evening Post* said "It is worth one year of the life of all but perhaps a thousand people in this country, to share his mind!"; a number of exciting short stories, including "The Meeting" by Don Marquis—the tale of a young poet and a lady evangelist; and "Is the Women's Club Dying", by Anna Steese Richardson.

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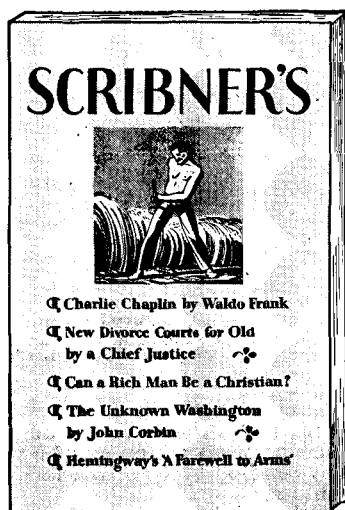
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Oswald Garrison Villard about Russia which he toured with the American delegation under the auspices of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce . . . and about some phases of journalistic development in the United States.

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Joseph Wood Krutch about current plays and fiction—a weekly feature . . .

Heywood Broun about various phases of human folly—a weekly feature . . .

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Machines.



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THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—by André Gide—author of *The Counterfeiters*. To be married twenty years to a stranger! To live with a man who faced the world behind a mask of hypocrisy and wore the mask even in the boudoir. This is the tragic story of Eveline Delaborde. But in the early pages of her diary, Robert is concealed by still another mask—his sham is hidden from the girl by her own idealism. How she saw Robert first as a lover and twenty years after came to recognize him in all his naked selfishness is the theme of the most brilliant of Gide's books since *The Counterfeiters*. In this story, disillusioned women will find understanding; naïve ladies, wisdom; and both a stirring story told with subtle beauty. \$2.00

CHINA

THE JADE MOUNTAIN—by Witter Bynner and Dr. Kiang Kang-Hu. A decade of collaboration between a renowned Chinese scholar and a distinguished American poet has made the 311 poems in this beautiful volume the most perfect translations ever offered to any English-speaking country. A book that will at once delight the lover of beautiful verse, and will be indispensable to the student of Chinese poetry. \$3.50



UNITED STATES

A Saint Who Lived a Wicked Life

BORGIA—by Zona Gale. In her first full-length novel in three years, Zona Gale has developed something new—the mystery story of a character, unfathomable even to itself. Why should innocent and beautiful Marfa Manchester bring disaster to all who crossed her path? Was it malice? The curse of a Borgia? Coincidence? And then she fell in love with Lawrence and miraculously ceased to scatter tragedy. Here is the dramatic story of how a woman—that eternal and fascinating riddle—finally solves the mystery of her own nature—and at the same time the destinies of all those who love her. \$2.50

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The Literary Guild Selection for October

UNITED STATES

QUEEN ELIZABETH—by Katharine Anthony

—author of *Catherine the Great*. From the cradle to the grave, Elizabeth stands in striking profile, a tragic spirit, full of gorgeous paradoxes—the daughter of Bloody Henry, lover of Essex, executioner of Queen Mary, inspiration of Shakespeare, vanquisher of the Spanish Armada. A book as colorful as the brilliant Elizabethan period itself. Here for the first time is the complete, magnificent life of the world's most renowned yet mystifying queen. The dramatic story of a woman doomed to build an empire, but to be ever thwarted; to love passionately, yet to condemn those dear to her; to be accused of coldness, but to die of heart-break. . . . A masterful work. With 16 full page plates. \$4.00

GARDENS OF THIS WORLD—by Henry

Blake Fuller. Henry Blake Fuller died very suddenly on July 28th, but *Gardens of this World* is published in the exact form in which he intended it to appear. Since his youth Mr. Fuller had been writing and publishing books, the distinguished and distinctive qualities of which have been recognized by no worse critics than James Huneker, Percival Pollard, Henry L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Charles Eliot Norton and E. F. Edgett of *The Boston Transcript*. *Gardens of This World* is a very delicate and special kind of book, but it is certain to endure, and Fuller will now take his place among the classics, minor classics if you like, but classics just the same, of American literature. \$2.50

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TION—by Warren S. Thompson. On the graph of the world's population growth, there is a dangerous upward curve ahead! For those interested to see how this curve leads inevitably from peace to another World War, *Danger Spots in World Population* will prove fascinating. This fearless book makes the gestures of peace conferences look futile and shows that the real cause for war lies not in militarism, but in unequal distribution of the world's land. A clear scientific explanation of the terrible connection between war, birth-control and over-population. \$3.50 Illustrated.



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

NORWAY

By the Author of *Kristin Lavransdatter*

IN THE WILDERNESS—by Sigrid Undset— winner of the Nobel Prize for 1928. Here is the third volume of *The Master of Hestviken*, which stands prominent among the reasons for awarding Sigrid Undset the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1928. This is the gripping story of Olav, seeking an outlet for his grief, in the glory of mediaeval battle—a personal war with skis for airplanes, stones for bombs and the redemption of a man's soul instead of "high finance" for incentive. The same powerful kind of drama and the same insight into robust, mediaeval life as in *Kristin Lavransdatter*. A book which, because of its beauty and truth, is at once of no age and of all ages. \$3.00

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RUSSIA

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